

DAYLO Makes Inspection Sure

IN the dim and flickering light of the murky foundry Daylo throws its all-revealing light on the spots where even tiny flaws, bubbles or cracks—if undiscovered—might cause appalling damage and death later.

On big or small jobs, for inspecting castings, borings, or machinings, in examining weldings, in verifying inside or outside dimensions—there Daylo makes perfection sure. Daylo looks into the deepest holes, it sees around corners, it goes into tight places where no attached light can enter.

Shops and factories everywhere use Daylo—for examining jobs, for sanitary fire inspections, in machine adjustment and repair; in stock room and tool room. This handy, instant light saves steps, quickens production and reduces the scrap pile.

There's a Daylo to solve your difficulties--one of the many different styles of light that point the way to efficiency. All leading electrical, hardware, drug, sporting goods and auto-accessory jobbers and dealers stock Daylo. Or write us.

CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY

Limited

Toronto, Ontario





What Would We Do Without Our "SONORA"?

The longer you own a "Sonora" the more attached to it you become. It provides happy evenings at home for the young people. It teaches little folks to love and appreciate good music.

Folks never tire of the "Sonora"—its glorious golden tone of crystal clearness is a source of ever fresh enjoyment.

With the exception of their Swiss motors, "Sonora" phonographs are now manufactured entirely in Canada.

The Sonora plays all makes of disc records perfectly without extra attachments. Have no regrets, hear it before you purchase your phonograph.

Prices \$34.00 to \$2,500. Write for Catalogue.



I. MONTAGNES & COMPANY

Wholesale Distributors, Dept. "M", Ryrie Bldg.
TORONTO

Save Yourself the Trouble of Constant Needle Changing

Get better tone, too, out of your phonograph and record—use the new Sonora Semi-Permanent Silvered Needles. They play from 50 to 100 times without requiring to be changed.

These needles eliminate scratching and mellow the tone of the record. Whether your instrument is a Sonora or any other make, you should use these wonderful needles.

40c
for package
of five

The Sonora Needle has parallel sides, permitting it to fit the record groove perfectly, at all times as it wears—thus prolonging the life of the record.

Sonora THE INDEPENDENT SYSTEM **Needles**

Three Grades—Low—Medium—Soft

at all dealers, or write

I. MONTAGNES & COMPANY

Wholesale Distributors, Dept. "M", Ryrie Building, Toronto

MACLEAN'S

"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, President H. T. RUNTER, Vice-President
H. V. TYRRELL, General Manager

VOLUME XXXIII

NUMBER TWO

CONTENTS

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 1, 1920

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT.....	R. Laird Briscoe	9
BREED.....	Archie P. McKishnie	10
—Illustrated by H. J. Mewat.		
AN ELECTION BEFORE FALL?.....	J. E. Munro	12
—Illustrated by Leo Skuce.		
THE THREAD OF FLAME.....	Basil King	14
—Illustrated by Charles L. Wrenn.		
HIS MAJESTY'S WELL-BELOVED.....	Baroness Orczy	16
—Illustrated by C. F. Peters.		
IN THE DAYS OF ANARCHY.....	Ethel Greening Pantazzi	18
CANADA HAS A "MOVIE" FUTURE.....	Allan Dwan	20
SPANISH DOUBLOONS.....	Camilla Kenyon	22
—Illustrated by Louis Rogers.		
FLAHERTY OF BELCHER ISLAND.....	J. L. Rutledge	26
MR. PHIPPS OF THE "OLD FIRM".....	A. Appleby Terrill	27
—Illustrated by R. M. Brinkerhoff.		

Regular Departments

THE INVESTMENT SITUATION.....	4
THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK.....	6
REVIEW OF REVIEWS.....	30

Women and Their Work

WHY A WOMAN ON THE MOVIE CENSOR BOARD?.....	Genevieve Gorham	76
COMMERCIAL ART FOR GIRLS.....	Ethel Chapman	79

The Girl on the Cover is Miss Elaine Hammerstein

Subscription Price, \$3.00 a year, 20c a copy

No agent for the Maclean Publishing Company is authorized to take subscriptions to other publications than those specified in his credential from this Company. He will gladly show his credential on request. In subscribing, see that your receipt is on our printed receipt form. We are not responsible for agents who cannot supply you with a proper receipt.

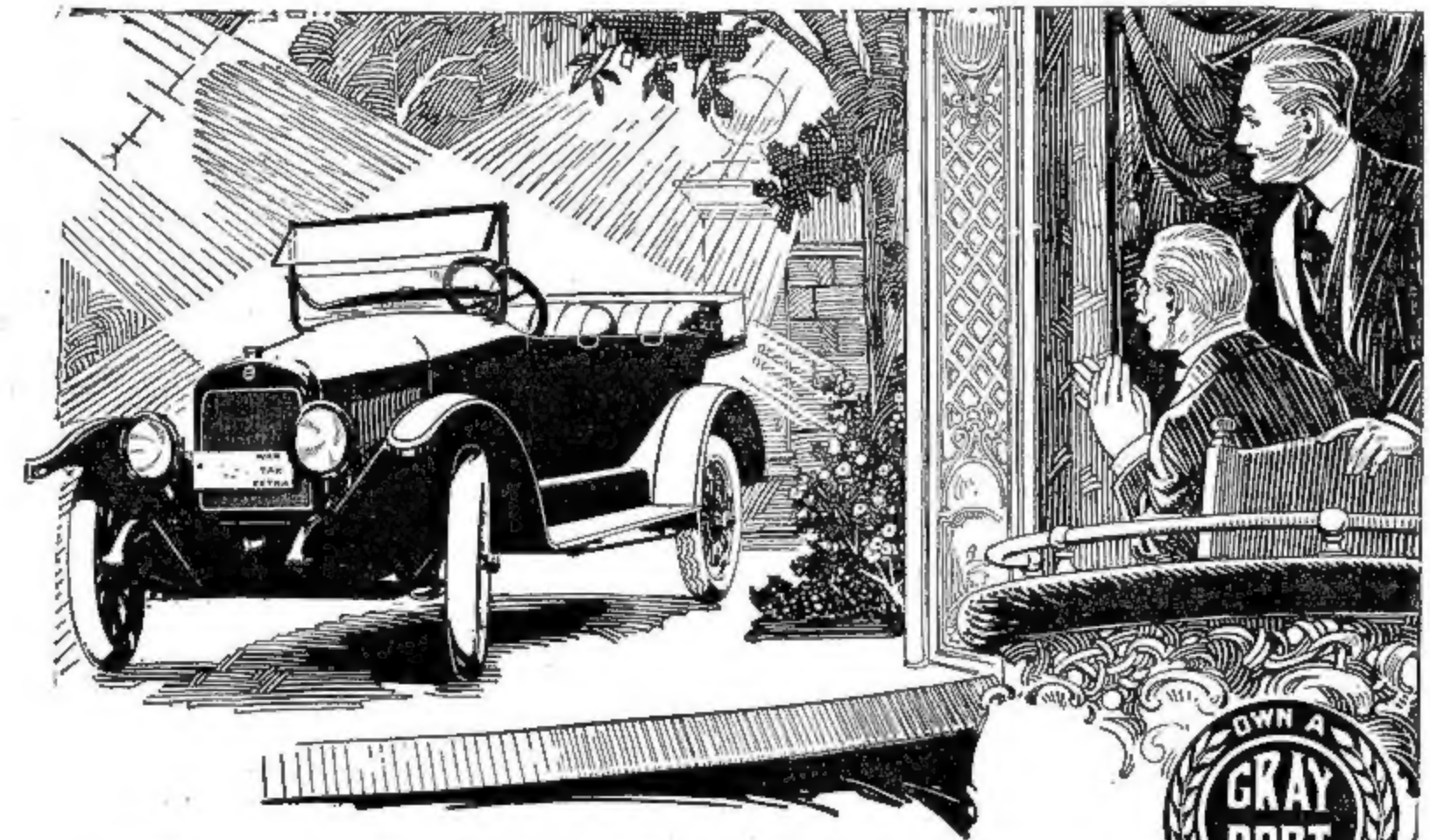
PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY ON THE FIRST AND FIFTEENTH OF EACH MONTH.

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED
143-151 University Avenue, TORONTO, CANADA

LONDON, ENGLAND, THE MACLEAN COMPANY OF GREAT BRITAIN, LTD., 25 FLEET STREET, E.C.

BRANCH OFFICES: Montreal, Southern Building, 125 Beatty Street; Winnipeg, 120 Union Trust Building; New York, Room 100 St. James Building, 133 Broadway; Chicago, 141 Lytton Building; Vancouver, 20 Tenth Ave. West; Boston, 24 Old South Building.

Copyright, 1919, by The Maclean Publishing Co., Limited. All rights reserved. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, under the name of Maclean's Magazine, March 28, 1914, at the Post Office at Buffalo, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Members of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.



Here's What You Get for \$1365 (PLUS WAR TAX) in the New GRAY-DORT

Flowery language never improved a motor car. We leave it to the Gray-Dort to interest you. We ask you to study the Gray-Dort, part by part, in comparison with any car costing several hundred dollars more. We give you here some of the Gray-Dort features. You cannot find another car which offers you all, or even many, of them, unless you pay much more than the Gray-Dort price. Which doesn't seem sensible, does it?

Yet there is not a feature of the Gray-Dort which your car should be without—not one which you can really afford to do without.

New Features Place the Gray-Dort at the Head of Light Cars—and yet the Price is Only \$1365 plus war tax

Automotive engineering raced ahead during the war. Gray-Dort policies call for peace-time values. In this new car these two meet.

You'll find here a bigger gasoline tank—and placed in the rear for good looks and convenience.

A much heavier steering gear than is usually considered for a light car—but it is demanded by the Gray-Dort reliability rule. And it does give easier steering.

Like cars costing \$2,000 and up, the new Gray-Dort has side curtains opening with the doors.

The emergency brake is on a lever—as in big cars.

Your first ride as a passenger in the rear seat will impress you with the roominess of the Gray-Dort.

And your first ride in the driving compartment will give you the same impression—because the cowl is shorter—and smarter.

Many long, narrow louvers give almost a rakish smartness to the new Gray-Dort hood.

The top, hand-tailored along new lines, is entirely becoming.

You will find many more refinements in

the Gray-Dort—refinements which you will not find in other light cars—and every one means many dollars added to the value of the Gray-Dort.

MANY THOUSAND GOOD GRAY-DORTS PRECEDED THIS CAR

These betterments, important as they are, must not overshadow the basic fineness and reliability of the Gray-Dort.

Building Europe's highest-priced motors, gave Gray-Dort engineers their experience. The Gray-Dort motor has a big bore and a long stroke. The crankshaft is many pounds heavier than on any other light car.

A big, cellular-type radiator insures ample cooling. The husky rear axle is built where we can see it built—in Chatham. The long springs are built here, too.

The Gray-Dort is a good-looking car. Next year, the year after, for many years, you will be proud of your Gray-Dort. And to back up this beauty of line is an unexcelled beauty of finish. For 60 years we have been developing fine finishes for vehicles. Only long-trained craftsmen can produce such a finish.

Gray-Dort production has been doubled for this year. But it will probably not meet the demand for Gray-Dort cars. We advise you to see the Gray-Dort now.

PRICES

The Gray-Dort 5-passenger car, finished in Gray-Dort green and black, and with standard equipment, is \$1365 f.o.b. Chatham. War tax extra.

The roomy 2-passenger roadster is the same price.

THE GRAY-DORT SPECIAL

For the man who wishes something a little extra in his car, we have built the Gray-Dort Special. Maroon body, with brown ray-tite top. Plate glass rear window. Gipsy curtains. Rookie tan wheels. Motometer. Tilting steering wheel. Real leather upholstery. Mahogany instrument board. Just the touches which lift this car out of the ordinary. \$150 extra on the standard.

AND THE ACE!

The Gray-Dort Ace—the most beautiful light car of to-day. Sapper green body with handsome California top to match.

Trouble lamp and bull's-eye flashlight. Electric cigar lighter. Rear-vision mirror.

Plate glass windows. Oversize grooved-tread tires. This is the de luxe car for the man who does not wish to pile up a tremendous operating cost. \$255 extra on the standard.

GRAY-DORT MOTORS, LIMITED

Chatham - Ontario
U.S. Factory—Dort Motor Co., Flint, Mich.

\$1365 F.O.B. CHATHAM WAR TAX EXTRA **GRAY-DORT**

DIXON'S ELDERADO

The master drawing pencil

SAMPLE OFFER

Tell us the kind of work you do, enclosing 15c and we will mail you full-length samples worth double the money. Also write for interesting pencil booklet—"Pencil Your Voca Pencil."

Made in 17 leads—fine for every need or preference.

Double the Joys of Snow Time

Skiing is the greatest of all Winter Sports and a Wonderfully Exhilarating Exercise and Health Builder.

Interesting Catalogue Free

NORTHLAND SKI MFG. CO., Dept. H. St. Paul, Minn.

STAMMERING

or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature.

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
KITCHENER, CANADA

The BUSINESS OUTLOOK

Commerce • Finance • Insurance

Conditions Continue Prosperous

THE abnormal conditions in the business world which have prevailed, not only during the war period, but probably in a more marked degree since the cessation of hostilities, are not likely to entirely pass in the year which has just opened. The period of high pressure, of inflation, cannot be expected to pass suddenly. The world's supply of commodities is not yet equal to the demand. The long years of war greatly curtailed production, thus leaving a vacuum to be filled. With the return to peace the normal production of pre-war days has not yet been reached. And again normal consumption has grown. It will undoubtedly require at least another year to restore equilibrium between supply and demand, and until that becomes a reality high prices may be expected to continue.

Industrial prosperity will no doubt continue to be reflected in high prices for equities. The market may, as happened a couple of times during the past year, become overbought, but without doubt capital will continue in such demand that rates for money will continue high and serve to act as a curb.

Because of the low exchange rates existing between the United States and European countries, American business men, despite the remarkable industrial expansion which they predict, are pessimistic over foreign trade, and it is believed that until Europe begins producing and sends across large amounts of commodities this adverse exchange rate will confine European purchases to things absolutely needed. This condition will reflect upon the internal prosperity of the country.

Conditions in the Middle West are, however, more cheerful and the weekly review of J. S. Bache & Co. has the following to say:

"The West is prospering greatly and optimism is the prevalent tone throughout. The farming community is unusually prosperous with high prices for grain. The West looks for a continuation of good times, due to the great buying power of the farmer."

The new year opens auspiciously for labor. Shorter hours and higher wages with plenty of work should open the road to prosperity. The past year was marred with labor troubles, but with these apparently satisfactorily adjusted, and more and more firms adopting means whereby amicable settlement of disputes with their employees might be made without loss of time, it would seem that the present year should witness unprecedented prosperity.

Referring to the Canadian situation, McCuaig Bros. & Co.'s Investment Service comments as follows:

"In Canada fundamental conditions are still as satisfactory as they were some months ago, if not more so, owing to the marked success of the Victory Loan, which puts the Government in a position to help finance export trade where necessary, in addition to meeting its own obligations. Prices have had a setback, but most people are hopeful that when Wall Street gets through its process of readjustment the local situation will improve and better markets ensue. It is doubtful whether the resumption of the bull movement on anything like the former scale should be expected for some time, but it is likely that there will be excellent trading opportunities in various stocks so that the market will be by no means bereft of interest."

SO far the dearth of employment that was expected in some Canadian cities this winter has not materialized. There is still, in fact, a scarcity of labor in some lines. Production, to meet the huge demand, must be continued at top speed.

Speaking of demand, it is interesting, and perhaps even a little terrifying, to note the grandiose call for the best in everything. The other day the writer had occasion to visit a hardware store and drifted into conversation with the merchant. The latter mentioned the impossibility of selling anything at a low price and to illustrate the point referred to a stock of skates that he had in hand.

"Look there," he said, "good skates enough, marked at \$2.75 a pair. Would you believe that I haven't sold one solitary pair out of that lot? Not a pair. I show them to customers regularly and they think there must be something wrong with them. I can't give them away."

"You'll have a total loss on them then?"

"No," he replied, "in self defence I am going to raise those skates to \$3.00 a pair. Then they'll sell like hot cakes."

This illustrates pretty well the trend everywhere. People want the very best there is. It keeps the wheels of industry moving, but what is the ultimate outcome?

From the Sidney "Bulletin."

STILL SUBMARINING.

(There is cumulative evidence that Germany is supporting Bolshevism and other insurrectionary movements in the hope that by the production of world chaos she may save from the ruins what she was unable to win in the war.—Cable dispatch.)

HOTEL TULLER

PARK, ADAMS AND BAGLEY

EUROPEAN PLAN

600 Rooms \$2.00 Up

CAFETERIA par EXCELLENCE
SELF SERVICE

MEN'S GRILL
JAPANESE WAITERS

ROSE AND CASCADE ROOMS
COLORED WAITERS

MANDARIN ROOM
JAPANESE WAITERS

We have reorganized our entire food service, and are making an enviable record for modest charges and courteous and efficient service.

Try us for Lunches and Banquets

HOTEL TULLER

YOUR is PENCIL CANE'S CANADIAN PENCIL

MADE IN CANADA

Send 25¢ for Five Samples

W. CANE & SONS LTD. NEW MARKET CANADA

NEW BINGHAM

Cor. 11th & Market Streets

European Plan Philadelphia, Pa.

Better Than Ever
Thoroughly Modernized
Remodelled and Equipped
NEW MANAGEMENT

ROOF GARDEN

In connection
Special Club Breakfasts
and Luncheons

FRANK KIMBLE, Mgr.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

T. B. COSTAIN, Editor J. VERNON MCKENZIE, Associate Editor

Volume XXXIII. TORONTO, FEBRUARY 1, 1920 Number 2

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT

By R. LAIRD BRISCOE

DECORATIONS BY LOUIS KEENE

W HILE sitting open the day's correspondence one morning last March a Montreal bank messenger happened to notice a letter stating that the writer believed Canada Felt Common was due for a quick rise. The signature was that of a man well known in financial circles.

The messenger had a few hundred dollars in the bank. He had been watching several of the clerks take occasional "fliers," and so at the lunch hour he withdrew \$700 from his account, and took it over to a broker whose office was just a short distance away in St. Francis Xavier Street. He, too, was thus infected with the fever of speculation, against which there seems to be no successful inoculation except a severe financial loss.

He paid a fraction over \$7 per share, and thus easily persuaded the broker to carry him for 100. In less than a month he sold out for \$2,150.

NET PROFIT: \$1,425.

Not So Nice This Time

DURING the autumn of 1919 a newspaperman in—well, it might be better not to mention the city—"invested" every dollar he owned in Lyall Construction Co.'s stock—a matter of \$12,000. He had a "tip" when Lyall crossed par, and believed himself so much on the "inside" that he confidently expected the stock to reach 300. He carried 500 shares and by November 1, could have sold out—for he had "pyramided" his gains—for more than \$40,000.

But he held on, certain that he could clean up at least \$100,000, if not more. In less than a week Lyall tumbled from about 150 to below par. He was wiped out. As his salary is now \$40 a week, by saving half of it for eleven years he can almost make up what he lost in less than a week.

NET LOSS—\$12,000.

Yes, Everybody's Doing It

A TORONTO broker owned forty-three shares of Abitibi Power and Paper Common. He unloaded it January 3, 1919, for \$2,150, or an even \$50 a share, and counted himself lucky. Two days later it started soaring, and soon reached 90; before the year was out it reached \$290. If he had sold his holdings the day after Christmas he would have received \$14,500 for them.

THEORETICAL LOSS—\$12,350.

A Speculation Frenzy

H ERE you have four more or less typical examples of the speculation frenzy which gripped thousands upon thousands of Canadians during 1919, operating on the three exchanges in Montreal, Toronto and

Winnipeg. Previous to 1919, the record year was 1918, when no less than 3,330,112 shares were traded in on the Montreal 'Change alone. Last year this record was exceeded by more than half a million, in Montreal alone, the aggregate being 3,865,683. When you add Toronto's 746,606 shares, and Winnipeg's 2,874 shares are included, a grand total for the Dominion of 4,615,613 shares is reached.

This, of course, is exclusive of mining stocks and the millions Canadians spent trading on the New York and Chicago Exchanges.

This startling statement was made a few days ago in Montreal, by one of the leading financiers of the city: "Canadians as a whole are speculating more largely than ever before; a mania for taking chances seems to have taken hold of people in all walks of life, people who didn't know a 'bull' from a 'bear,' or a 'short' from a 'long' twelve months ago."

He was asked how this could be true, in view of the fact that Canadians came forward so handsomely in subscribing to the final Victory Loan, the total of which reached about \$668,000,000. His explanation is as follows:

"The money put into the Victory loans was not all the 'loose' money in the country—not by a long shot. November 30, 1919, Victory Loan month, remember, Canadian bank deposits totalled almost \$2,000,000,000. This shows that Canadians—investors and speculators—are possessed of ample funds with which to operate."

"There are several reasons for this extraordinary year of speculation, apart from the 'loose' money. In the first place, a larger number of Canadians than ever before—infinite larger—have become familiarized with paper securities, and after buying largely of Government bonds it is a logical step for the majority to interest themselves in less conservative issues."

"Secondly, fixed incomes from either work or capital are so comparatively inadequate that people want larger returns for their money."

"Thirdly, there is a psychological reason. So many people have become rich overnight that it is the most natural thing in the world for a man to try a fling at the market when, perhaps, his neighbor has made enough in a few days to buy a car."

Continued on page 76

PROLOGUE

I T was on a night when spring's first touch found the frozen lakes of the three million acre solitude that the slender wolf, who had run shoulder to shoulder with the scarred leader of the pack, faltered in the lops and fell behind. That call which is stronger than the call of the chase had come to her. Deep in the heart of a spruce-thicket, beneath two fallen monarchs that marked a cross on the snow-crust, she whelped her puppies just as the low-hanging stars were dimming to the dawn.

And here the girl, following the staggering track that led into the spicy refuge, came upon her in the blue-white light of morning. Stark and dead she lay, one slim foreleg pressing close to her three tiny lifeless puppies; a fourth whimpered weakly as it nosed her cold breast.

With a low cry the girl flung down her rifle and, picking up the chilled atom, snuggled it against her cheek. It was a tiny, misshapen bit of quivering life indeed, all round head and ears; but offspring of the despised and hunted though it was, she pressed its cold nose against her cheek and kissed its blind eyes. "Poor little hungry thing," she murmured, compassionately, her lips trembling.

She was young, not more than twenty, tall and straight as a poplar sapling. Beneath the fur cap a mass of brown waving hair swept either side of a broad forehead and was looped in a heavy braid at the back. Her skin was olive and clear, her features regular but laying no great claim to beauty.

It was in the wide, grey eyes that one glimpsed an arresting, compelling something which stirred. Deep as spring-chiseled pools they were, at once wistful and bold, pleading and defiant.

Morning deepened. The rosy lights that spoke of freeing water-courses and running sap shot up across the dead white world, over which, like a blue smoke owl, lay the interlocking branches of fir and cedars, penetrating like curious children the gloomy caverns of a frozen solitude.

One cold sunbeam touched the still thing beneath the tree-cross; just one more tragedy of many it had witnessed that morning perhaps, but perhaps, too, the saddest; for it lingered a time, long enough for the girl to note the wild beauty of the dead animal before her and feel in her heart the pity of it all. Here lay the single discord upon which her world hung; here was proof of the price which love, as her world knew love, must sometimes pay. Mate and mate; breed and breed, and a call forever sounding.

Her throat tightened and into her eyes came a glow of anger. "Little dead mother wolf," she said chokingly, "why did you run with the pack so long? You can't answer that; neither can I; neither can God. You just had to stay by your mate, I guess maybe—and now—"

With a gesture of hopelessness she turned away, picked up her rifle, and sought the high land.

On the height of land she paused, mittened hand pressing softly the little breathing thing, warm against her flesh.

"Baby wolf," she whispered, "my Ma left me just like yours has left you. She made the same mistake. She stayed with the pack too long. That's the breed, yours an' mine. We can't help it."

HER troubled eyes swept the surrounding shagland. Mile upon mile it stretched away, east, west, north, south, a dead, frozen waste of blue-drab desolation, with bayonet-tipped firs reaching up toward skies in which the light of promise was touching snow-laden shrouds of cloud. It was her world, the only world she had ever known. She loved it.

And she belonged; she was part of it, absolutely, perfectly part of it. Its laws were her laws, hers by heritage, as was its freedom and unhampered trails stretching through space unfathomable. Shady labyrinth and scent of fern and moss, songs of lipping leaves and trill of leaping waters, shadow and sunlight—and the ever-sounding call upon which beauty, scents and music hung—these her soul owned, and reflected as a still lake reflects the trees upon its shore.

Now as she gazed unseeing outward, her heart ached for the little wild mother who had paid the price of too great devotion. She knew, none better, how the tragedy had happened. It was the old story of the bond of the solitude, this and—the breed.

BREED

By
ARCHIE P.
McKISHNIE

Author of "Willow the Wisp,"
"Love of the Wild," etc.

Illustration by
H. J. MOWAT

The slender wolf had been the mate of the leader of the pack. Neck to neck with him in the chase, close beside him at the tear-down and the feast, she had kept her place in this her last wild run, ignoring the call of the greater something that bade her tarry and let the pack go on. In her nostrils had been the warm scent of the quarry. Ahead lay the feast, and after that the snuggling down against her mate.

But she had not been in at the kill. The gaunt leader of the pack had missed the warm lave of her tongue on his torn flesh and the small head against his flank as he lay down to sleep the sleep of satiation under paling stars.

The slender grey wolf had faltered aside, and all alone in the tangle had paid the price of the woods kindred, mercifully without pain, for birth of the forest things is without travail. She was dead, and for her the long starry nights of roaming were over forever.

The atom of life in the girl's arm stirred, whimpered. With a sigh she turned and sought the trail to the valley.

I

TRIVERS, millionaire, sportsman and heir to a title and vast estates in England, was going into the world of the untamed principally because the civilized world had nothing new in the form of diversion to offer him. He had been warned by those who knew the law of the solitude better than he knew it that his claiming of the lake-shot, stream-veined territory known as Sogagash Valley, as his by rightful purchase from the Government, was hazardous; that the ignorant, primitive people who gleaned their livelihood from trapping there would surely resent his laying ownership to their fertile field. But Travers loved anything hazardous. He had simply smiled at the warning. He wanted this northern sportsman's paradise for his own; usually—no, always—he got what he wanted.

"It's the breed," he laughed to his friends, on the night of his departure to his newly acquired property. "I come from a race of people who have always got what they set their hearts on getting."

And so he had sought his new claim in the Northern wilderness. He had come all alone. On principle, he hated sharing new experience with others. His sole companion was a beautiful Russian wolf-hound, a bred-in-the-purple product of a kingly strain of blue-ribbon winners, the worth-while in whose heart had been stifled and spoiled by caresses and adulation as it had in that of his master. The dog reflected his owner's personality, strongly, too; in aloofness, cock-sureness, perfection of poise and outline. He was the acme of his breed as was Travers of his. This dog was the one thing alive in the world that the man trusted fully, loved wholly and unselfishly.

He laughed at the new light in the brown eyes, the quiver of the muscles beneath the long, graceful lines, the low whimper of inquiry deep in the chest of the

dog when, for the first time, the sweeping forest unfolded itself before him.

THEY were alone. The taciturn half-breed guide, Peppo, and his Indian packers had left him after building him a roomy cabin in a spot selected by himself, very nearly as he desired it should be. Under his supervision they had unpacked the heavy boxes, which had been carried over a five days' rough trail without a murmur, had accepted the double pay which he gave them without a word, and had gone their way silently as things of the forest are wont to go.

This was Travers' first experience alone in the wilderness. Never before in his life had he been completely severed from human companionship. For some unexplainable reason, he felt oddly that he was a misfit. He had read of such a place of silence and loneliness as this, had heard men speak of it; in fact, had believed, in his own way, that such existed. But now he knew. This spot to which he had come was a veritable infinity of loneliness—to him. And still in and about it surged and murmured and pulsated a note that could be only sensed, not heard. He had been conscious of it ever since this far-reaching forest had unfolded him.

And now, standing on the height of land with the lake-shot, stream-beribboned wilderness reaching away beneath him on every hand, something deep within him stirred to the silent note upon which hung the soul of the solitude.

Far below him stretched the shagland world of mystery, fold on fold, pale green melting into yellow, and painting a golden-crimson scratch upon the horizon where the flush of sunset quivered like the lip of God commanding silence. For this was the hush hour of the solitude that comes always at twilight.

For perhaps a minute the breathless stillness held. Then suddenly the dusk closed down. Throughout the vast forest a murmur grew up which seemed to the man like a hymn of praise for prayer.

"There's something here," he murmured, "something bigger than I have ever found before. What is it, I wonder?"

The dog reared himself on long, slender legs, planting his forepaws on his master's shoulder. The brown eyes looked steadily into Travers', asking a question.

Travers' hands fell to the shaggy neck and in comradeship gripped the long hair.

"Wistki," he spoke, in awed tones, "I don't know. How could I? Hitherto you and I have always had our problems deciphered for us. Now, old man, we've got to unravel this one for ourselves. But," he added, "we'll do it! Breed, Wistki, breed! We'll nose this mystery out together; no?" as the hound whined and, sloping to the ground, lay quivering, long muzzle between his paws.

Travers sank down beside him, placing a comforting hand across the wide, searching eyes.

"Wistki," he said, "you are the descendant of the greatest strain of wolf-runners the world has ever known. You are the king of your breed, the last of your strain. I, too, am the descendant of royalty, and the last of my strain—almost. What we desire to do—we do. It's the breed."

DOG and man started suddenly as a wild laugh came drifting up from the little lake, gleaming like a disk of silver beneath the out-swimming stars. From down in a tree-canopied corner of the lake the loon's mate answered. Then all through the shadowy forest grew up the cries of wild things that had awakened to the note of night to seek the hunting trails.

The fluted, almost human, cry of stalking lynx, the shriller yowl of wild cat, crouched on overhanging limb, amber eyes glued to the rabbit runway beneath the cedars. The deep howl of wolf from far distant upland, and closer in the notes of other wild things, the names of which the man could not yet guess.

An overwhelming sense of his smallness, his powerlessness to cope with this world of shrouded silence and mysteries assailed him with a feeling akin to fear; but he shook it off with a laugh and spoke lightly to the hound: "Come, old chap, we'll go in, light up, and get some supper."

He arose and with the dog sloshing at his heels entered the cabin.

He lit the lamp, placed it on the heavy table of hewn timbers and gazed about him. "Well," he sighed, "at least Peppo and his Algonquin brothers-in-law have made a snug job of it here."

His eyes appraised the methodical order in which the rustic furnishings of his lodge had been arranged; deep shelves for the provisions, racks for his rifles and fishing-rods, even willow hangers for his clothes.

He laughed as he drew off his mackinaw and threw it with an air of abandon on the bunk, fragrant with newly-clipped cedar boughs, covered with heavy blankets.

"To the deuce with order, and lackeys, Wistki," he cried. "We are of the primitive now. Open your jaws, old runner, and let's hear one of those howls which your illustrious ancestors voiced in the good old days—well, for God's sake! I never knew you to act on a suggestion so quickly before."

For, neck-bristles erect and lips drawn back from long jaws, the hound had sprung erect, and with feet braced and great form quivering, had emitted just such a cry as Travers had recklessly demanded.

At the same moment the cabin door opened and Travers, frying-pan in one hand, collar of the excited hound gripped in the other, stood blinking at the apparition which had appeared before him like a spirit out of the shadowy land of mystery.

It was a girl, a tall, slender girl with brown hair and grey eyes and grave, sweet face, that confronted him in the yellow lamplight.

She was dressed in short doe-skin skirt, leggings and moccasins. The flannel blouse, open at the throat, revealed a skin soft, warm and brown. On a buckskin leash she held a slender, husky dog—at least, Travers, his first surprise over, so adjudged it to be, with round, alert ears, slender muzzle and whitish-green eyes that held no fear as they looked back inquiringly into the glowing orbs of the great hound struggling in Travers' grasp.

"I beg your pardon," he spoke, catching up the chain stapled in the wall and snapping it on the wolf-hound's collar. "This old fellow, like myself, was not aware that he had neighbors."

She made no reply. She simply looked at him fearlessly and enquiringly, as the animal she held looked at the big dog. There was, to Travers, a wonderful similarity between the two, a resemblance of spirit, poise and sureness so vague and still so apparent as to make him feel uncanny.

He pushed a stool forward. "Won't you please sit?" he asked, annoyed at himself for feeling, somehow, at a disadvantage in the presence of this level-eyed, self-contained girl of the forest.

But she remained standing. "I suppose that dog of yours is a killer?" she asked, at length.

Travers started at the liquid cadence of her tones. Never in his life had he heard a voice so musical. He looked at her again. Her wild, tranquil beauty stirred that within him which he had not known existed. He controlled the feeling of discomposure it brought him and strove to answer lightly. "Yes, he's a wolf-hound, and belongs to a race of killers. You needn't fear he will hurt your dog, though," he assured her. "He's chained, you see."

"But this ain't a dog," said the girl. "Greyloc's a wolf. I raised her from a puppy. She ain't got any sense of danger. She's wallowed all our dogs, and would likely try to do the same with yours. I'll just hang tight hold of her, I guess."

"A wolf!" Travers exclaimed. He took a step closer.

"Best not come any nearer," she cautioned. "She's liable to outlash at you. She cut Dad's arm open to the bone, not long ago."

"Then you're one of the trappers in the valley?" he hazarded.

"Yes." There was a note of challenge in the answer. Travers' eyes wavered from her direct gaze.

"I have been told," he said, hesitatingly, "that

your people resent my purchasing the hunting and fishing rights of this place. I trust I have been misinformed."

"No, you've got the straight truth," said the girl. "That's why I'm here now."

"Indeed?"

"I come to warn you that you had better get away before anythin' happens to you," she said quietly.

"Why, what is liable to happen to me?" Travers asked.

She was silent, long fingers gripping the buckskin leash.

"You must have known you was runnin' plumb into trouble in comin' up here and layin' claim to Sogagash Valley, like you've done," she said at length. "You don't expect my people to let you take away from them what they have owned all their lives, do you?"

"But, you see," Travers explained, "your people didn't really own this valley. The government owned it, and I purchased it from the government."

"I don't know anything about the government. I don't care a d— for the government!" she burst out. "But I do care for my folks. I don't want them to get into any trouble with the law over you."

Travers smiled. "Neither do I, I assure you," he responded. "I have no desire to quarrel with your people, Miss —?"

He paused, waiting for her to speak her name, but she did not enlighten him.

The great hound crouched on the floor, watching the wolf with blazing eyes and rumbling growls.



It was a girl, a tall, slender girl, with brown hair and grey eyes and grave, sweet face that confronted him in the yellow lamp light.

deep in his heavy chest. The chain which held him in leash was as taut as a cable-wire.

"I wish you'd sit down," said Travers, at length. There was just a note of authority in his voice, and something of impatience. "It seems inhospitable of me to allow you to stand," he said more gently, as he noted the quick flash that came to the grey eyes.

"I'm goin' now," she told him. "Well, what do you want me to tell my folks?"

"Do your folks know you came?" he asked.

"Why, of course," she answered. "They didn't want me to come, but they had to give me my way."

"Had to?" he questioned.

She nodded. "It's the breed, you see. Us people of the forest ain't so unlike its other live things. I hunt with my pack same as the she-wolf hunts with her's, but when the she-wolf takes a notion to trail off alone—she goes. No dog wolf will ever flash a fang at her. That's the law up here. I'm like her. I took a notion to come alone, and I'm here."

Travers, seated on a corner of the table, arms folded across his breast, felt a glow of admiration kindle in his bosom for this strange creature of the forest. He had heard before that the male wild thing never retaliated, never punished the female. "God's law runs truer to form up here than in the world I know," was his thought. Aloud, he asked: "Just what do your people want me to do?"

He was smiling, but there was no answering smile on her face as she answered.

"I'll tell what they don't want you to do, what they won't have you do. They won't have you postin' up 'Keep Off' signs on our valley, as Peppo claims you intend doin'."

"But it's my valley now. Surely I can do as I wish with my own?" Travers said.

"No," she shook her head. "Not up here, you can't. Maybe you could do what you liked with your own where you come from, but not up here. Look!"

She caught up the wolf, twisting its head so that its green-white eyes looked fair into his, eyes steady, inquiring, unfriendly, like those of its mistress.

"This wolf, I own her. I found her freezin' against her dead mother. I raised her. She's mine, but that just don't give me the right to do what I might want to do with her."

"Yes, it does," said Travers. "You have the right to kill her if you so desire."

"But how about her right to live?"

His face flushed. "But she's only a wolf, an owned thing. She has no rights," he asserted.

"Up here she has," the girl replied. "Everythin' alive has—even you."

THE biting scorn of her words bored beneath the armor of his egotism. Anger, the kind that reveals a man's strength or his weakness, mastered him.

"Listen," he said, coldly. "I'm not accustomed to being placed on a plane with a wolf or any other of the lower creatures of the animal world. I can overlook what you've said because you don't know any better. But I've always been accustomed to having my own way, and I'm going to have it now. I bought Sogagash Valley, and I own it. I intend to do what I please with it, in spite of anything your people may say to the contrary. Now you're welcome to go down and tell them that they will have to find a new trapping ground; to-morrow I'm going down to tell them myself."

He slid from the table, drew himself up to his full height and bowed to the girl, who had listened gravely. But at the bow the expression on her upturned face changed as quickly as the face of the forest lake changes in vagaries of wind or light. The wide grey eyes danced, the red lips parted in a smile that revealed two rows of dazzling teeth, and, throwing back her head, she laughed.

Then she was gone, gone like a spirit of the forest; only a faint subtle perfume, elusive as the breath of a wild orchid, lingered to bespeak that she had been.

Travers stood staring at the open door. "Well, I'm be—"

He did not finish the sentence. He stepped outside.

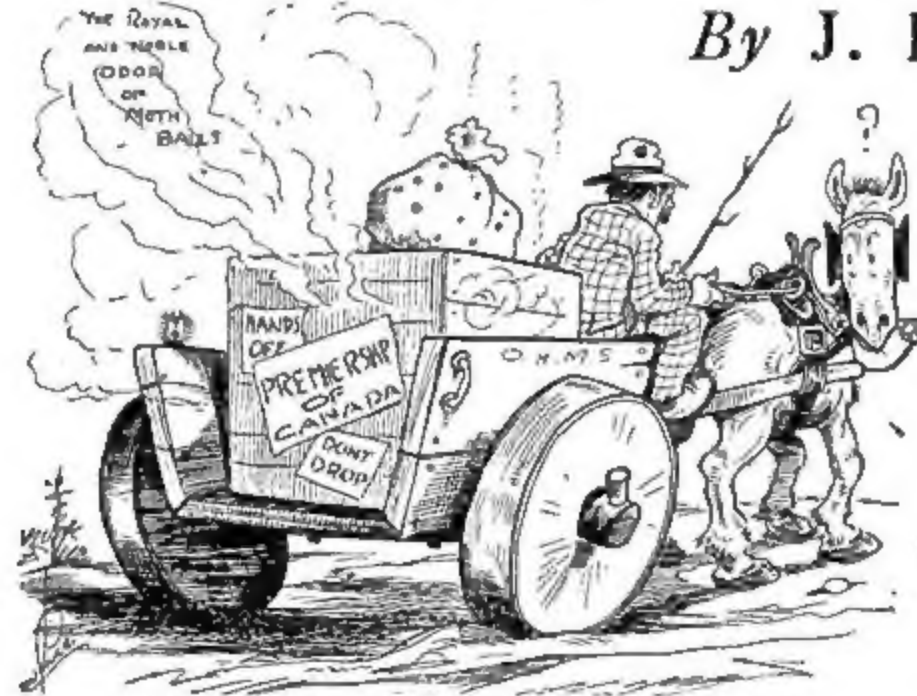
Cont. on page 87

AN ELECTION BEFORE FALL?

It Is Among the Probable Developments

By J. K. MUNRO

Illustrated by LOU SKUCE



Sir Robert packed the Premiership in moth balls and carted it off.

THE latest turn of the political wheel leaves both the old parties floundering in a mire of doubt and indecision. Can we hang on till the Farmer menace has worked itself out, was formerly the vital question. Now the query to which an answer is awaited reads: "Can we yet tarry and collect our indemnities till the effluxion of time does the rest?"

When Sir Robert Borden returned from the Sunny South, grabbed the helm and steered the ship of state into the doldrums the signs on the political sky told a story of Union Government drifting aimlessly and purposelessly towards 1923. But just as an "Act of God" may nullify a contract so it may cut short a voyage. When the family doctor at Ottawa shook his head and solemnly gave the verdict to Sir Robert Borden: "Quit and quit now or you know what will happen," there was consternation among the Cabinet crew. They rallied around the Premier and told him they didn't believe it. But the Toronto and Montreal specialists confirmed the verdict.

Then consternation gave way to activity. That old question, "If Sir Robert goes who can fill his place?" was answered with an "Here am I. Take me," from not one but half a dozen places. Hon. Arthur Meighen barked it out in the same legal voice with which he introduces closure. Hon. Wesley Rowell whispered it softly and his whisper found echo in many a Methodist chapel that is seldom defiled by worldly thoughts. Hon. James Calder smiled softly behind his wild-west moustache and, with a guilelessness born of the untutored West, made his answer sound through the lips of the Premier. Sir Thomas White shouted "I won't have it," so loudly that all and sundry might know just where he could be found should compulsory service become one of the features of the crisis. Sir George Foster dragged one foot out of the political grave, shook his hoary locks and grimly intimated that good Government should not perish from the earth while he was around to do his bit. Dear, old Charlie Doherty, he of the few periods and many pensions, girded up his loins and stood prepared to make the shortest speech of his life in case he had to reply to the crying demand of a Premierless country. For a short "I will" would give a visiting committee no chance to change its mind. Yes even the baby statesman, Sir Harry Drayton, mustered the smile that is peculiarly his own, and modestly whispered that if the pawing patriots reaching for the "highest honor in a grateful country's gift" had to resort to a compromise candidate he stood ready to shed his coat and take up the work where Sir Robert had dropped it. In fact, the only two who didn't appear to have been stung by the Premiership bug were Hon. Arthur Sifton and Hon. C. C. Halliartyne. They're both more or less invalids and on their return to health will probably be added to a list of eligibles for the Premiership of which any country might well be proud.

Those were anxious days at Ottawa. The clarion

call of country may occasionally reach the wrong man, you know, unless the real statesman's friends see to it that the sound waves are wafted in the right direction.

Naturally, too, such a multiplicity of Premiers-to-be created a certain discord in the Union family. In the first place Sir Robert, about whose administration there has always been a trace of the divine right, thought that he should name his successor. This suited just one member of the Cabinet—smooth, smiling James Calder. James decided that Sir Robert was abso-

lutely within his rights the moment he ascertained that the heir-apparent to be named by the Premier was a certain Western Statesman who wears a big moustache and a reputation for astuteness rivalled only by that political expert Hon. Bob Rogers. But it may have been the smile on the face of the c—, beg pardon, the smirk of satisfaction on the face of Mr. Calder that woke the Cabinet up to what was happening. Anyway they filled the Council Chamber with their sobs and cries. "We are the man who have to bear the burden of the fray," they protested. "Surely it is we who should say who shall lead us."

This deadlock was broken when some reckless correspondents who weren't supposed to know what was going on sent out a report that a temporary leader would be appointed and that a caucus of the members of Parliament and Senators would be called to make the final selection. This made little Arthur Meighen the centre of certain suspicious glances. For the majority of the Unionist Members and Senators, deep down in their hearts, are still Conservatives and two astute gentlemen, named Rowell and Calder respectively and whose future is tied up in the continuance of Unionism, could see those Old Tories voting for a little lawyer from Portage la Prairie. For young Mr. Meighen is the only Tory on the list, since Sir Thomas White returned to financial life, who is not beyond the age limit for active service. And it just naturally

"HERE AM I
TAKE ME"



It was answered from not one, but half a dozen places.

looked to Hon. James and Hon. Wesley that a Unionist Party composed largely of Tories and led by a young Tory of rather malignant type might drift rather fast towards the old Tory lines. Anyway, that caucus proposal would put a permanent crimp in all Rowell or Calder leadership pretensions and they knew it. So they are said to have got together and ultimatum, "A Meighen leadership means that we quit cold."

Unionists Must Stick Together

NOW one essential to the continuance of Union Government is that none of its important members drop out. It is all right for Hon. Sidney Mewburn to pack his kit bag and go. He never was a politician and he knew it. He also knew that he was taken in so that when military troubles arose he could be made the goat. He won't be missed, and he's glad to get back home to Hamilton. But if Calder and Rowell decided to slip away into obscurity, it would be different. They'd take with them about all the Union there is in the Union Government. And none could be found to replace them. For sending a Liberal-Unionist back to the country for re-election is equivalent to asking him to go out and commit political suicide.

It is just possible that Hons. Rowell and Calder were running a little bluff when they did their ultimatum. Far be it from me to suggest that Hon. Wesley knows there is such a game as poker, but it's different with Hon. Jim. He comes from the West, you know, where even the Indians know the value of a hand. But, bluff or no bluff, that ultimatum sent a cold chill down half a score of Cabinet spines. They decided right then and there that it was time to get together and decide on something, or, rather, on the best way of doing nothing.

They got together and conferred and out of that conference came the decision that Sir Robert Borden must take the Premiership with him on his hunt for health, while his colleagues dawdled along, hoping against hope that an outraged political god would rise in his might and smite the farmers' hip and thigh.

The manifesto issued by that conference struck a high patriotic note in the statement, "The health of the Premier is the first consideration." These few words breathed the Cabinet sentiment that Borden, sick or well, was the binding tie of Unionism, and that Unionism, whether it labored or loafed, was the country's salvation.

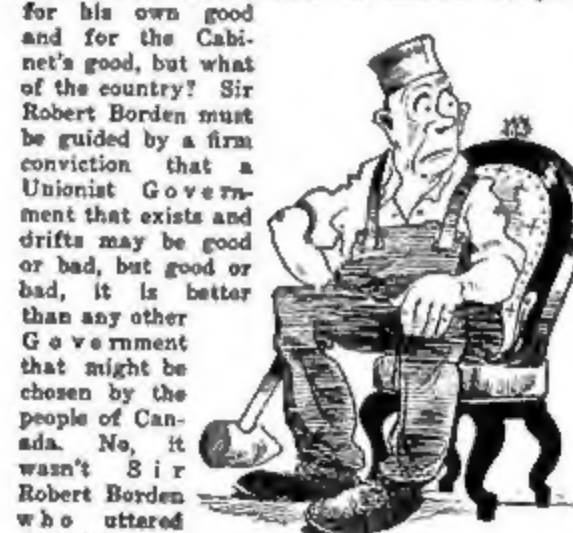
Borden Will Never Resume

ANYWAY, Sir Robert has gone. He has taken the Premiership, no one knows where. When he brings it back it will be to deposit it at the feet of his successor. For the one sure thing that sticks up through the mists of the



All the farmer has to do, to come into his own, is to sit still and say nothing.

political future is that Sir Robert Borden will never return to resume his duties as Premier of Canada. He went away for his own good—because the state of his health made his going imperative. He took the Premiership along for the Cabinet's good—because he could see no place to leave it that would not create turmoil that would wreck the Cabinet. He provided for his own good and for the Cabinet's good, but what of the country? Sir Robert Borden must be guided by a firm conviction that a Unionist Government that exists and drifts may be good or bad, but good or bad, it is better than any other Government that might be chosen by the people of Canada. No, it wasn't Sir Robert Borden who uttered those immortal words: "Trust the People."



"A seat lost to labor stays lost."

So with Sir Robert gone and things drifting along in the same old way, everyone is peering into the future and trying to figure what the New Year may bring forth. Of course, Sir George Foster was chosen for acting leader. He can do nothing just as industriously, if not so spectacularly, as Sir Robert. Their methods differ a bit. Sir Robert spends half the year in Europe making empires and most of the other half resting up at Yankee health resorts. Sir George spends most of his time slaving at inconsequential details that might better be left to a minor civil servant. But in his own way each reaches the same result. Anyway, in case Sir George fails to fill in enough nothings to keep Parliament busy, he is to have a House Leader as his assistant. Hon. Charles Doherty is the man picked. Mr. Doherty's specialty is explanations. He can explain why twice two is four so lucidly and at such length that when he's through he won't know himself what he's been talking about. So, with Sir George Foster doing nothing and Judge Doherty explaining how and why he did it, the time of the House will be fully occupied.

What of the Coming Session?

ALL of which brings us to the coming session. What bill-of-fare will be presented to this Union Parliament that floated in on a patient country on the crest of a wave of patriotic fervor? Honestly, and without any attempt at equivocation, I don't know. There are reasons why I don't. One of them is that the Cabinet itself does not know. Another is that I don't know how to work a ouija board.

One usually reliable source of information says: "There will be a franchise act brought down during the coming session, and there will be an election before the end of the present year. I'm not guessing at this, I know."

Now that sounds pretty final, doesn't it? But another authority was just as good, just as emphatic, and exactly contrary.

"There will be no franchise act brought down," he declared. "And there will be no election in the immediate future. The Cabinet will hang on, and with the least possible exertion. The program for this session will be light and devoid of controversial matters. The tariff will be given a well-earned rest, and everybody will go home happy, carrying his indemnity check with him."

Now both these statements can be traced to inside sources. Read into each other, they can only mean that there is a little family jar in the Union Cabinet. The scramble for the Premiership did not introduce peace and good will into a circle that has always been more or less torn by jealousy. The fact that Sir Robert Borden packed that Premiership in moth balls and carted it off as part of his personal baggage kept the lid on, but it did not extinguish the fire that smouldered under the lid. The blow-up must come sooner or later, and, to one up a tree, it begins to look as if it might be sooner.

To be sure, there are ways in which the explosion might be delayed. Sir Robert Borden might regain his health. Then Sir Thomas White might be induced to forego his pursuit of the elusive dollar to give his country two or three more years of Unionism. Thomas is so popular with the mere members

of the party that they, if given a chance, would vote him into the leadership almost unanimously. Then if he could hold enough of the Cabinet to make a quorum at Council meetings, he could wiggle along till 1923. Of course, Sir Thomas would not make a good leader to go to the country with. When he was in the Government there were unkindly suspicions that he was from, and of, the Big Interests. When he stepped out of the Government and into directorships of two or three big corporations that seemed to open to receive him, those suspicions were strengthened. Then there's those tax-free Victory Bonds. He claimed that no others could be floated. Sir Henry Drayton floated a taxable issue. Unkindly people like the Farmers might rise up and declare



"A seat lost to labor stays lost."

that Sir Thomas' greatest work, while Minister of Finance, had been to provide a safe and sane abiding place for War Profits. With Sir Thomas as leader, the Unionist Party would have to start explaining the moment it hit the stump. And in political campaigns he who starts to explain is lost.

Leaders Wanted to Keep Them Together

BUT a leader to go to the country is not what the Unionists are looking for just now. They're looking for the man who will keep them from going to the country. And as Sir Thomas White is the only man in sight who can fill the bill, there is no reason why he shouldn't top off a rather interesting career by adding "Ex-Premier" to his list of titles.

As to the Unionist Party, whether it remains in its present rather chaotic state or adopts a platform and blossoms out as a full sister to the various other parties which infest this flower among the sister Dominions, it will hardly weather through to a ripe old age. Even Union Ministers admit that its end will be a bit sudden when the country takes an axe in hand and prepares to whittle out a Parliament to its peace-time taste. Some of these Union Ministers sadly predict that, whether the election comes this year or next, or the year after, it won't bring back enough Unionists to make a respectable group. In the strictest confidence, these Ministers will whisper that the next Parliament will have to find seats for about a hundred Farmers; that the Liberals from east of the Ottawa River will figure up to about ninety or more. This leaves sixty-five seats to be divided up among Conservatives, Labor, Returned Soldiers and Unionists. Rather a dreary view from the Seats of the Mighty, isn't it?

Of course a lot of good Tories insist that by some hook or crook, the Government should hold on till a census is taken and a redistribution of constituencies made. Representation by population would give the cities more members and the cities can be depended on not to go Farmer.

But What of Labor?

BUT right here another snag arises. More city seats mean more Labor members. And among the corporations, who are wont to furnish the campaign funds, Labor is looked on with more apprehension than the agrarian movement. "Farmers' uprisings come and go," is the way one man put it. "But the Labor movement grinds

slowly ahead, keeping every inch of ground it gains and constantly reaching out for more. We might get the Farmers back in line, but a seat lost to Labor stays lost."

So you can venture a guess that if a redistribution of seats does come, with the present Government doing the distributing, the cities won't be treated any more generously than they have been in the past.

Liberal Sunshine Is Lacking

WHILE the Gloom God reigns over the counsels of the Cabinet, there is little of the merry sunshine where the Grand Old Liberal Party meets to plan for the future. There was an organization meeting at Ottawa in the early days of December. Sixty-five delegates were entitled to be present and about twenty-five put in an appearance. Three or four of them came from British Columbia, three or four more from the Prairies. There was only one from that hive of partyism, Nova Scotia. Ontario sent most of its quota and Quebec did the rest. Not one Premier of a Province put in an appearance. Even that near-Premier, H. Hartley Dewart of Ontario, overlooked the conference, though he happened along next day to do his bit at an oyster supper that had been prepared in his honor.

The whole thing lacked ginger and there was no trace of enthusiasm in its make-up. It stood out in shocking contrast to gatherings of other and better days, when the white plumes of a Laurier led the van and every trumpet call brought an army of warhorses and hangers-on to the capital. It brought memories of the August convention when the Premiers of eight Provinces and the prospective Premier of the ninth came early and stayed till the last returns were in. It also caused one to reflect that those eight Premiers boosted early and late for Fielding for Liberal leader. They had to accept the boy statesman, Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, in Fielding's place and stead. They did it, but they liked it none too well.

The fact remains that the Liberal Party is as badly torn and warped as its enemies, the Unionists. In Quebec it is split up the back, and, though no open rupture is looked for till after the next election, it seems assured that there will be Lapointe and Gouin factions in the next Quebec delegation at Ottawa. In Ontario King is looked upon with suspicion by even hardened Grits. He is suspected of having tied up to Hon. Charles Murphy and others whose policy is said to be to carry Quebec, the French constituencies of Eastern Ontario, and the Maritime Provinces, and let the rest of Ontario and the West go hang. On the prairies the Provincial Premiers are standing aloof, hoping for some arrangement that will allow them to hang on, provided they don't interfere with the Grain Growers' Federal plans. At the outside edges of the Dominion, in B. C. and the Maritimes, there are still Liberal organizations that show signs of life, but with so much trouble nearer home, "The Grand Old Party" hardly has time to notice them.

The Farmers Have Troubles, Too

HOW about the Farmers, then? Have they cornered the political sunshine and left their opponents in monopoly of the gloom? Truth to tell, the men behind the newest political party have troubles all their own. When the On-



The Ontario yeomen swept Sir William Hearst into the discard.

tario yeomen swept Sir William Hearst into the discard, swooped down and took possession of Queen's Park, they did it on a platform of protests. Continued on page 76

THE THREAD of FLAME

By BASIL KING

Author of "The City of Comrades," "The High Heart," "The Inner Shrine," etc.

Illustrated by
CHARLES L. WRENN



She lifted one and brought it to me.

CHAPTER IX—Continued

WHEN I let it go by, Mildred Averill began to talk somewhat at random. She didn't want that significant silence to be repeated. I had had my chance and I hadn't taken it. Very well; my reasons would be respected; but I couldn't keep people from wondering. That was what I knew she was saying, though her actual words referred to our expedition of a few days previously.

And of that she spoke with an intonation that associated me with herself. She and I had taken two nice, young people of the working classes for an outing. Let me hasten to say that there was no condescension in what she said; condescension wasn't in her; there was only the implication that whatever the ground she stood on I stood on that ground too. She threw out a hint that as New York in these September days was barely waking from its summer lethargy, and there was little to fill time, we might all four do the same again.

In this she was reserved, nonlike, yet—what shall I say? What is there to say when a woman betrays what very few people perceive, and one isn't supposed to know to be there? There is a decoration on certain old Chinese porcelains which you can only see in

special lights. A vase or a bowl may be of, let us say, a rich green monochrome. You may look at the thing a thousand times and nothing but the monochrome will be visible. Then one day the sun will strike it at a special angle, or the light may otherwise be what the artist did his work for, and beneath the green you will discern dragons or chrysanthemums in gold. Somewhat in that way the real Mildred Averill came out and withdrew, withdrew and came out, not so much according to changes in her as according to changes in the person observing her. When you saw her from one point of view she was diffident, demure, not colorless, but all of one color like a rare piece of monochrome. When you looked at her from another you saw the golden dragons and chrysanthemums. You might not have understood what they symbolized, but this much at least you would have known—that the gold was the gold of fire, all the more dangerous perhaps because it was banked down.

That in this company, with its batteries of tacit inquiry turned on all the while I took my tea, I was uneasy will go without saying, and so I took the earliest possible opportunity to get up and slip away. I did not slip away, however, before Mrs. Averill had asked me to lunch on the following Sunday, and I had been forced into accepting the invitation. I had been forced, because she wouldn't take no for an answer. She wanted to talk about music; she wanted to sing to me; in reality, as I guessed then, and soon came to know, she was determined to wring from me, out of sheer curiosity, the facts I wouldn't confide of my own accord.

But having accepted the invitation I saw that there were advantages in doing so. Once back in the current to which I belonged I should have more chances of the recognition for which I was working. The social life of any country runs in streams like those we see pictured on isothermal charts. The same kind of people move in the same kind of medium from north to south, and from east to west. If you know one man there you will soon know another, till you have a chain of acquaintances, all socially similar, right across the continent. That I had such a chain I didn't doubt for an instant; my only difficulty was to get in touch with it. As soon as I did that each name would bring up a kindred name, till I found myself swimming in my native channel, wherever it was, like a fish in the Gulf Stream, whether off the coast of Norway or that of Mexico.

So I came to the conclusion that I had done right in acceding to Mrs. Averill's insistence, though it occurred to me on second thoughts that I should need another suit of clothes. That I had was well enough for knockabout purposes, especially when carried off with some amount of bluff; but the poverty of its origin would become too evident if worn on all occasions. I had seen at the emporium that by spending more money and putting on only a slightly enhanced swagger I could make a much better appearance in the eyes of those who didn't examine me too closely. I decided that the gain would warrant the extravagance.

Within ten days of my landing, therefore, my nearly four hundred dollars had come down to nearly two, though I had the consolation of knowing that my chances of soon getting at my bank account were better. At any minute now my promenades in the hotels might be rewarded, while conversation with the Averills would sooner or later bring up names with which I should have associations.

It was disconcerting then, on the following Sunday, to be received with some constraint. It was the more disconcerting in that the coldness came from Averill himself. He strolled into the hall while I was putting down my hat and stick, shaking hands with the peculiar listlessness of a man who disapproved of what is happening. As hitherto I had found him interested and cordial I couldn't help being struck by the change.

"You see how we are," he observed, pointing to an open packing case. "Not up to the point of having guests; but Mrs. Averill—"

"Mrs. Averill was too kind to me to think of inconvenience to herself."

"Just come up to the library, will you? and I'll tell her you're here."

It was a way of getting rid of me till his wife could come and assume her own responsibilities.

So long a time had passed since I had seen the interior of an American house of this order that I took notes as I made my way upstairs. Out of the unsuspected resources of my being came the capacity to do it. Most people on entering a house see nothing but its size. A background more or less elaborately furnished may be in their minds, but they have not the knowledge to enable them to seize details. The careful arrangement of taste is all one to them with some nondescript, haphazard jumble.

In this dwelling, in one of the streets off Fifth Avenue, on the eastern side of Central Park, I found the typical home of the average wealthy American. Money had been spent on it, but with a kind of helplessness. Helplessness had designed the house, as it had planned, or hadn't planned, the street outside.

A square hall contained a few monumental pieces of furniture because they were monumental. A dining-room behind it was full of high-backed Italian chairs because they were high-backed and Italian. The stairs were built as they were because the architect had not been able to avoid a dark spot in the middle of the house and the stairs filled it. On the floor above a glacial drawing-room in white and gold, with the furniture still in bags, ran the width of the back of the house, while across the front was the library into which I was shown, spacious, cheerful, with plenty of books, magazines, and easy chairs.

In the way of pictures there were but two—modern portraits of a man and a woman, whom I had no difficulty in setting down as the father and mother Averill. Of the mother I knew nothing except that she had been a school teacher; of the father, Miss Blair had given me the detailed history as told in *Men Who Have Made New Jersey*.

Hubbard Averill was the son of a shoemaker in Elizabeth. On leaving school at fifteen he had the choice of going into a grocery store as clerk or as office-boy into a bank. He chose the bank. Ten years later he was teller. Five years after that he was cashier. Five years after that he had the same position in a bank of importance in Jersey City. Five years after that he was recognized as one of the able young financiers in the neighborhood of New York. Before he was fifty his name was honored by those who count in Wall Street. It was the history of most of the successful American bankers I had ever heard of.

There was no packing case in the library, but a number of objects recently unpacked stood round about on tables, waiting to be disposed of. There was a little Irish glass, with much old porcelain and pottery, both Chinese and European. I had not time to appraise the things with the eye before Miss Averill slipped in.

SHE wore a hat and was dressed in what I suppose was tan-colored linen; she seemed just to have come in from the street.

"My sister will be down in a minute. She's generally late on Sunday. I've been good, and have been to church."

We sat down together on a window-seat, with some self-consciousness on both sides. I noticed again that

though her hair was brown, her eyebrows and long curling lashes were black, striking the same discreet, yet obscurely dangerous, note as the rest of her personality. In the topaz of her eyes there were little specks of gold like those in her chain of amber beads.

After a little introductory talk, she began telling me of the help Miss Blair was giving Drinkwater. She had begun to teach him what she called "big stenography." Shorthand and the touch system were included in it, as well as the knack of transcribing from the dictaphone. Boyd had bought a machine on purpose for her to practise with, looking forward to the day when Harry should resume his old job connected with laboratory work.

"And what's to become of Miss Blair?"

My companion lowered her fine lashes, speaking with the seeming shyness that was her charm.

"I'm thinking of asking her to come and live with me. You see, if I take a house of my own I shall need someone, and she suits me. She understands the kind of people I like to work among."

"Oh, then, you're not going to keep on living here?"

"I've lived with my brother and sister ever since my father died; but one comes to a time when one needs a home of one's own. Don't you think so?"

"Oh, of course!"

"A man—like you, for instance—can be so free; but a woman has to live within exact limitations. The only way she can get any liberty at all is within her own home. Not that my brother and sister aren't angelic to me. They are, of course; but you know what I mean." The glance that stole under her lashes was half daring and half apologetic. "It must be wonderful to do as one likes—to experiment with different sorts of life—and get to know things at first hand."

So that was her summing up concerning me. I was one of those moderns with so keen a thirst for life that I was tasting it at all its springs. She didn't know my ultimate intention, but she could sympathize with my methods and admire my courage and thoroughness. Almost in so many words, she said that if she had not been timid and hedged in by conventions it was what she would have liked herself.

Before anyone came to disturb us there seeped through her conversation, too, the reason of Averill's coldness. They had discussed me a good deal, and while he had nothing to accuse me of, he considered that the burden of the proof of my innocence lay with me. I might be all right—and then I might not be. So long as there was any question as to my probity, I was a person to watch, with readiness to help, but not one to ask to luncheon. He would not have invited me to tea a few days before, and had allowed me to pass and repass before ceding to his wife's persistence. He had consequently been the more annoyed when she carried her curiosity to the point of bringing me there that day.



She gave me a whole half smile as she said, "Love is a very queer thing."

Miss Averill did not, of course, say these things; she would have been amazed to know that I inferred them. I shouldn't have inferred them had I not seen her brother and partially read his mind.

But my hostess came trailing in—the verb is the only one I can find to express her gracefully lymphatic movements—and I was obliged to submit to a welcome which was over-emphasized for the benefit of the husband who entered behind her.

"We're really not equipped for having anyone come to us," she apologized. "We're scarcely unpacked. We're going to move from this house, anyhow, when we can find another. It's so poky. If we're to entertain again—" she turned to her sister: "Mildred, dear, couldn't someone have cleared these things away?" Waving her hand toward the array of potteries and porcelains, she continued to me: "One buys such a lot during two or three years abroad, doesn't one? I'm sure Mrs. Soames must feel the way I do, that she doesn't know where to put the things when she's got them home."

I knew the reason for the reference, which the others were as quick to catch as I, and, in the idiom of the moment, tried to "side-step" it by saying:

"That's a good thing—that Rouen saladier. You don't often pick up one of that shape nowadays."

"I saw it in an old shop at Dreux," Mrs. Averill informed me, in her melting tone. "I got this pair of Ming vases there, too. At least, they said they were Ming; but I don't suppose they are. One is so taken in. But I liked them whatever they are, and so—"

She lifted one up and brought it to me—a dead-white jar, decorated with green foliage, violet-blue flowers, and tiny specks of red fruit.

Something in me leaped. I took the vase in my hand as if it had been a child of my flesh and blood. I was far from thinking of my bearers as I said:

"It's not Ming; but it's very good K'ang-hsi."

I had thrown another little bomb into their camp, but it surprised them no more than it did me. A trance medium who hears himself speaking in a hitherto unknown tongue could not have been more amazed at his own utterance. I went on talking, not to give them information but to listen for what I should say next.

They had all three drawn near me. "How can you tell?" Miss Averill asked, partly in awe at my knowledge, and partly to give me the chance to display it.

"Oh, very much as you can tell the difference between a hat you wear this year and one you wore five years ago. The styles are quite different. Ming corresponds roughly to the Tudor period in English history, and K'ang-hsi to the earlier Stuarts—with much the same distinction as we get between the output of those two epochs. Ming is older, bolder, stronger, rougher, with a kind of primitive force in it; K'ang-hsi is the product of a more refined civilization. It has less of the instinctive and more deliberate selection. It is more finished—more self-conscious." I picked up the Rouen salad-dish and a Sevres cup and saucer, putting them aside by side. "It's something like the difference between these—strength and color and dash in the one, and in the other a more elaborately perfected art. You couldn't be in any doubt, once you'd been in the habit of seeing them."

Mrs. Averill's question was as natural and spontaneous as a laugh.

"Where have you seen them so much, Mr. Soames?"

"Oh, a little everywhere." I managed to re-

Continued on page 60

SYNOPSIS OF FIRST INSTALLMENT.—The writer awakens in the berth of an Atlantic steamer to find that he has no recollection of his own identity, his past life or his present whereabouts. He finds that he is travelling under the name of Jasper Soames, and sharing his berth with a blinded soldier named Harry Drinkwater. The latter knows nothing of him. Try as he will to probe into the blankness, the only recollection that he can grasp is of a pair of dark eyes that he conjures up in the darkness of his mind. Fearing that he may be in danger of some kind, he refuses to let those about him know of his dilemma, and is careful to avoid the advances of a Dr. Averill, who is interested in his case, and the secretary of the latter, a pretty young girl named Lydia Blair. On arriving in New York, Drinkwater finds lodgings at a rooming-house recommended by Lydia Blair, while Soames goes to a hotel. A few days later, having tea with the Averills after a concert, he betrays a knowledge of music which adds to the mystery surrounding his identity and fills their eyes with questions he cannot satisfy.

HIS MAJESTY'S WELL-BELOVED

A Story of the Time of the Merrie Monarch

By BARONESS ORCZY

Author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "The League of the Scarlet Pimpernel," etc.

Illustrated by C. F. PETERS

CONCLUDING INSTALMENT

CHAPTER FIFTEEN—Continued

HE was standing in the bay of the window, and his figure, silhouetted against the light in the room, must have been plainly visible to the crowd outside. That a number of people had assembled by now was apparent by the hum and hubbub which came to us from below. Unable to restrain my curiosity, I, too, approached the open casements and peered out into the gloom. Just as I thought, quite a crowd had collected down there, some of whom were making ready to climb up to the window by way of the gutter-pipes or the solid stems of the ivy, whilst others were trooping down the narrow little alley which connects Tothill Street with the Park at the base of Mr. Betterton's house. There was a deal of talking, laughing and shouting. "Tom Betterton is up to some prank," I heard more than one person say.

VIII

PERHAPS you will wonder what was my Lord's attitude during the few minutes—it was less than five—which elapsed between the instant when Mr. Betterton first threw open the casements and that when the crowd, headed by Sir William Davenant and Mr. Killigrew, trooped down the alley on their way to this house. To me he seemed at first wholly uncomprehending, like a man who has received a blow on the head—just as I did from his fist a moment ago—and before whose eyes the walls of the room, the furniture, the people, are all swimming in an ocean of stars. I imagine that at one time the thought flashed as lightning through his mind that this was but the culminating outrage wherewith his enemy meant to pillory him and his bride before a jeering public. That was the moment when he turned to her ladyship and, uttering a hoarse cry, called to her by name. She was, just then, leaning in semi-consciousness against the angle of the bay. She did not respond to his call, and Mr. Betterton, quick in his movements, alert now like some feline on the prowl, stepped immediately in front of her, facing my Lord and screaming *Liv* against his approach.

"Stand back, man," he commanded. "Stand back, I tell you! You shall not come nigh her save on bended knees, with head bowed in the dust, suing for pardon in that you dared to insult her."

Everything occurred so quickly, movements, events, high words, threatening gestures from both sides, followed one another in such rapid succession, that I, overcome with agitation and the effect of the stunning blow which I had received, was hardly able to take it all in. Much less is it in my power to give you a faithful account of it all. These five minutes were the most spirit-stirring ones I have ever experienced throughout my life—every second appeared surcharged with an exciting fluid which transported me to supernal regions, to lands of unrealities akin to vivid dreams.

At one moment, I remember seeing my Lord Stour make a rapid and furtive movement in the direction of his sword, which lay some little distance from him on the ground, but Mr. Betterton was quicker even than his foe, more alert, and with one bound he had reached the weapon, ere my Lord's hand was nigh it, had picked it up and, with a terrific jerk, broke it in half across his knee. Then he threw the mangled hilt in one direction, the point in another, and my Lord raised his fists, ready methinks to fly at his throat.

But, as I have already told you, dear mistress, the whole episode stands but as a confused mirage before my mind; and though it all I seemed to see a mere vision of her ladyship, pale and ethereal, leaning against the angle of the bay; one delicate hand was clutching the heavy curtain, drawing it around her as it were, as if in a pathetic and futile desire to shield herself from view.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

I

IN the meanwhile, the crowd all round the house had visibly swelled. Some people were still standing immediately beneath the bow-window, whilst others had swarmed into Tothill Street; the foremost amongst the latter had given a vigorous tug at the bell-pull, and the front door being opened for them by the bewildered servant, they had made a noisy irruption into the house. We could hear them clattering up the stairs to the accompaniment of much laughing and talking and the oft-reiterated refrain: "Tom Betterton is up to some prank! Hurrah!!"

Some few again, more venturesome and certainly more impudent than most, had indeed succeeded in scrambling up to the window, and, one after another, heads and shoulders began to appear in the framework of the open casements.

Her ladyship had no doubt realized from the first that escape became impossible within two minutes of Mr. Betterton's first summons to the public. Just at first, perhaps, if my Lord had preserved his entire presence of mind, he might have taken her by the hand and fled with her out of the house, before the unruly crowd had reached Tothill Street. But my Lord, blinded by jealous rage, had not thought of her quickly enough, and now the time was past and he remained impotent, gasping with fury, hardly conscious of his actions. He had been literally swept off his feet by Mr. Betterton's eaglewinged *coup de main*, which left him puzzled and the prey to a nameless terror as to what was about to follow.

Now, when he saw a number of gentlemen trooping in by the door, he could but stare at them in utter bewilderment. Most of these gallants were personally known to him: Sir William Davenant was in the forefront with Mr. Thomas Killigrew of the King's Theatre, and the Earl of Rochester was with them as well as Mr. Wycherley. I also recognized Sir Charles Sedley and old Sir John Denham, as well as my Lord Roscommon among the crowd.

They had all rushed in through the door, laughing and jesting, as was the wont of all these gay and courtly sparks; but at sight of the Lady Barbara, they halted. Gibes and unseemly jokes broke upon their lips, and for the most part their heads went up to their hats and they made her ladyship a deep obeisance. Indeed, just then she looked more like a wraith than a living woman, and the light of the candles which flickered wildly in the draught accentuated the weirdness of her appearance.

"What is it, Tom? What is amiss?" Sir William Davenant was thus the first to speak.

"We thought you were playing some prank."

"You did call from that window, did you not, Tom?" my Lord Rochester insisted.

And one or two of the gentlemen nodded somewhat coldly to my Lord Stour.

"Yes. I did call," Mr. Betterton replied, quite firmly. "But 'twas no whim on my part thus to drag you into my house. It was not so much my voice that you heard as the trumpet blast of truth."

At this, my Lord Stour broke into one of those harsh, mirthless fits of laughter which betokened the perturbation of his spirit.

"The truth!" he exclaimed with a cutting sneer. "From you?"

"Aye! the truth!" Mr. Betterton rejoined with perfect calm, even whilst his friends glanced puzzled and enquiring from my Lord Stour to him and thence to her ladyship's pale face and even to me. "The truth," he added with a deep sigh as of intense relief: "The truth, at last!"

He stood in the centre of the room, with one hand resting upon the desk, his eyes fixed fearlessly upon the sea of faces before him. Not the slightest tremor marred the perfect harmony of his voice or the firm poise of his manly figure. You know as well as I do, dear mistress, the marvellous magnetism of Mr.



Betterton's personality, the way he hath of commanding the attention of a crowd whenever he chooseth to speak. Think of him then, dear Lady, with head thrown back, his exquisite voice rising and falling in those subtle and impressive cadences wherewith he is wont to hold an audience enthralled. Of a truth, no experienced manager in stage-craft could have devised so thrilling an effect as the picture which Mr. Betterton—the greatest actor of this or of any time—presented at that moment, standing alone, facing the crowd which was awed into deadly silence, and with the wraith-like figure of that exquisitely beautiful woman as a foil to his own self-possessed, virile appearance.

"Gentlemen," he began, with slow, even emphasis, "I pray you, bear with me; for what I have to say will take some time in telling. Awhile ago, his Lordship of Stour put upon me such an insult as the mind of man can hardly conceive. Then, on the pretence that I was not a born gentleman as he was, he refused me satisfaction by the sword. For this I hated him and swore that I would be even with him, that I would exact from his arrogance, outrage for outrage and infamy for infamy." He then turned to my Lord Stour and spoke to him directly. "You asked me just now, my Lord, if my revenge was satisfied. My answer to that is: not yet! Not until I see you on your bended knees here, before these gentlemen—my friends and yours—receiving from the miserable mountebank whom you mocked, the pitiful cur whom you thrashed, that which you hold—or should hold—more precious than all the treasures of this earth: your honor and the good name of the Lady who honors you with her love! Gentlemen!" he went on, and once more faced the crowd, "you know the aspirations which have been cast on my Lord Stour's loyalty. Rumors have been current that the late aborted conspiracy was betrayed by him to the Countess of Castlemaine and that she obtained his pardon, whilst all or most of his associates were driven into exile or perished on the scaffold. Well, gentlemen, 'twas I who begged for my Lord's pardon from the Countess of Castlemaine. His degradation, his obloquy, was the revenge which I had studiously planned. Nay! I

pray you, hear me unto the end," he continued, as a low murmur of horror and indignation followed on this self-accusation. "My Lord Stour is no traitor, save to her whom he loves and whom in his thoughts he hath dared to outrage. The Lady Barbara Wyckwoode deigned to plead with me for the man whose she honored with her love. She pleaded with me this afternoon, in the Park, in sight of many passers-by; but I in my obstinacy and arrogance would not, God forgive me, listen to her."

HE paused, and I could see the beads of perspiration glittering upon his forehead, white now like Italian alabaster. They all stood before him, subdued and silent. Think of Sir William Davenant, dear Mistress, and his affection for Mr. Betterton: think of my Lord Roscommon and of Sir Charles Sedley and his Lordship of Rochester, whose admiration for Mr. Betterton's talent was only equalled by their appreciation for his worth! It was before them all, before all these fastidious gentlemen, that the great and sensitive artist had elected to humble his pride to the dust.

But you shall judge. "Gentlemen," Mr. Betterton went on after a brief while, "we all know that love is a game at which one always cheats. I loved the Lady Barbara Wyckwoode. I had the presumption to dream of her as my future wife. Angered at her scorn of my suit, I cheated her into coming here to-night, luring her with the hope that I would consent to right the man for whose sake she was willing to risk so much, for whom she was ready to sacrifice even her fair name. Now I have learned to my hurt that love, the stern little god, will not be trifled with. When we try to cheat him, he cheats us worse at the last; and if he makes kings of us, he leaves us beggars in the end. When my Lord Stour, burning with sacrilegious jealousy, made irruption into my room, the Lady Barbara had just succeeded in wringing from me an avowal which proclaimed his integrity and my shame. She was about to leave me, humbled and crushed in my pride, she herself pure and spotless as the lilies, unapproachable as the stars. That, my Lord Stour," concluded the great actor with the full resonance of his magnificent voice, "that is the truth. On your knees, man, on your knees! The low-born mountebank has vindicated your honor, and righted the wrong you did to the most selfless and most loving woman that ever lived. Look into her eyes and sue for forgiveness, and may the thunderbolt of heaven kill you where you stand, if you dare again to wrong her in your thoughts!"

II

MR. BETTERTON had ceased speaking for some time; nevertheless, silence profound reigned in the dark, wainscoted room for many seconds after the final echo of that perfect voice had ceased to reverberate. Indeed, dear Mistress, I can assure you that though there were at least fifty persons present in the room, including those unknown to me who were swarming around the framework of the casements, you might have heard the proverbial pin drop just then. A tense expression rested on every face. Can you wonder that I scanned them all with the eagerness born of my love for the great artist who had thus besmirched his own fair name in order to vindicate that of his bitterest foe?

That I read condemnation of my friend in many a glance, I'll not deny, and this cut me to the quick.

True! Mr. Betterton's scheme of vengeance had been reprehensible if measured by the high standards of Christian forbearance. But remember how he had been wronged, not once but repeatedly; and even when I saw the frown on my Lord Roscommon's brow, the look of stern reproof in Sir Charles Sedley's face, there arose before mine eyes the vision of the great and sensitive artist, of the high-souled gentle-



man, staggering beneath the blows dealt by a band of hired ruffians at the bidding of this young coxcomb whose very existence was as naught in the eyes of the cultured world beside the genius of the inimitable Mr. Betterton.

I said that the silence was tense. Messemers that no one dared to break it. Even to those idly curious who had swarmed up the rain-pipes of this house in order to witness one of

Tom Betterton's pranks, felt awed by the revelation of this drama of a great man's soul. Indeed, the silence became presently oppressive. I, for one, felt a great buzzing in mine ears. The lights from the candles assumed weird and phantasmagoric proportions till they seared my aching eyes.

Then slowly my Lord Stour approached her Ladyship, sank on his knees before her and raised the hem of her robe to his lips. A sob broke from her throat; she tried to smother it by pressing her handkerchief into her mouth. It took her a second or two to regain her composure. But breeding and pride came to her aid. I saw the stiffening of her figure, the studied and deliberate movement wherewith she readjusted her mantle and her veil.

My Lord Stour was still on his knees. At a sign from her ladyship he rose. He held out his left arm and she placed her right hand on it, then together they went out of the room. The crowd of gentlemen parted in order to make way for the twain, then when they had gone through, some of the gentlemen followed them immediately; others lingered for awhile, hesitating. Sir William Davenant, Mr. Killigrew, my Lord Rochester, all of Mr. Betterton's friends, appeared at first inclined to remain in order to speak with him. They even did me the honour of consulting me with a look, asking of my experience of the great actor whether they should stay. I slowly shook my head, and they wisely acted on my advice. I knew that my friend would wish to be alone. He, so reserved, so proud, had laid his soul bare before the public, who was wont to belaud and to applaud him. The humiliation and the effort must have been a terrible strain, which only time and solitude could effectually cure.

He had scarce moved from his position beside the desk, still stood there with one slender hand resting upon it, his gaze fixed vaguely upon the door through which his friends were slowly filing out.

Within two minutes or less after the departure of my Lord Stour and her ladyship, the last of the crowd of gentlemen and of idlers had gone. Anon I went across the room and closed the door behind them. When I turned again, I saw that the knot of quidnuncs no longer filled the casements, and a protracted hum of voices, a crackling of ivy twigs and general sound of scrimmage and of scrambling outside the window, proclaimed the fact that even they had had the sense and the discretion to retire quietly from this spot, hallowed by the martyrdom of a great man's soul.

III

THUS I was left alone with my friend.

He had drawn his habitual chair up to the desk and sat down. Just for a few moments he rested both his elbows on the desk and buried his face in his hands. Then, with that familiar, quick little sigh of his, he drew the candles closer to him and, taking up a book, he

began to read. I knew what it was that he was reading, or rather, studying. He had been absorbed in the work many a time before now, and had expressed his ardent desires to give public readings of it one day when it was completed. It was the opening canto of a great epic poem, the manuscript of which had been entrusted to Mr. Betterton for perusal by the author, Mr. John Milton, who had but lately been liberated from prison through the untiring efforts of Sir William Davenant on his behalf. Mr. Milton hoped to complete the epic in the next half dozen years. Its title is "Paradise Lost."

I remained standing beside the open window, loath to close it as the air was peculiarly soft and refreshing. Below me, in the Park, the idle, chattering crowd had already dispersed. From far away, I still could hear the sweet, sad strains of the amorous song, and through the stillness of the evening, the words came to mine ear, wafted on the breeze:

"You are my Faith, my Hope, my All!
"What e'er the Future may unfold,
"No trial too great—no Thing too small,
"Your whispered Words shall make me bold
"To win at last for Your dear Sake
"A worthy Place in Future's World."

I felt my soul enwrap in a not unpleasant reverie; an exquisite peace seemed to have descended on my mind, lately so agitated by thoughts of my dear, dear friend.

Suddenly a stealthy sound behind me caused me to turn, and in truth I am not sure even now if what I saw was reality, or the creation of mine own dream.

The Lady Barbara had softly and surreptitiously re-entered the room. She walked across it on tip-toe, her silken skirts making just the softest possible frou-frou as she walked. Her cloud-like veil wrapped her head entirely, concealing her fair hair and casting a grey shadow over her eyes. Mr. Betterton did not hear her, or if he did, he did not choose to look up. When her ladyship was quite close to the desk, I noticed that she had a bunch of white roses in her hand such as are grown in the hothouses of rich noblemen.

For a few seconds she stood quite still. Then she raised the roses slowly to her lips, and laid them down, without a word, upon the desk.

After which, she glided out of the room as silently, as furtively, as she came.

IV

AND thus, dear Mistress, have I come to the end of my long narrative. I swear to you by the living God that everything which I have herein related is the truth and naught but the truth.

There were many people present in Mr. Betterton's room during that memorable scene when he sacrificed his pride and his revenge in order to right the innocent. Amongst these witnesses there were some whom malice and envy would blind to the sublimity of so noble an act. Do not listen to them, honoured Mistress, but rather to the promptings of your own heart and to that unerring judgment of men and of events which is the attribute of good and pure women.

Mr. Betterton hath never forfeited your esteem by any act or thought. The infatuation which momentarily dulled his vision to all save to the beauty of the Lady Barbara, hath ceased to exist. Its course was ephemeral and hath gone without a trace of regret or bitterness in its wake. The eminent actor, the high-souled artist, whom all cultured Europe doth reverence and admire, stands as high to-day in that same world's estimation as he did before a young and arrogant coxcomb dared to measure his own worth against that of a man as infinitely above him as are the stars. But, dear Mistress, Mr. Betterton now is lonely and sad. He is like a man who hath been sick and weary, and is still groping after health and strength. Take pity on his loneliness, I do conjure you. Give him back the inestimable boon of your goodwill and of your friendship, which alone could restore to him that peace of mind so necessary for the furtherance of his art.

And if, during the course of my
Continued on page 46



IN THE DAYS of ANARCHY

A Canadian's Experiences in Roumania and Russia

By ETHEL GREENING PANTAZZI

DECORATIONS BY LOUIS KEENE

THE remoteness of Roumania is really not as great as many people seem to think. Forty-eight hours in the Oriental Express from Paris takes one to Bucharest through some of the most beautiful and interesting scenery in Europe.

It is ten years ago that I went out there as the wife of a Roumanian naval officer. I was the first Canadian that the great majority of Roumanians had ever seen. To me, Roumania is a world in miniature. One finds every variety of scenery that it is possible to imagine, from high, snow-capped mountains to green marshes that stretch for miles on either side of the three mouths of the Danube. In the spring, in every neighborhood, are masses of roses bringing to memory tales of Persian Gardens.

Later, in June, the linden trees are all in blossom; on the plains are immense fields of corn and wheat; in the foothills flocks of sheep are seen, and near Bucharest miles of oil derricks meet the view.

My first seven years were spent in Galatz, a port about one hundred miles from the mouth of the Danube. The origin of this city is lost in antiquity. Beyond it is a beautiful lake across from which one can see the borders of Russia. Facing Galatz, on the opposite bank of the Danube, are the distant blue foothills of the Balkans, those mountains of mystery. A short distance to the north rise precipitous cliffs, and the Cerat pours its blue waters into the muddy flood of the Danube. On these cliffs is perched a tiny church where lie the remains of Mazaepa, the hero of Byron's famous poem. Galatz should be especially interesting to Englishmen because it was the residence for several years of General Gordon of Khartoum. Every time I passed the house where he had lived in the quiet street of the brave Michael my heart beat faster to think that his feet had trodden the same path before me.

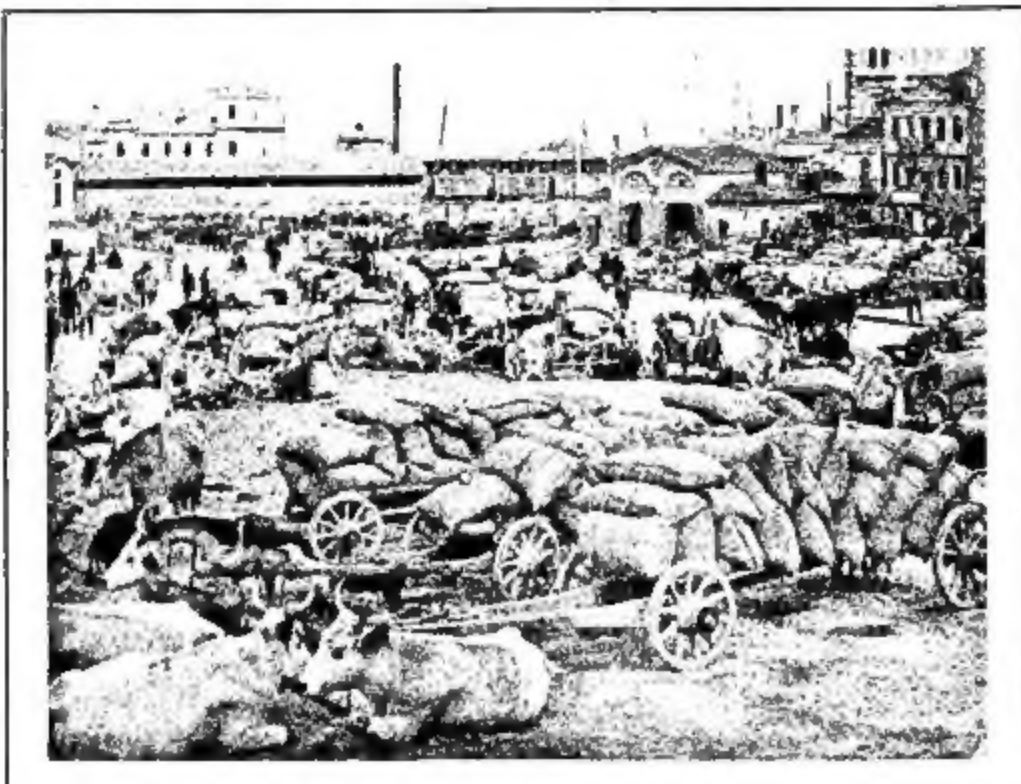
In 1914, when the war broke out, it was an intense and painful surprise to us all in Roumania. We hoped to the last moment that something would be arranged to avert the catastrophe. Our King at that time, Carol the First, a Hohenzollern of the Catholic branch of the family, had been for Roumania not only a king but an inspired leader, and for fifty years had steered Roumania's course until she was a prosperous and progressive country. His firm conviction was that Germany would win the war, and he used all his influence as well as that of his wife, Carmen Sylva, to keep Roumania neutral. To go into the war on the German side could not be seriously considered. The French influence in Roumania among the educated class is extremely strong and their sons for many generations have been brought up in Paris. The sympathy of the whole nation was with the Latin races as against the Teutons, for it is the proud boast of the Roumanians that they are the descendants of Trajan's legions of 1,800 years ago—a Latin island in a sea of Slavs. The only object of Roumania going into the war would be to regain the lost provinces of Transylvania and the Banat from the Austrians, and this was a great incentive to action.

The first two years of war seemed to prove that



Madame Pantazzi (formerly Miss Ethel Greening, of Toronto) and her two children.

King Carol's views were the correct ones, but the faith of the people in the Allies continued to grow. In the spring of 1916 a combination of circumstances destined my home to be in Bucharest and, being very closely in touch with the leading opinions of the day, I felt more and more confident that Roumania would finally enter into the war on the side of the Allies. The arrival of French and Russian Military Missions at the beginning of July 1916 confirmed that opinion. The obstacle in the way of Roumania joining the Allies was chiefly her former unfortunate experience with the Russians. After the war of 1877, when her heroic assistance to Russia had made it possible to



The market place at Odessa, which was the centre of Bolshevik activity.

free Bulgaria from the Turks, the rich province of Bessarabia had been torn from her by the Bear. Friends would say to me earnestly: "We love France and we wish to fight on her side, but France is far, England is far. We will be fighting with the Russians and we do not trust them!"

HOWEVER, on August 27th there was a council of Ministers which proved decisive. King Carol was now dead, and in April the beloved Carmen Sylva had followed him to her last resting place. The present King Ferdinand and his English wife, Queen Marie, were now on the throne. Ferdinand, though a Hohenzollern, had openly declared that, if the Roumanian people wished to enter the war on the side of the Allies, he was willing to make the sacrifice of renouncing his family. By four o'clock in the afternoon the ministers were still in council, but by five a Roumanian friend burst excitedly into the house and embracing me warmly, cried: "It is all decided! We are going in on the right side."

Roumania Joins the Allies

A FEW minutes later I heard the newsboys crying in the street the extras announcing the entry of Roumania into the war against Germany and instructions as to measures to be taken in case of aeroplane raids. About nine o'clock we went out to stroll about the streets to see the demonstrations taking place. In the few hours since four till darkness all the streets' lamps had been painted dark blue so that one could hardly see to walk, but in the Calea Victoria there were bands of University students before the Palace singing patriotic songs and the sidewalks were so thronged that carriages could not pass.

About midnight we heard the church bells ringing. This was the signal of alarm of an attack. I thought it could not be possible that a Zeppelin should be there so quickly. On rising and pulling back the curtain we immediately heard a whistle from the street below. It was the warning from a policeman to put out the lights or draw the curtains. Five minutes later a tremendous explosion filled our house with dust and smoke; the first bomb had carried down a corner of the third house from our own. From then on for three months there were daily and almost nightly raids lasting from half an hour to two hours each time. The anti-aircraft guns being quite inadequate for their work the Germans soon learned they could bomb the town with impunity. In the first daylight raid four hundred people were killed and wounded.

We Suffer From Bombing Raid

ONE morning about eight o'clock I heard the usual alarm, but, being exceedingly tired from watching the night before during a Zeppelin raid, I was desirous of closing my eyes and forgetting that such things as aeroplanes existed. Second considerations made me rise, however, and, hastily slipping on a dressing gown, I went to the nursery. While earnest-



ly engaged in persuading the nurse and children that of course there was absolutely no danger and only a great deal of noise, eleven bombs were thrown and burst very near our house; this in the space of a few seconds.

The effect was like a triple earthquake; all the windows fell in; the glass broken in thousands of pieces. A few seconds later I heard an agonized voice crying: "My Mistress, where are you?" On my replying, it continued: "Do not move from where you are, for glass is coming down like rain in the corridors." It was the devoted orderly, who, on the first alarm, had descended into the cellar, where all the household had remained during the raid. On returning to my bedroom I was soon quite convinced that second thoughts were best on seeing that it was a confused mass of broken glass and splintered wood. My very hasty toilet was made in full view of the excited first-comers of a crowd of sight-seers who entered the house quite easily, as the doors were sprung and the house had a decided list. In passing, I might explain that the neighborhood in which I lived was the principal objective of the aeroplane, being near the Palace and the British Legation. Near the house where the largest bomb had struck a cobblestone pavement there was a hole big enough to hold the street car which had almost fallen into it. Two people were wounded in my house, and four killed in front of my doorway.

The Black Days of Defeat

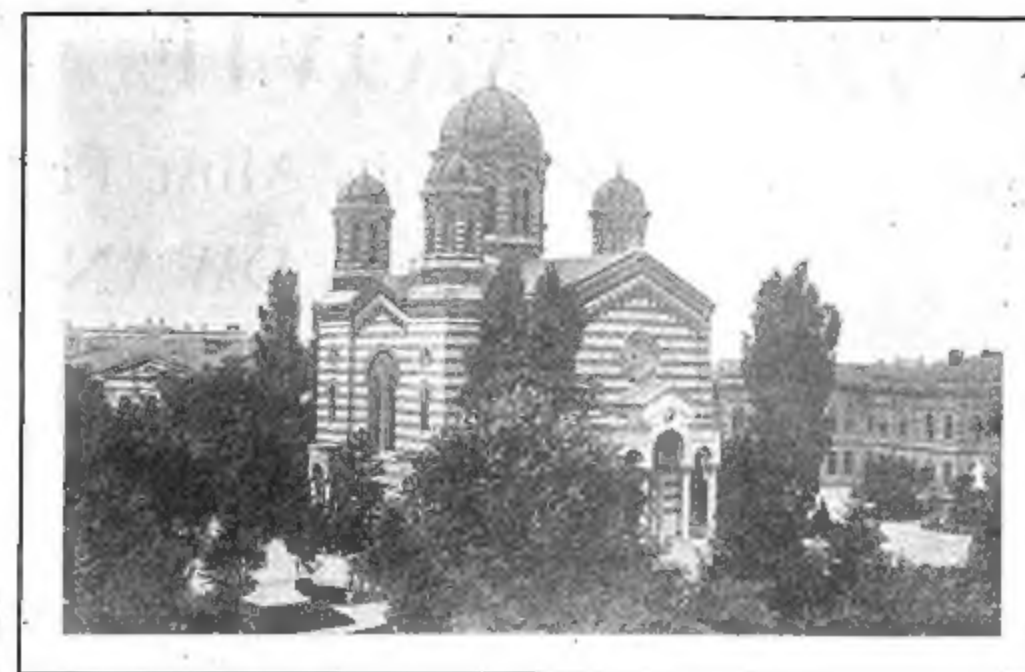
THINKING the winter would very likely be a difficult one, we were making provisions of vegetables and preserves such as we had never done before. Then the news from the front became more alarming. In our household we were always among the optimists, thinking it was impossible for Bucharest to fall and looking with agonized hope in the newspapers every day to see if Serrail was moving from Salonica. As concerted action with his army had been one of the conditions of Roumania entering the war, his failure to help was a great deception.

The defeat of Turtukia had made Roumania realize how little she was prepared to battle against such tremendous odds; the promised munitions and aeroplanes coming through from Russia were found very frequently to be defective. Large quantities of provisions sent by the British were lost en route from Archangel, through carelessness of Russian officials, showing that Roumania's fears were only too well-founded in her dealings with that ally. Two years later the effect of energetic action at Salonica under General Franchet d'Esperey was one of the most important factors in winning the war. If only it could have taken place in 1916 the terrible sacrifice required of Roumania would have been considerably lessened. In all, a million lives were lost in the two years.

On going to the hospital to visit wounded officers of the first engagements, I found them extremely depressed, and they told me that it was not for their own wounds that they were grieving, but for the fact that when they led their trusting soldiers into action and saw them mowed down like grass before the long-range guns of the enemy, they were in despair because the men would turn to them and say, "Why aren't our guns like theirs?"

Towards the end of November my husband returned from his office about ten o'clock in the morning and said, "We can no longer delay; I have secured places for you in one of the Ministerial trains; we have orders to evacuate at the War Office; pack as much as you can until four o'clock this afternoon."

Calling my household together, I hastily sketched a plan of action, and by four o'clock had several trunks and bundles of pillows and



The Donar Balaska church in Bucharest, the capital of Roumania.

blankets. Though these things were our only comforts during the two long years of exile that were to follow, their possession placed me among the most fortunate of the refugees. I hope that none of my readers may ever feel the sensations I had on leaving my home. In my last glance about the house I saw all the souvenirs of friends in Canada, and of many travels in the East; my English books, my pictures and china, impossible to take, as my first consideration was inevitably articles of utility. It was, indeed, a long farewell I was bidding to my treasures, as the Germans, alas, appreciated them only too well.

Our little group consisted of my husband and self, the two children—then tots of three and two—and the nurse. We left in the house a German cook with all the keys, and instructions to offer no resistance to the inevitable occupation.

Leaving the Capital

ON arriving at the station, we found it almost in complete darkness, a few tiny, vacillating flames which could be seen from candles were the only lights.



Captain Pantazzi, who was a hostage in Bolshevik hands.

of a ration of food which would have to last her until safety was reached.

My husband disappeared in the darkness and the nurse and I, each with a child on our knee, waited with what patience we might until his return. He was gone over an hour. Naturally, I asked him what was going on outside. He said there was a most indescribable confusion; children were being crushed to death by the folly of their family trying to force themselves on the train. Nevertheless, we felt that it would be too dangerous to return home; we must go on. Fortunately, he had met several naval officers in the station. These friends came to our assistance, and, surrounded by them, we, in our turn, entered the frightful melee and were successful, after heart-breaking struggles, in getting a place in one of the trains. These were corridor trains with compartments. We put the children and nurse in one of the compartments, while I remained on the back platform and seized the valises belonging to myself and friends over the back rail. Such a pile were hastily thrown in that I was absolutely anchored to the spot and could only rejoin my family after the valises had been removed by my companions in misfortune. Even then it was difficult to

enter the compartment, as the corridor was packed with people who had to remain standing during the seventeen hours of the journey. Our anxiety was great on account of the danger of bombs being dropped on the train from enemy aeroplanes, in spite of two Roumanian machines which accompanied us.

When my husband put us safely in the train he unexpectedly bade me farewell, saying that in view of the disorganization at the station, he felt it was his duty to stay and do all he could to help to carry out the evacuation under better conditions. He promised to join me in Jassy, whither we were bound.

We Arrive in Jassy

WHEN we arrived there it was almost midnight. Previous trains had discharged their hundreds of poor civilians upon the platforms, unfortunates with little money and no friends in that part of the world. We could scarcely find a place to put our valises, and throwing our cloaks over them, we proceeded to camp until taken by a Red Cross ambulance, which we had great good fortune to secure, to the house of a friend who agreed to take us in. Jassy, before the war, was a quiet town of seventy thousand inhabitants. The evacuation of Bucharest and neighboring towns brought her population to several hundred thousand. You will easily understand the confusion, the epidemics, the scarcity of food and fuel which ensued. For the first five nights I shared a small single bed with my nurse and the two children, two with our heads at the top and two with our heads at the bottom—with three additional women. The little refinements and niceties of life were things of the past; baths impossible; rare luxuries gone; laundrying a vexed problem to solve. During the day I tramped in the rain through muddy streets, in my hand

Continued on page 67

CANADA Has a "MOVIE" FUTURE

But Certain Restrictions Must First Be Removed

By ALLAN DWAN

NOTE.—Allan Dwan has become one of the most famous of motion picture directors, having produced many of the best pictures featuring Douglas Fairbanks, and also some Mary Pickford films. That he is a Toronto boy makes his work of special interest to Canadians. In the following article, in which he tells something of his remarkable career, Mr. Dwan deals in a practical way with the possibility of making Canada a prominent field in the profitable business of film production. He sees great possibilities but points out certain difficulties and restrictions that must be removed first. It is certain that, if the difficulties he enumerates were removed, the production of pictures would begin on a large scale in Canada.

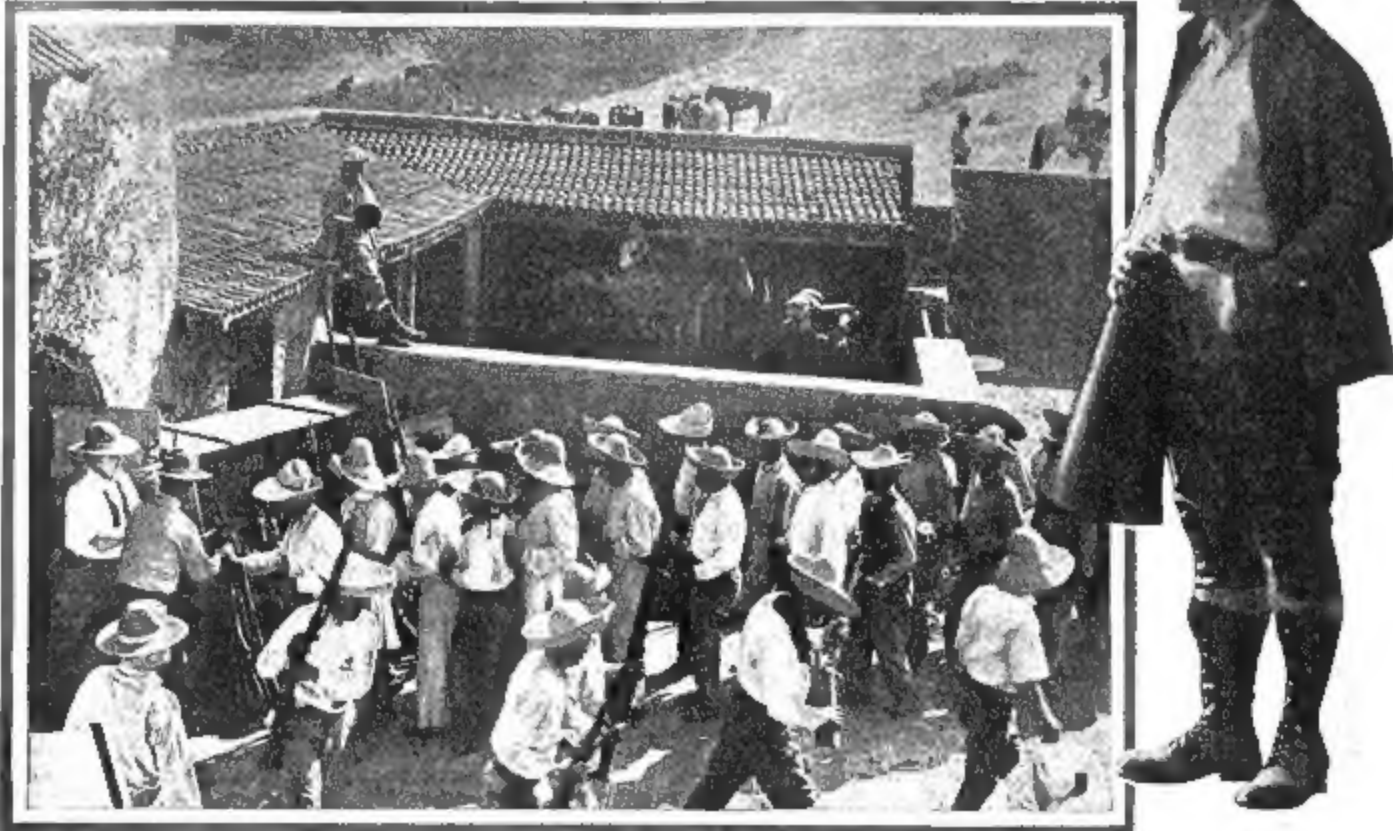
THERE comes a time in the life of every man when he feels impelled to reminisce. And the germ has bitten me. I think the reason for the infection lies in the fact that I recently indulged in a lengthy discussion regarding my Canadian home-land and its motion picture possibilities, during which discussion I discovered several incidents which I thought would look well in print, but then, again, it may be that I am growing vain, and anxious to talk. We all of us pass through that stage, you know.

I suppose that it is not being inmodest, or conceited, to start with my birth, and make use of the personal pronoun. I was born in Toronto, April 3rd, 1885. There was nothing particular about my family—we were just people—and I was the child of the household. I rather imagine that I was a fairly normal kid, for I liked all of the out-of-door sports, could make a great deal of noise, and had a more than normally healthy appetite. There was one point, I remember, that may have branded me as "odd" among my associates—I was always infatuated

with the theatre. I do not remember when I first saw a play, but while I never had many such opportunities, I knew a great deal of the stage. Yes, call it "stage-struck" if you wish. It really classifies my mental attitude.

And I wrote plays. I remember one written and produced when I was about seven. I learned that my companions did not particularly care for the work of rehearsing in my shows, so I played all of the parts myself. I was my own publicity agent, and incidentally the ticket collector. The admission was, I think, two marbles, marbles being my great need the forenoon of that particular performance. When the table cloth curtain was lifted I began my show, and I was playing all the parts. I went very well until one of the audience said that he did not think I talked like an actor, and the fight started. When my mother untangled us the show was over. Looking back on the incident it seems prophetic. Possibly I was born for the voiceless drama.

From that time on my ambitions were unlimited. I was the star "kid actor" of the school, and when my father's business interests demanded that he leave Toronto for Chicago, I carried my ambitions with me. Also I took them to college. As the family was in Chicago it was decided that Notre Dame was handy, and I went to that university to study electrical engineering, but I also managed to get in a course in English. When I finished they sent me to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston for post-graduate work. The family were certain that I had an engineering future. Poor family! If they had only known that my studies were always hurried, and my best thought dwelled constantly on the theatres in Boston, or on the latest production of our Dramatic Society! I really did approach stardom in my college work, and I looked many times at the letter which offered me a position as professor in Mathematics and Physics in the engineering course in Notre Dame—looked at it because I wondered if I really wanted to be a teacher. In the end I went resolutely towards what I thought was duty.



Allan Dwan directing a Douglas Fairbanks picture—Indians, Mexicans, and all the usual props.

RESOLUTELY? Yes, but before I had been in the university twenty-four hours I was reading a play to refresh my memory of the technique of dramatic presentation. I was going to write a play! It was easy work, quite so. And when it was finished I read it tenderly. Then I went down to the office, resigned my position, started for New York. I felt that a theatrical manager was due to make another fortune. He did not know it, but I did. By the time I reached the Grand Central Station I had decided whom I would allow to see that drama. I went in that manager's office, waited an hour while the office boy found the head of the theatrical firm, and finally left the play with the head porter. He read it and sent it back. I tried another firm. The hello girl at the switchboard decided the play was rank. So it was. One firm after another rejected the manuscript, and believe me, when I solemnly say that they were right. It was a very, very bad play.

Something a great deal worse than the play, was the fact that my money was going fast. I might have written home for the price of a meal and a ticket to Chicago, but youthful pride was against me. Besides, I had told the family when they asked me not to leave my college position, that they were hindering talent. I slept in Bryant Park—a sure sign of arriving fame, only I did not know it then—and decided that I would lower my ambitions. I would be an actor. I started on a round of the managerial offices, but they had never heard of me. I told them that at college everyone had said I was a wonderful Romeo, but they were looking for good rag-time artists. And as I needed to eat, I went a step further down—I hunted a cheap vaudeville agency. Yes, they needed a man, a "heavy," in a dramatic act. Do you know what a heavy is? No? Well, neither did I. I discovered, however, that it had reference to the villain in the piece. So I became a villain—and made eyes at the leading lady.

The leading man and the leading lady used to do an acrobatic act earlier on the bill, by way of earning a few more dollars, and many a night when I needed the money I used to stand in the wings and watch them at work, wondering if she should fall, whether we would get our salary.

Finally, we reached Passaic. No, the lady did not fall, but the manager did. He looked us over, and down came a heavy hand.

"It's rotten," he remarked, poetically, "rotten. You're closed." "You mean that we are not going to act any more?" I questioned. "I mean you never did act, any of you. You're rotten," and that was all there was to it. By this time I was cured of pride. I went home on the family money.

I Break Into the Movies

ODD, isn't it, how a little thing like a failure can cure a fellow temporarily? The day after I reached Chicago I went out for a job as an electrical engineer. The family breathed a sigh, for they had really spent considerable money in educating me. And they sighed a second time, as if it was a lost hope, when they learned that my position was to inspect the installation of an arc light system for the Essanay Motion Picture Studios in Chicago. I was right back in the theatrical game—only, horrors!—I was working for the motion pictures. Remember, this was in 1903, and pictures were quite taboo.

At the end of the first month's work I met a fellow named Tom Ricketts, who was a director of the studio.

"Say, your name's Dwan, isn't it?" he asked. "Have you ever acted?"

That was the end of the electrical career. "I'm the best actor in the world," I assured him. And I am afraid that I believed it.

"All right—I'm looking for a fellow to play the heavy villain in a one-reel picture."

It was an awful blow, for I had seen the leading man strutting about the studio, and had pictured how I would look when strutting, but I did want to play, and what matter if I was a villain, or a scrub-woman. Before I was engaged with this picture—and in those days, a one-reeler was as important as the five-reel production of to-day—I had a decidedly snobbish disregard for motion pictures. That first picture taught me a great deal regarding the film industry and its future. To begin with, I thought that they needed better stories. That was why I wrote one. I took it around to the office, and they gave me ten dollars for it. I went home, much elated, sat up all night writing the second film story, and sold it for twenty-five dollars. When they sent me the cheque for the second story, they offered me a staff position in the scenario department. All I had to do was to keep the directors busy by turning out sufficient stories.

The scenario department taught me a great deal. One of the things I learned was that very occasionally you could find an original manuscript—and buy it. Stories were submitted to us by the bushel basketful, and they were nearly all so bad, or such a flagrant steal from printed material, that we shipped them back after a hasty glance and it was true that most companies stole their stories at that time. However, I must say, in their defense, that their psychology was, "What wisdom is there in buying something that somebody else has stolen?"

I was a great magazine reader myself. I always have been, and it is an actual fact that one day the same mail brought me five different scenario versions of a serial story I was reading in a current magazine. The always restless spirit of the motion picture industry, linked with the fact that capital was, and always has been, willing to gamble with the pictures, caused a break among the Essanay people, and when

part of the organization withdrew to form the American Film Company, I went with them.

I Become a Director

MY first job was an errand to Tucson, Arizona, where I was to discover why one of the company's directors, located there, was not making more pictures. I discovered the company was in a high state of incompatibility; nobody spoke to anyone else, and consequently good work was an impossibility. I sent a wire to Chicago, telling them what I found. They told me to discharge the crowd, and not pay any car fares home. I thought this over, and it seemed like a pretty sneaky stunt, so, as I had the power, I drew a slight draft on the company, paid their fares back to Chicago, and was fired for my trouble. I was not exactly worried over the situation, for I wrote and sold scenarios with fair regularity. Then, one day, the American people wanted me back. They had a Californian producing unit which was not turning out pictures because the director said he could get no stories. I was sent to San Juan Capistrano. The director was a fit subject for a Prohibition lecture. John Barleycorn had beaten him to a pulp. He didn't resign, he just couldn't work, and the home office said they would send on another director. A week or ten days passed, and the order came through that as no one else was available I had to direct.

I was not exactly keen about directing. I had decided literary aspirations, but I was down there for the company and supposed to take orders. I sat up most of that night, wrote a one-reel story, and produced and finished the picture the following day before sunset. In those days a negative had to be developed at the home office, and I waited most anxiously until I got a wire announcing the result of my work. The home office mentioned something about congratulations, also that I was manager of the company, but more than

ness, we always had a chance meeting outside the office building. If anyone died, they passed out on the front porch, or the back yard. Monday morning we would pile into automobiles, and make for the woods and hills back of San Diego. When we saw a nice cliff that we had not used the week before, we used it to push the villain off, if a flower garden attracted us, the leading lady was always discovered walking about the grounds.

This kept up for two years. The work progressed, and also my salary. I was raised from seventy-five a week to ninety. Kerrigan was getting the same sum, and my work had so impressed the home office that they actually consented to build a studio at Santa Barbara, and allowed 20 feet square for stage space.

By this time the moving picture industry was advancing with huge strides. The American Film Company was not progressive enough for me, so I went to the Universal, took my cast with me, and then after a year, to the Famous Players Company. Then came the hey-day of the Triangle Corporation, and I was engaged to put on pictures for Douglas Fairbanks.

I Meet Doug. and Mary

WHEN I met Fairbanks, I knew I had pretty good material to work with. I have always been a believer in clean stories for the screen, decidedly of the impression that American audiences were fond of punch. Fairbanks seemed to me the type of fellow who would register rough stuff with a clean comedy vein. I had learned to do a little scrapping in college, as well as having done some wrestling and played football. I told Fairbanks that I thought I could teach him how to do the stunts which have since made him famous, and he was willing. He worked like a trooper, never cried quits. What happened, is history.

It was when I went to the Famous Players that I directed Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark. Miss Pickford was a girl from my home town, Toronto, and, while I could not teach her how to rough it, she quite agreed with me in several of my suggestions, and certainly our pictures "got across" with the public. Then, as more or less of a wind-up, came the opportunity to head my own producing company. You see, I never have believed strongly in the star system. I have always had a great deal of faith in the motion pictures, and it seemed if I were ever to arrive, it would be necessary to give audiences good plays characterized by competent actors who fitted the parts assigned to them. Too many times I have seen stories distorted for the sake of a star, and when I found that my belief in what constituted a good picture was becoming general, I thought I had pretty well reached the ambition of my existence. I chose Richard Harding Davis' "Soldiers of Fortune" for my first picture, and they allowed me \$150,000 to make it. That is the way they do things in the motion pictures nowadays—come contrast to my \$900 for three pictures. But then, the whole industry is in sharp contrast. Two or three years ago a director would never dare to disclose human attributes in his leading characters. They were always strong and resolute, which was unnatural. All of us do weak and wrong things, even though we follow an ideal, and that is the way the screen—the mirror of the real world—should picture character.

Continued on page 75



Dwan and his company ready to make a start for the day.

that, announced that I was to have the free hand in the spending of nine hundred dollars a week, this amount to cover the entire cost of producing three one-reel pictures every week.

We used to make pictures Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Then the whole company would go down to Los Angeles, and loaf around the beaches until the next Monday. J. Warren Kerrigan was my leading man; Wallace Reid, Donald Crisp and Marshall Neilan were members of the company. And many a time we have laughed at the old-time stunts. We never rehearsed a motion picture, we never used an interior scene. If it was necessary to show a man doing busi-

Allan Dwan, famous motion picture producer, who was born and raised in Canada.



SPANISH DOUBLOONS

By CAMILLA KENYON

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS ROGERS



SYNOPSIS—Virginia Harding finds that her wealthy and irresponsible Aunt Jane is financing a party to go to Leeward Island, near Pavonia, in search of treasure the secret of which is known only to Miss Higginby Browne, an English woman of strong character. She sets out a party and out makes the boat in time to go along. In the party she finds a handsome young Englishman named Vane and a Scotchman, Dugald Shaw, an expert by profession who is in the cave. They visit the island and start the search. Miss Higginby Browne forces Virginia to sign a paper renouncing all share in the treasure when it is recovered. Vane protests, but the rest of the party give their assent. Virginia then starts to explore the island on her own account and she visits a cave alone where the men of the party have been searching and a note so long that she finds herself trapped by the tide and is rescued by Dugald Shaw. Later she finds in the cabin of a partly submerged yacht the diary of a man who had been there before them and had located the treasure.

CHAPTER XII—Continued

THE diary ended here. I closed the book, and stared with unseeing eyes into the green shadows of the encompassing woods. What happened to the writer of the diary on that last trip to the cave? For he had never left the island. Crusoë was here to prove it, as well as the wreck of the Island Queen. And in a human probability, under the sand which choked the cabin of the derelict, was the long-sought chest of Spanish doubloons.

But what was the mysterious fate of Peter? Had he fallen overboard from the sloop and been drowned? Had he returned to the cave—and was he there still? It was all a mystery—but a mystery which I burned to solve.

Of course I might have solved it very quickly, merely by communicating the extraordinary knowledge which had come to me to my companions. But for the present at least I meant to keep this astounding secret for my own. Somehow or other by guile or lucky circumstance I must bring it about that the document I had signed at Miss Browne's behest was canceled. Was I who all unaided had discovered or as good as discovered the vein sought for treasure, to disclose its whereabouts to those who would deny me the smallest claim upon its contents? Was I to see all these "fair shining golden coins" paraded out between Miss Browne and Mr. Tubbs, and Captain Magnus (the three who loomed large in my intelligent thoughts) and not possess a single one myself? Or perhaps accept a little stingy present of a few? I really wasn't very covetous about the money taken in as money, but considered as buried treasure it made my mouth water.

Then besides, while I kept my secret I had power, every body's destiny was in my hands. This was a secret right I felt that I should enjoy going about with a deceptive meekness, and taking the severest snubs from Miss Browne knowing that at any moment I could blossom forth into the most exalted and thinking importance. Also, not only did I want a share in the treasure myself, but I wanted, if possible, to divide it up on a different basis from the present. I wanted Cuthbert Vane to have a lot of it—and I should have been much better pleased not

to let Mr. Tubbs or Captain Magnus have any. I did not crave to enrich Violet, and I thought Aunt Jane had already more money than was good for her. Give her another half million and Mr. Tubbs would commit bigamy, if necessary, for her sake.

And then there was Dugald Shaw, who had saved my life and who seemed to have forgotten it, and that I had ever had my arms about his neck—and who was poor—and brave—

Yes, decidedly I should keep my secret yet awhile, till I saw how the cards were going to fall.

XIII

MY first and all but overpowering impulse was to possess myself of a spade and dash for the wreck of the Island Queen. Sober second thought restrained me. Merely to get there and back would consume much time for the descent of the cliffs, and still more the climb up again, was a tedious affair. Also, reflection showed me that to dig through the damp, close-packed sand of the cabin would be no trifling task for I would be hampered by the need of throwing out the excavated sand behind me through the narrow companionway. I could achieve my end no doubt, by patient burrowing, but it would require much more time than I had at my command before the noon day sounding of Cookie's gong. I must not be seen departing or returning with a spade, but make off with the implement in a stealthy and unobtrusive manner. Above all, I must not risk betraying my secret through impatience.

But there was nothing to forbid an immediate pilgrimage to the much sought gravesite with its sinister symbol. The account in Peter's diary of his adventure with the pig paced the grave with such exactness that I had no doubt of finding it easily. That done I would know very nearly where to look for the cave, and in order to bid defiance to a certain skill sense of reluctance which bent me at the thought of the cave I started out at once, skirting the clearing with much circumspection as it seemed to me that even the sight of my vanishing back must shoot of mystery to Cookie's droning hymns among his pots and pans. Crusoë, of course, came with me, happy unconscious of his own strange relation to our quest.

Following in the steps of Peter, who seemed in an airy and uncomfortable fashion to be bearing me company, I struck across the point, at the base of the rough slope which marks the first rise of the peak. As I neared the sea on the other side great crags began to overhang the path which was, of course, no path, but merely the line of least resistance through the woods. Soon the noise of the sea, of which one was never together free on the island, though it reached the recesses of the forest only as a vast nameless murmur broke in heightened cadence on my ears. I heard the waves roaring and dashing on rocks far below and then I stood at the dizzy edge of the plateau looking out over the limitless gleaming reaches of the sea.

SOMEWHERE in this angle between the ragged margin of the cliffs and the abrupt rise of the craggy mountainside according to Peter's journal lay the grave. I began systematically to poke with a stick I carried into every low growing mass of vines or bushes. Because of the comparatively rocky sterile soil the woods were thinner here, and the undergrowth was greater. Only the very definite localization of the grave by the accommodating diary gave any hope of finding it.

And then, quite suddenly, I found it. My prodigious hand had denuded a matted mass of ground creeper, fenestral looking raw and naked without its leafy covering was the "curiously regular little patch of ground outlined at intervals with small stones." Panicked beetles scuttled for refuge. A great slim undulating painfully across his suddenly denuded pasture. A whole small world found itself hurled back to chaos.

At the head of the grave lay a large, smoothly rounded stone. I knelt and brushed away some obstinate vine tendrils, and the letters "B. H." revealed

themselves, cut deeply and irregularly into the sloping face of the stone. Below was the half-intelligible symbol of the crossed bones.

There was something in the utter loneliness of the place that caught my breath sharply. At once I had the feeling of a marauder. Here slept the guardian of the treasure—and yet in defiance of him I meant to have it. So, too, had Peter—and I didn't know yet what he had managed to do to Peter—but I guessed from his journal that Peter had been a slightly morbid person. He had let the wild solitude of the island frighten him. He had indulged foolish fancies about crucifixes. He had in fact let the defenses of his will be undermined ever so little—and then of course there was no telling what they could do to you.

With an impatient shiver I got up quickly from my knees. What abominable nonsense I had been talking—was there a mistma about that old grave that affected me? I whistled to Crusoë, who was trotting humbly about on mysterious intelligence conveyed to him by his nose. He ran to me joyfully and I stooped and patted his warm, live, vigorous body.

"Let Bill walk, Crusoë," I remarked, "let him! He needn't be a dog in the manger about the treasure, anyhow."

NOW came the moment which I had been trying not to think about. I had to find the entrance to the cave, and then go into it or part with my own treasure forever. I went and peered over the cliff. I had an unacknowledged hope that the shelf of which Peter had written had been rent off by some cataclysm and that I could not possibly get down to the doorway in the rock. My hope was vain. The ledge was there—not an inviting ledge, nor one on which the macrobotically inclined would have any impulse to saunter, but a perfectly good ledge, on which I had not the slightest excuse for declining to venture. Seventy feet below I saw a narrow strip of sand, from which the tide was receding. It ran along under the great precipice which rose on my right, forming the face of the mountain on the south side. On that strip of sand the old hiding place of the pirates opened. I thought I saw the great overhanging caves of rock of which the diary had spoken.

There was true, nothing dangerous about the ledge. It was nearly three feet wide, and had an easy downward trend. Yet you heard the hungry rear of the surf below, and try as you would not to, caught glimpses of the white swirl of it. I moved cautiously, keeping close to the face of the cliff. Crusoë, to my annoyance, sprang down upon the ledge after me. I had a feeling that he must certainly trip me—

An angle in the rock—a low, dark entrance-way—it was all as Peter had described. I peered in—nothing but impenetrable blackness. I took a hesitating step. The passage veered sharply, as the diary had recorded. Once around the corner there would be nothing but darkness anywhere. One would go stumbling on, feeling with feet and hands—hands cold with the dread of what they might be going to touch. For suddenly portentous and overwhelming, there rose before me the unanswered question of what had become of Peter on the last visit to the cave. Unanswered—and unanswerable except in one way, by going in to see.

But if by any strange chance—where all chances were strange—he were still there, I did not want to see. I did not like to contemplate his possible neighborhood. Indeed he grew enormously more real to me with every instant I stood there, and whereas I had so far thought principally about the treasure, I now began to think with intensity of Peter. What ironic stroke of fate had cut him down in the very moment of his triumph? Had he ever reached the cave to bring away the last of the doubloons? Were they still waiting there unclaimed? Had he fallen victim to some extraordinary mischance on the way back to the Island Queen? Had a storm come up on that last night and the weakened cable parted and the Island Queen gone on the rocks, drowning Peter in the cabin with his gold? Then how had Crusoë got away. Crusoë, who feared the waves so, and would bark at them and turn tail and run?

Speaking of Crusoë, where was he? I realized

that a moment ago he had plunged into the passage. I heard the patter of his feet—a pause. A queer, dismal, little whine echoed along the passage. I heard Crusoë returning—but before his nose appeared around the angle of the tunnel, his mustered had reached the top of the cliff at a bound and was vanishing at a brisk pace into the woods.

With bitterness, as I pursued my way to camp, I realized that I was not a heroine. Here was a mystery—it was the business of a heroine to solve it. Now that I was safe away from the cave, I began to feel the itch of a torturing curiosity. How without going into the terrifying place alone, should I find out what was there? Should I pretend to have accidentally discovered the grave, lead the party to it, and then—again accidentally—discover the tunnel? This plan had its merits—but I discarded it, for fear that something would be found in the cave to direct attention to the Island Queen. Then I reflected that very likely the explorers would work round the island far enough to find the sea mouth of the cave. This would take matters entirely out of my hands. I would perhaps be enlightened as to the fate of Peter and the last remaining bags of doubloons, but might as well have shared the secret of the derelict with the rest. And then all my dreams of paying fairy god-mother and showering down on certain heads—the roams of fire—torrents of beautiful golden doubloons, would be over.

On the whole I could not tell whether I burned with impatience to have the cave discovered, or was cold with the fear of it.

And then so vigorous was the instinct to see one's self in heroic postures I found I was trying to cheat myself with the pretence that I meant presently to abstract Aunt Jane's electric torch and returning to the tunnel-mouth plunge in dauntlessly—

XIV

I HAD determined as an effort to my posthumous behavior about the cave to show a dogged industry in the matter of the Island Queen. It would take me a long while to get down through the sand to the chest, but I resolved to accomplish it, and borrowed of Cookie without his knowledge, a large iron spoon which I thought I could wield more easily than a heavy spade. Besides, Cookie would be less likely to be getting on the trail of his missing property than Mr. Shaw—though there would be a certain piquancy in having that marlinet hale me before him for stealing a spade.

But that afternoon I was tired and hot—it really called for a grimmer resolve than mine to shovel sand through the tangle of a Leeward Island afternoon. Instead, I slept in my hammock, and dreamed that I was queen of a cannibal island draped in necklaces made of the doubloons, now hidden under the sand in the cabin of the derelict.

Later the wailing of Cookie was heard in the land, and I had to venture the spoon to free Crusoë of the charge of having stolen it. I said I had wanted it to dig with. But of course it occurred to no one that it was the treasure I had expected to dig up with Cookie's spoon. It was touching to see the unvaried faith in the trivial nature of my employment, to know that everyone imagined themselves to be seriously occupied while I was merely a girl—there is no common denominator for the qualifying adjective—who roamed about idly with a dog and no one dreamed that we had thus come to be potentially among the richest dogs and girls in these latitudes.

A more serious obstacle to my explorations on the Island Queen presented itself next day. Instead of putting to sea, Mr. Shaw and Captain Magnus hauled the boat up on the beach and set to work to repair it. The wild work of exploring the coast had left the boat with leaky seams and a damaged gunwale. The preceding day had been filled with hardship and danger—so much so that my heart sank a little at the recollection of it. You saw the little boat threading its way among the reefs, tossed like seaweed by the white teeth of gnawing waves, screamed at by angry gulls whose homes were those clefts and caves which the boat invaded. And all this, poor little boat, on a hopeless quest—for no reward but peril and wounds. Captain Magnus had a bruised and bleeding wrist, but refused to have it dressed, vaunting his hardihood with a savage pride. Cuthbert Vane, however, had a sprained thumb which could not be ignored, and on the strength of which he was dismissed from the boat-repairing contingent, and thrown on my hands to entertain. So of course I had to renounce all thoughts of visiting the sleep. I should not have dared to go there anyway with Mr. Shaw and the captain able more or less to overlook my motions from

the beach, for I was quite morbidly afraid of attracting attention to the derelict. It seemed to me a happy miracle that no one but myself had taken any interest in her or been inspired to ask by what chance so small a boat had come to be wrecked upon these desolate shores. Fortunately in her position in the shadow of the cliff she was inconspicuous so that she might easily have been taken for the hull of a large boat instead of the whole of a small one, or she must before this have drawn the questioning notice of the Scotchman. As to the captain his attention was all set on the effort to discover the cave and his intelligence was not lively enough to start on an entirely new tack by itself. And the Honorable Cuthbert viewed derelicts as he viewed the planetary bodies, somehow in the course of nature they happened.

SO, disarming my excitement and ambition, I swung placidly in my hammock and near by sat the beautiful youth with his thumb carried tenderly in a bandage. In my preoccupied state of mind, to entertain him might have seemed by no means an idle pastime if he hadn't unexpectedly developed a talkative streak himself. Was it merely my being so distraught, or was it quite another reason that led him to open up so suddenly about his Kentish home? Strange to say instead of pining for the time Cuthbert wanted his brother to go on living, though there was something queer about his spine poor fellow and the doctors said he couldn't possibly. Of course I was surprised at Cuthbert's views for I had always thought that if there were a title in your family your sentiments toward those who kept you out of it were necessarily murderous, and your tears croaked when you pretended to weep over the r bere. But Cuthbert's feelings were as human as that I mentally apologized to the nobility. As to High Stampton Manor I adored it. It is mostly Jacobean but with an ancient Tudor wing and it has a chapel and a ghost and a secret staircase and a frightfully beautiful and wicked ancestress in the hall. I mean a portrait of her—and quantities of oak paneling quite black with age, and silver that was hidden in the family tombs when Cromwell's soldiers came and a chamber where Elizabeth once slept, and other romantic details too numerous to mention. It is all a little bit run down and shabby for lack of money to keep it up, and of course on that account all the more entrancing. Naturally the less money the more aristocracy for it meant that the family had never descended to marrying coal miners and brewers—which comment to my own, for Cuthbert was quite destitute of swank.

The present Lord Grammere lived up to his position so completely that he had the goat and sat with his foot on a cushion exactly like all the elderly aristocrats you ever heard of, only when I inquired if his lordship cursed his valet and flung plates at the footmen when his foot hurt him his son was much shocked and pained. He did not realize so was I from an extensive course of novel-reading that such is the usual behavior of titled persons.

It was delightful, therefore in the hot stillness of the island, with the palms rustling faintly overhead to hear of that cool, money ancient place. I asked rapid questions—I repeated gleefully fragments of descriptions—I wondered anxiously what it would be like to have anything so old and proud and beautiful in your very blood—when suddenly I realized that, misled by my enthusiasm, Cuthbert was saying something which must not be said that he was about to offer the shelter of that ancient roof to me. To me, whose heart could never rest there but must be ever on the wing, a wild bird of passage in the track of a ship—

I SAT up with a galvanic start. "Oh—listen—I didn't you hear something?" I desperately broke in. For somehow I must stop him. I did not want our nice jolly friendship spoiled, and besides fancy being cooped up on an island with a man you have refused! Especially when all the while you'd be wanting so to get and reconcile him!

But with his calm doggedness Cuthbert began again—"I was a bit afraid the old place would have seemed too quiet and dull to you—" when the day was saved and my interruption strangely justified by a shrill outcry from somewhere about the camp.

I knew that high fate was told. It was the voice of Mr. Tubbs, but pitched in a key of quite insane excitement. I sprang up and ran. Crusoë and the Honorable Cuthbert at my heels. There in the midst of the camp Mr. Tubbs stood the centre of a group, who were regarding him with astonished looks. Mr. Shaw and the captain had left their tinkering Cookie his sateceps, and Aunt Jane and Violet had come

hurrying from the hut. Among us all stood Mr. Tubbs with folded arms, looking round upon the company with an extraordinary air of conspiracy and triumph.

"What is it, oh, what is it, Mr. Tubbs?" cried Aunt Jane, fluttering with the consciousness of her pre-emptory p.

But Mr. Tubbs glanced at her as indifferently as a satiated turkey buzzard at a morsel, which has ceased to tempt him.

"Mr. Tubbs," commanded Violet, "speak—explain yourself!"

"Come, out with it, Tubbs," advised Mr. Shaw.

Then the lips of Mr. Tubbs parted, and from them issued this solitary word:

"Eureka!"

"What?" screamed Miss Higginby-Browne. "You have found it?"

Sovereign Mr. Tubbs inclined his head.

"Eureka!" he repeated. "I have found it!"

AMIDST the exclamations, the reactions, the general commotion which ensued, I had room for only one thought—that Mr. Tubbs had somehow discovered the treasure in the cabin of the Island Queen. Indeed, I should have shrieked the words aloud, but for a providential dumbness that fell upon me. Meanwhile Mr. Tubbs had unfolded his arms from their Napoleonic posture on his bosom long enough to wave his hand for silence.

"Friends," he began, "it has been known from the start that there was a landmark on this little old island that would give any party discovering the same a line on that chest of money right away. There's been some that was too high up in the exploring business to waste time looking for landmarks. They had rather do more fancy stunts, where what with surf and sharks and dangers up the boat, they could make a good show of getting busy. But old Ham Tubbs, he don't set on to be a hero. Just a plain man a business—that's old H. H. Consequence as he leaves the other fellows have the brass band, while he sets out on the quest to run a certain little class to earth. And, ladies and gentlemen, he's run it!"

"You have found—you have found the treasure!"

shrieked Aunt Jane. Contrary to his bland custom, Mr. Tubbs frowned at her daisy.

"I said I found the clue," he corrected. "Of course, it's the same thing. Ladies and gentlemen, not to appear to be a hot-air artist, I will tell you in a word that I have located the tombstones of old William Halliwell, deceased!"

Of course. Not once had I thought of it. Bare, stark glaring up at the sun lay the stone carved with the letters and the cross-bones. Forgetting in the haste of my departure to replace the vines upon the grave I had left the stone to show its secret in the first corner. And that had happened to be Mr. Tubbs. Happened, I say for I knew that he had not had the slightest notion where to look for the grave of Mr. Halliwell. This running to earth of clues was purely an affair of his own picturesque imagination.

I wondered unawares what he had made of the uprooted vines—but he would say them to the pigs, no doubt. In the countenance of Mr. Tubbs, flushed and exultant, there was no suspicion that the secret was not all his own.

Miss Higginby-Browne had been settling her helmet more firmly upon her wavy locks. She had a round umbrella beneath her arm and she drew and brandished it like a mace as she took a long stride forward.

"Mr. Tubbs," she demanded, "lead on!"

But Mr. Tubbs did not lead on. He stood quite still, regarding Miss Browne with a smile of infinite alcyon.

"Oh no indeed!" he said. "Old H. H. wasn't born yesterday. It may have struck you that to possess the sole and exclusive knowledge of the whereabouts of a million or two—that it now is some considerable of an asset. And it's one I don't get the least idea of parting with unless for inducements he'd out."

Aunt Jane gave a faint shriek. I had been silently debating what my own course should be in the face of this unexpected development. Suddenly I saw my way quite clear. I would say nothing. Mr. Tubbs should reveal his own perfidy. And the curls would ring down upon the play leaving Mr. Tubbs fumed all around bereft both of the treasure and of Aunt Jane. Oh how I would enjoy the force as it was played by the unconscious actors! How I would step in at the end to reward virtue and punish guilt! And how I would point the moral, later very gently to Aunt Jane, as Aunt Jane all penitence and docility!

Little I dreamed what surprise ensuing acts of

the play were to hold for me, or of their astounding contrast with the farce of my joyous imagination.

I took no part in the storm that raged round Mr. Tubbs. It is said that in the heart of the tempest there is calm, and in a great truth of natural philosophy Mr. Tubbs exemplified. His face, adorned by a seraphic beauty smile he stood unmoved, while Miss Higginby Browne uttered cyclonic exclamations and reproaches, while Aunt Jane sobbed and said: "Oh Mr. Tubbs! while Mr. Shaw strove to make himself heard above the din. He did at least succeed in extracting from the traitor a definite statement of terms. There were nothing less than fifty per cent of the treasure secured to him by a document signed and delivered into his own hands. To a suggestion that as he had discovered the all-important tombstone so might someone else, he replied with tranquillity that he thought not as he had taken precautions against such an eventuality. In other words, as I was later to discover the wily Mr. Tubbs had contrived to raise the boulder from its bed and push it over the cliff into the sea, afterwards replacing the mass of vines upon the grave.

As to the entrance to the tunnel, it was apparent to me that Mr. Tubbs had not yet discovered it. Even if he had, I am certain that he would have been no more heroic than myself about exploring it, though there was no missing Peter to haunt his imagination. But with the grave as a starting point there could be no question as to the ultimate discovery of the cave.

I was so eager myself to see the inside of the cave, and to know whatever it had to reveal of the fate of Peter, that I was inclined to wish Mr. Tubbs success in driving his hard bargain, especially as it would profit him nothing in the end. But this sentiment was exclusively my own. On all hands indignation greeted the rigorous demands of Mr. Tubbs. With a righteous joy, I saw the fabric of Aunt Jane's illusions shaken by the rude blast of reality. Would it be given quite in twin? I was dubious for Aunt Jane's illusions have a toughness in striking contrast to the uncertain nature of her ideas in general. Darker and darker discourses of Mr. Tubbs' perfidy would be required. But judging from his present recklessness, they would be forthcoming. For where was the Tubbs of yesterday—the honey-tongued, the suave, the anxiously obsequious Tubbs? Gone quite gone. Instead, here was a Tubbs who cocked his helmet rakishly and leered round upon the company, deaf to the claims of loyalty, the price of friendship, the voice of timidity—Aunt Jane's.

MANFULLY Miss Higginby-

Browne stormed up and down

the beach. She demanded of Mr. Shaw, of Cuthbert Vane, of Captain Magnus, each and severally, that Mr. Tubbs be compelled to disgorge his secret. You saw that she would not have shrunk from a regimen of racks and thumbcrews. But there were no racks or thumbcrews on the island. Of course we could have invented various instruments of torture—I felt I could have developed some ingenuity that way myself—but too fatally well Mr. Tubbs knew the civilized prejudices of those with whom he had to deal. With perfect impunity he could strut about the camp sure that no weapons worse than words would be brought to bear that he would not even be turned away from the general heart to browbeat on occasions in solitude.

Long ago Mr. Shaw had left the field to Violet and with a curt shrug had turned his back and stood looking out over the cove, stroking his chin reflectively. Miss Browne's eloquence had risen to amazing heights, and she already had Mr. Tubbs intricately mixed with Ananias and Sapphira, when the Scotchman broke in upon her rathless.

"Friends," he said, "so far as I can see we have been put a good bit ahead by this morning's work. First, we know that the grave which should be our landmark has not been entirely obliterated by the jungle, as I had thought most likely. Second, we know that it is on this side of the island, for the reason that this chap Tubbs hasn't nerve to go much beyond shouting distance by himself. Third, as Tubbs has tried this hold-up business I believe we should consider the agreement by which he was to receive a sixteenth share null and void and decide here and now that he gets nothing whatever. Fourth, the boat is now pretty well to rights, and as soon as we have a snack Bert and Magnus and I will set out, in twice as good heart as before having had the story that brought us here confirmed for the first time. So Tubbs and his tombstone can go to thunder."

"I can, can I?" cried Mr. Tubbs. "Say, are you a human iceberg to talk that cool before a man's own face?" Say I?—

But Cuthbert Vane broke in.

"Three rousing cheers, old boy!" he cried to the Scotchman enthusiastically. "Always did think the chap a frightful boulder, don't you know? We'll stand by old Shaw, won't we, Magnus?" Which comradely outbreak showed the excess of the beautiful youth's emotions, for usually he turned a large cold shoulder on the captain, though managing in some mysterious manner to be perfectly civil all the time. Perhaps you have to be born at High Staunton Manor or its equivalent to possess the art of renegeating people in immense distances without seeming to admire even the gentlest shove.

But unfortunately the effect of the Honorable Cuthbert's cordiality was lost, so far as the object of it was

concerned because of the surprising fact, only now remarked by any one, that Captain Magnus had disappeared.

THIS evanishment of Captain Magnus, though quite unlooked for at so critical a moment, was too much in keeping with his eccentric and unsonal ways to arouse much comment. Everybody looked about with mild ejaculations of surprise, and then forgot about the matter.

Whistling a Scotch tune, Donald Shaw set to work again on the boat. In the face of difficulty or opposition he always grew more brisk and cheerful. I used to wonder whether in the event of a tornado he would not warm into positive geniality. Perhaps it would not have needed a tornado, if I had not begun by suspecting him of conspiring against Aunt Jane's pocket, or if the Truismvirate, inspired by Mr. Tubbs, had not sat in gloomy judgment on his every movement. Or if he hadn't been reproached so for saving me from the cave, instead of leaving it to Cuthbert Vane—

But now under the stimulus of speaking his mind about Mr. Tubbs the Scotchman whistled as he worked, and slapped the noble youth affectionately on the back when he came and got in the way with sardonic industry.

As I wanted to observe developments—a very necessary thing when you are playing Providence—I chose a central position in the shade and pulled out some very smudgy tatting, a sort of Penelope's web which there was no prospect of my ever completing, but which served admirably to give me an appearance of occupation at critical moments.

Mr. Tubbs also had sought a shady spot and was fanning himself with his hat. From time to time he hummed, in a manner determinedly gay. However he might disguise it to himself, this time Mr. Tubbs had overshot his mark. In the first thrill of his great discovery he had thought the game was in his hands. He had looked for an instant capitulation.

The truth was since our arrival on the island Mr. Tubbs had felt himself

Continued on page 71

FLAHERTY of BELCHER ISLAND

The Story of a Remarkable Discovery in Hudson's Bay

By J. L. RUTLEDGE

IT WAS in August, 1910. A young man and a man of more elderly appearance stood together discussing the possibilities of the commercial use of the Hudson Bay passage. Could it be used? Was it worth the venture? For centuries men have been asking the question, and it is still unanswered, still an all absorbing interest.

It was of interest to one of these men as a factor in his far-reaching schemes of a transcontinental railway, and to the other, as an adventure, an experiment, an added knowledge of an outpost of empire he had never seen.

The young man was to be the emissary of the elder to visit the Nastapoka Islands, outliers of the east coast of the Hudson Bay. He was to investigate their iron ore deposits, and to discover whether their mineral wealth was sufficiently great to give an added incentive to the Hudson Bay route project. He went with a roving commission. "Go and find out."

The elder man was Sir William Mackenzie, the younger Robert J. Flaherty, Bob Flaherty of Belcher Island.

Bob Flaherty was a little beyond his twenty-first year when Sir William Mackenzie called on him to "go and find out." A young blue-eyed giant of a man, standing six feet in height with a breadth of body in proportion, and a frame that no hardship could tire. A man of flaming anger, and quick forgiveness, of impulses and of quick and lasting friendships. A man to deal justly to drive hard, and to bear a full share of the load, to gain and hold an unquestioning confidence. In his outward appearance he had the look of a young Viking and in his heart that same strange mixture of unswerving courage and insatiable curiosity, that drove those voyagers out on uncharted seas. He went to find out the truth of a rumor he had heard, just as another Viking a thousand years ago had followed a rumor to find a continent.

A Word as to Bob Flaherty

To go and find out. It was a job after his own heart. Scarcely more than a boy he had already spent a number of years in some of the almost inaccessible places of Canada and he knew the life. Sir William was not one to put an untried man to gain information on which he depended for the correctness of his judgments. He knew Flaherty and he knew his record, for even at twenty-one—when the average boy is just barely beginning to cut his wisdom teeth—Flaherty had a record, a record for that very thing, of "going and finding out."

Bob Flaherty had none of the hall marks of a genius. He scraped through Upper Canada College, but it was a close scrape, without much of promise about it. Then he went to the Houghton School of Mines at Houghton, Michigan. Barring one thing his showing there was no more brilliant. His record was dotted with stars like a constellation, but when it came to geology and things pertaining thereto, Flaherty was on his own ground, the ground he loved. Put a piece of rock in front of him and he could tell in a flash all about it. He had an unerring instinct for mineral rock. That was his gift, the gift that destined him for a wanderer and an adventurer from his birth.

He came by this knowledge honestly. His father, R. E. Flaherty, is a well known mining engineer, who has spent the bulk of his life in the mineral lands of

Northern Ontario, and it was in his company that Young Bob got his knowledge of minerals and his love of the open and unbroken wilderness. His first two years out of



Views of this mysterious island of "Iceberg rock" and its location. Left: A Belcher Island in dark-leather costume.

school in his early teens he spent in coasting up and down the unfamiliar northern Pacific coast of Canada. Later he became associated with his father in serving the United States Steel Corporation in exploratory work in the far northern portion of Ontario.

Flaherty Starts Out

IT WAS there that Sir William Mackenzie found him when he was searching for a man whom he could trust to go and see and find out.

"Go and see," he said, and Bob Flaherty without any fuss or flurry picked up his hat and went, and went alone back from the railway crossing the barren lands of Northern Ontario. He followed the course of the Mattagami and Moose River till he came to Moose Factory, one of the small Hudson Bay Company posts on the Hudson Bay, and from there, in a borrowed Hudson Bay company sailing craft, across the head of James Bay to Fort George on the east coast. There the early winter set in and gathering ice prevented further progress by that means. He had to wait till the ice had set firmly enough to permit progress by dog sled. Relaying his dog teams at Cape Jones, the north-eastern extremity of James Bay he pushed on to Great Whale River the most northerly post of the Hudson Bay Company, and from there on for another 150 miles beyond this uttermost outpost of civilization to the Nastapoka, eight hundred miles from the railroad.

As far as the Nastapoka was concerned the trip was a failure. Careful examination of the main ore deposits showed that they could be of no commercial value at the present time, and the long backward journey was commenced.

He Hears of a Mysterious Island

IT WAS a series of long unending tedious days. Days of heavy work in which Flaherty took his full share, and it is said of him that no man living could pack a heavier load. It was on this long backward trail that Nero, Flaherty's driver and one of the two natives on the coast who could speak English, chanced to mention some large islands to the seaward of the Nastapoka. Flaherty was familiar with the Admiralty charts, and knew that they gave no indication of islands of such extent. He knew also that

the Dominion Government surveys showed nothing of the kind. But the idea stuck in his mind. The thought of a great island barely a hundred miles from a Hudson Bay post, yet never seen by any white man's eyes, had all the glamor of adventure about it. Thinking it over he remembered a rough

map drawn on the reverse side of an old missionary lithograph. It had been shown him by a servant of the Hudson Bay Company at Charlton Island. This man, Wotanah by name, had fifteen years before come from the eastern shore and the map was supposed to represent the island where he had formerly hunted. Judging by point in terms of travel time for dog teams, could scarcely be less than 100 miles long. There was certainly no such island recognized in the Admiralty Charts, yet this rough map showed a striking resemblance to the rumor passed on by Nero. It was a coincidence he couldn't forget.

When originally seen, Flaherty had looked at this rough map only as a curiosity for he questioned

of the truthfulness of the story and doubted that an island of such size could remain unknown for so long, considering the fact that the inhabitants of these islands, actually marked on the charts, come yearly to the mainland across the ice. Surely if such an extent of land existed it would have been discovered long ere this. But if the map were true, and had any connection with Nero's story then there was also the possibility that this great stretch of land might be of the same rock formation as the Nastapoka, which were similar to the valuable ore ridges of Northern Ontario, and if there were such an island, it might well be that the ore streak might appear there also as in the Nastapoka, but in a finer grade. It was an enticing possibility.

The officials of the Hudson Bay Company were frankly unbelieving but the idea had taken hold of Flaherty's imagination and he was convinced that there was such an island. It was too late in the season for any attempt to investigate, so Flaherty returned to tell Sir William that the Nastapoka were a negligible quantity as far as the value of their ore were concerned. Then having finished his report he told of Nero's remarks, of Wotanah's map and of his own unwavering, unbacked confidence.

"All right," said Sir William, catching some of the enthusiasm that burned in the other's eyes. "If you think so, go and find out."

And again money was forthcoming to make the search possible.

AGAIN Flaherty followed the route by Moose Factory, where they secured a thirty foot sailing craft, which proved unsatisfactory arriving at Great Whale River on the east shore of James Bay, just too late in the season. Flaherty wintered at Fort George, and waited with what patience he might for eight months for a chance to cross over the sea ice from Great Whale River. Just as he was about to start with two Eskimos a heavy gale broke out, tearing the field ice to pieces and making crossing an impossibility. That meant no further chance of reaching the islands till the coming open season.

Nothing daunted Flaherty decided to follow up his

theory as to the tendency of the ore-bearing rock. He struck across the Ungava Peninsula from Great Whale River to Ft. Chimo, up the shores of Ungava Bay to the Payne River and back up the Povungnituk River to Hudson Bay crossing land never before trod by the feet of white man. Once again his discoveries were of a negative rather than positive value. He found that the ore deposits, such as they were, were valueless, and arrived back at Great Whale River only again to find that it was too late for the crossing.

He returned again to civilization and once more reported to Sir William Mackenzie the results of his journey and the difficulties to be met in reaching the islands, but again he stated his unshaken faith. Over two years in the wilds, and the blind young giant was still hankering for more. It caught the interest of Sir William at heart also a great adventurer. The expeditions had not been without cost to Sir William and certain they had brought him no gain, brought gain to neither in fact. However the faith and persistence of young Flaherty was faced with a similar faith and persistence on the part of the railroad magnate. He thought for a minute.

"Get a ship," he said and once more young Flaherty was off for the unknown Belcher Islands, this time by way of Newfoundland.

The Expedition Starts

HE purchased the topsail schooner *Laddie* of Capt. Sam Bartlett the Arctic navigator, and with Captain H. Bartlett in command and for the first time at the head of an expedition of white men, Flaherty was once more on his way. It was late however before they could get started and the winter caught them before they could make their way into the Hudson Bay so they were compelled to winter at Amadjuak Bay on the north east coast of Baffin Bay where Flaherty and one or two companions remained for the winter, while the schooner returned to Newfoundland to be re-provisioned. They were just nearing the point of privation when the *Laddie* came in sight and on the 23rd of August 1915 they set sail for those isles of mystery the Belchers.

Steering a course at random was a dangerous and difficult task. Indeed they nearly came to grief on the outskirts of the very island of their search. For in the nighttime their ship ran aground. Fortunately the sturdy hull held together and with the daylight they discovered that it would be possible to release the ship. Going ashore to the small island to try and replenish their water casks, the sailors from a slight elevation saw a great stretch of land. They judged that it must be at least 60 miles in length while the charts of the region showed no land anywhere. Here then was Flaherty's faith justified, for this must be Belcher Island. A closer view showed the land stretching in to a horizon 20 miles away and running north and south as far as the eye could reach an almost unbroken desolation. The fact of the island's existence had been proven, but they could do little more owing to the unwelcome condition of the ship, so they decided to make for Moose Factory and lay up for the winter.

Flaherty came back to his own in September of 1915 and from then on for over a year he never left the island. He had with him two other white men. One man who knew him well said of him: "He had courage for it took courage to go there and stick." Belcher Island had little to commend itself, a barren waste of rocks, 91 miles long by 47 miles wide cut up into great estuaries and divided by lakes one of them alone being 41 miles long. Not a tree grew on the island, and little of any vegetation save lichens and mosses save that in the spring of the year the barren hills were bright with anemones, and the waving pines of wild cotton. With the exception of some wild berries, the most important of which was the cranberry, no edible thing grew on the island. It was a wilderness of granite and ore-bearing shale that in places was forced up into great barriers by the action of the frost. On this barren waste a summer blazed a blinding sun, made nearly unbearable by the almost continuous daylights, and over it rained with such force that for days in our reason made work impossible while the waters swept through its passages and along its



shores like a millrace. In the winter that began early and ended late, there was the unending bitter cold not as cold as the mainland, however, the mean temperature for the month of February being -19°. Such was Flaherty's kingdom in the year 1915. A kingdom as barren as any ever known on earth. In the cold months of winter their stores of firewood, laboriously brought from the mainland, became exhausted and the little steamer *Laddie* had to be used for fuel, its masts, decks and hullings, everything that would burn had to be used and in their future explorations the adventurers had to use the little sloop that they had used in the earlier attempts to reach the island.

A Quiet Host of People

IN THE work of exploring the island and the search for iron ore Flaherty gathered the Eskimo about him, and found them good assistants. Because he knew not fear to them the truth and kept his covensants, they loved him and gave him a devotion that never wavered. These Eskimos were different from other people of the North.

On this stretch of 5,000 square miles of desolation there were some 25 families about 125 people in all who supported themselves by hunting the foxes, whose pelts they sold for odds and ends of furs and rough tools in their annual trip across the ice to the trading post on the mainland. They were simple people and yet quick to learn. They quickly caught the trick of scratching the rock for the red streak showing the presence of hematite, and many of the ore finds were due to their efforts. They could fashion wonderful tools out of the iron hoop of a barrel, and the infrequent find of a barrel with iron hoops was like Providence dropping a fortune on an ignorant man.

The women were seamstresses of wonderful ability. They tanned the walrus hides for boots by the simple process of squeezing the skin in their hands and finally chewing it, a little at a time to remove the fat. Hides so tanned and sewed by hand proved absolutely impervious to water. They showed an adaptability too in their method of dress. The native winter dress of the Eskimo, a natural skin of caribou skin but for some reason, though caribou were once plentiful on Belcher Island they have long since disappeared. There were rumors of frozen lichen and famine that exterminated the herds, and hints of a great migration—whatever the cause there were no skins for clothing, so the natives making the best of the situation had used that which was most plentiful and most readily obtained—the skin of the eider duck. Worn with the feathers inside it makes a wonderfully warm costume, but to the nose of the white man at least, a thing of horror. Yet such was the national costume of Flaherty's kingdom, a costume found nowhere else among the tribes of Eskimo.

Unbelief at Ottawa

WHILE Flaherty and his companions roamed about the barren waste learning more each day of its extent, back in Ottawa they were franky unbelieving. It was a matter for facetious comment, in which Flaherty's father was sometimes the butt.

"Found an island has he?" they chorused reaching for a volume. "See here it is—Admiralty chart, 224, 20 fathoms of water. Nice island eh?"

"Nothing about any island of that size in our records either. Must be seeing things."

The elder Flaherty smiled. "Twenty fathoms," he said, "and the boy says there's an island there as big as three counties. Well, it's a nice chart, a very nice chart, and I'm sorry about the records and all that, but when the boy says there is an island there I'm ready for one to believe it."

The elder Flaherty was ready



to believe it, and ready to prove it to the world, and when he and Dr. E. S. Moore went up later to make a thorough test of the quality of the ore, they took with them W. H. Howard, a Dominion Land Surveyor who settled the matter definitely for all time—as the boy had said.

The Honesty of the Eskimos

THE only white man the Eskimo of the island had ever seen was the factor of the Hudson Bay Company at Great Whale River, and only the hunters had seen him and then only at long intervals, yet they worked gladly for the young explorer on the strength of his word, and the confidence in his justice worked and played for him too, for there were motion pictures taken of their ways of work and habits of life into this act for the camera they threw themselves with enthusiasm, and with the abandon of a newly crowned movie queen. The records thus gained of a little known and primitive people are not the least among the results obtained in this investigation.

Untutored in any way, the Eskimos proved to be quick to seize the new ideas that the coming of the white man had brought to their ken. Among the cargo of the *Laddie* on its last voyage were two or three small phonographs. These were the delight of these simple people. Harry Lauder was their favorite. The lilt of the songs caught their ear and brought broad grins to stolid countenances. Harry Lauder in his hey day never had a more appreciative audience. They listened and learnt, learnt with almost unbelievable fidelity, and it was a sight for the gods to see some Eskimo woman sitting cross-legged on the rocks and to listen to the Scotchman's rolling Rs dropping from lips as ignorant of the white man's tongue as the foxes that roamed the gulches. There was an accordion, too, and many a night might be heard the strains of "I Love a Lassie" waiving from that battered accordion, an accompaniment to hoarse voice chanting in the burled tongue of the Scottish hills. This civilization marches on. Much was learned about the Eskimo character, uninfluenced by the white man's example. It was known to them that a tent near the shelter contained the trinkets and gewgaws with which they were paid for their work that represented untold wealth to these simple people. It would have been the simplest of matters to steal, yet during that whole year not a thing was lost. They were by nature honest and the almost idolatrous affection they bestowed on the young leader kept their thoughts from guile.

Great Stores of Ore Found

AND all the while the investigation of the island went on, that disclosed four distinct ranges of ore-bearing rock, 30 miles long and three miles apart. There was iron in illimitable quantities, that was certain, and the only question was as to whether the quality was fine enough to make it commercially worth while. It was to establish this fact that R. H. Flaherty and Dr. E. S. Moore, Professor of Geology in the Pennsylvania State College, went to join the expedition. Exhaustive analysis left no room for doubt, ore there was a plenty but of too low a grade to make it worth exploitation under the peculiar conditions of its location. Some day, perhaps, it may be possible to realize on this store of wealth.

There was nothing left to be done. The Belchers had been discovered and roughly charted their resources had been investigated, there was nothing left but the trail back again to civilization. When the ship carrying the party left the coast, the whole of its people were grouped upon the shore, crying and waving and shouting in an alien tongue. There have been other white men who have left other shores, their departing footprints wet with tears, but it has not always been in grief at their departure. Bob Flaherty left his subjects crying for his swift return.

The Cost of the Expedition

IT IS said that Sir William Mackenzie with the largeness of vision that made him powerful has spent a hundred thousand dollars in these expeditions and the careless might ask, What did he get for his money? He got just what he expected to get, a complete and definite knowledge. It is questionable if he ever expected more. He paid the expenses of these expeditions out of his own private funds, for the undeniable privilege of knowing the truth. He got little of money value, save in a negative.

Continued on page 53

MR. PHIPPS of "THE OLD FIRM"

A Novelette of Jacobite Days, Complete in This Issue

By G. APPLEBY TERRILL

Author of "Within Touch," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF



A FEW miles short of Canterbury I brought the sorrel to a stand, partly because he was no credit to his post-houm, but dead weary already, and partly because here was a nook that long ago had won my fancy. It was a deep cup, with pastures and woodlands for its sides, and a nice space of cultivated fields at the bottom, where also was a prosperous farm-house.

The sky was blue, save for one great tumble of white cloud to the south, and, despite the lateness of the season, I thought the place looked as well as ever it had. It was very English very homely. Had the farmer been visible I should have enjoyed to ask him how he had done with his harvesting and his autumn ale, and whether he found the flat over moist for his grain of a wet summer. The height of the slopes gave an air of complete seclusion to the scene, and perchance it was this that attracted me as much as anything, since a liking for seclusion was grown to be a second nature with me.

A dusty tradesman on a judicious hack I was, this October afternoon of 1894, near to the finish of the eighth secret visit I had made to England since the winter of 1890, for the purpose of trying what I could do in the matter of finging the Prince of Orange off the throne, and putting back King James thereon. Seven times I had returned to France unscathed and unpunished, and with some promising business accomplished, so that our little court there was wont to call my good fortune marvellous. None deemed it so marvellous as did I myself, however, who alone knew of a certain weak spot in me, very liable to cause disaster.

Often I thought on this weakness with self-reproach, sometimes with keen shame, as when my post-knight at St. Germain would lay his hand on me—a hand become tremulous from the sorrows of exile—and declare I was the most proven, trusty friend that ever heartened his sovereign in adversity.

Not that I had overworn a hair in my faithfulness to him whom his people had used so ill. No, indeed! But always during my last hours in England I would run a risk I should not have. Coming coastward, with letters in my keeping that were much more to be guarded than my life, since their discovery would peril the lives of the writers, I yet, for my own ends, took a flirt with danger. I could not resist to, though all I ever gained was a smart of freshly stung sadness, which made it truly difficult for me to come with the bright men I wished into the presence chamber of St. Germain, where was mournfulness enough and to spare.

RUTH, my wife, was the reason of the weak spot in me.

I had been contemplating the farm scarce a minute, when she was vivid in my thoughts again.

We were wedded in '38, and surprisingly happy for two years—that is, until the Prince of Orange came. Then all the Whig spirit in her, all the hatred of the king and of his late brother's memory, which her malcontent family had fostered in her broke forth. I had known of this defection when I wooed her, had known even that she pondered vengeance on the death of her cousin for treason in '35, but, seeing her so tender to me, and she but a child still, I had thought to chide and coax her from these ways.

With my utmost wit I strove to do this now. I failed, and that was but a small part of my discomfiture. To my bitter astonishment she was suddenly changed towards me by the turn of the times, carried to wild excitement by the triumph of her side. I heard her, who was so dear to me, reprove me because I turned not false traitor, call me traitor to her and to all right-minded folk, upbraid me with cruel gibes or angry tears, and at length vow steadily that she hated me as much as the king, there being naught to choose between us. When his Majesty was



I made a small pit in the mould beneath the tree and put my sorrel there.

escaped over to France, and I was on the point of joining him, I entreated her—how I entreated her—to bear with me and come with me, for I could not harden my heart to bring her away by force. But, in the hottest anger yet, she bade me go alone, and not think to see her more, since my wilfulness had divorced us beyond mending.

On my first return to England I learnt that she was dwelling at my house of Shepherdsholme in Kent, which her kinsman Lord Somers had separated by some argument of the law from the rest of my confiscated property and given to her as her own right. This house by strange fate, I had never seen, his Majesty having made me a birthday gift of it on the very day of the Hollander Prince's landing, which gave me something else to think on. But I knew where it lay—and that not above six miles from the beach whence I should ship to France, and I was sure that no servant of mine who might be there would betray me. So on the night of my embarkation (a job needing darkness) I rode aside to it, and, my knocking being answered by a stranger servant, begged that my wife would see a Mr. Phipps. And presently she came to me in the small room where I waited alone.

For a moment she was softened, even letting me kiss her, and asking with some awe how durst I venture into England. Yet anon when she had it from me that I was persuading men back to the king she stood aloof from me in a mood that most quickly became a storm of rage. Beginning with a taunt ill-suited to her sweet lips, namely that "the lantern-jawed old bigot over the water (his Gracioso

Majesty) would feel me to the block," she added that such would serve me justly and be best for the nation, as I was bent to enslave and ruin it. Then, breathing fast, she cried that, as she lived, I should not ruin it—that she saw her duty—that her serving-men should take hold of me and carry me to the magistrate. And she spoke with such a quivering of her body and such a marked danger light in her eyes, that forthwith I made for the door of the chamber getting at my pistols in belief that I should have to fight a way to my horse, and at the same time feeling dumbfounded that this could be my Ruth, that was used to lean fondly on my bosom and show me all the love in her eyes.

But ere I was at the threshold she was sunk down and weeping agonizedly. So I turned back, remaining with her an hour which was all the time I could spare. For a while she was contrite. Then her manner grew very cold, and, going with me to the hall to let me forth she would neither kiss me nor wish me to come again, and before my foot was in the stirrup she shut the door. I heard her turn the lock at once, as if she were well rid of me and glad she could bar me out. I was to hear that prompt locking many times, and the echo of it would go with me to France, keeping my heart demolate until I was preparing to cross to England again.

NOW as I have said, I was completing my eighth venture. I had spent two months in London, chiefly tampering with affairs of the fleet, which at least should have had grateful recollections of the King, and I had stifled indoors for a week at a stretch, and gone a-visting ministers by their cellar stairs with seasonal and stable on my cheeks. But here in the pure breeze of Kent I showed my own face, passing along in the character by which I was become known commonly, that of Mr. Phipps, a new chant out of the north country—in a plain coat and plainer peruke, and my sword strapped to the little trunk behind my saddle in so useless and simple-minded a fashion that none dreamed how ready lay a pistol in either pocket of Mr. Phipps's skirt. And none save a highway thief was like to find out.

Though Ruth had such a large share of my thoughts as I lingered by the farm, I yet received some profound satisfaction from considering how daffily I always avoided the notice of the authorities. For many weeks past I had been busy under their noses, daring more than ever before, yet I had left London at the hour I wished, and now was safe beyond their sight, unperceived.

I patted the sorrel's neck and laughed aloud, gaily. Had I not warranty for gladness? There were signatures of huge value written against certain of the letters in my breast. Two of them the King himself, though in one of those excitable, sanguine humors which on occasions relieved his despair—had declared I should not get. And I was going to see Ruth this evening.

Though I could hope for nothing but to part from her presently with the wretchedest pain none the less, as ever was the case. I was almost bridle myself at the prospect of standing before her of taking her hand, perhaps, if she were very merciful, of putting my arms for an instant around her.

She was at home. I had been careful to discover that. Not again, since an unforgettable night three years before when reaching Shepherdsholme I was told she was in London, had I and myself open for a disappointment so terrible. Yes, she was at home—yet far from expecting me. For, though I held myself despicable for it, never did I let her know I was in England till I was in the act to leave, just half an hour's night galloping from my sloop. I could not forget the danger that once had shone in her eyes and (what was yet more ominous) would often again have shone, it seemed to me she had not yet let it.

My reverie taking this color, I lost the mood for laughter. I was accustomed to Ruth and my letters agreeing ill in my mind, but now of a sudden they



clashed so violently as to nauseate me. These vital signatures, which I had enquired only by the most vehement assurance of my wauiness, the most solemn pledging of my honor! Whether was I carrying them?

I felt my hand clench on the rein and my face go hot. But one thing was certain, I could not force myself from England without a sight of Ruth. Ruth! two years my mate, then these eight long years so harsh a stranger that it was past belief she was ever my lover. Ah, well, she was the lover of no one else! There was true solace for me in that, and I hoped she knew it was the same with me, despite her several fears that she would wager some French damozel had took me from her.

Recalling this unreasonable logic, I smiled, so varying was my temper, thanks to her, this afternoon. Then, with a last glance round the valley, I roused the sorrel and set him trotting towards Canterbury and the "Blue Stag" post-house.

THE road was good and his step more willing, and soon the steady "click-click" of his hoofs got me to whistling and humming softly; for whatever might be the quality of my thoughts, a kind of careless elation would ever take me at intervals when my horse was beating a measure through a fair countryside. Thus I played with lints and snatches, and I am afraid that to more than one air I idly fitted some words of compliment to "Mr. Phipps of 'The Old Firm'" and his skilful methods of business, since I exulted in my work.

The "Blue Stag," a quiet house that suited me, I usually found empty of any traveler of substance. To-day, however, when I walked into the room where I was wont to eat a meal I came upon an occupant—a large, stout man sitting before two bottles of wine, his riding-coat thrown back somewhat, showing a rich blue suit. He stared across the bottles at me in plain annoyance, then shifted his gaze to the bar of the door as if wondering why he had forgot to fasten it. Finally, with a sigh, he folded a letter he had been reading and seemed to resign himself to the intrusion of mean company, though he could not suppress a discourteous greeting as he surveyed the dust on me.

"My man," said he, "are you that blackguard express from London that has hired all the horses and drove me to find one at this pothouse? But I am before you here. The chestnut in the shed is mine. Touch her, and you shall suffer, whoever your master be." And he eyed me very grimly as he sat back, a trifle puffed from his speech.

But I heeded not his words, for I knew him instantly, and all my business faculties were alert. Here was a fine piece of luck in my path—an old rustic Tory of uncommon influence, who had meanly gone over to the Prince of Orange, and ever after had seemed to regret it and to balance unsteadily between him and King James. But, having wide estates and a selfish, timid mind, he could be induced neither to sent word to St. Germain nor to receive an envoy therefrom, though it was often bruited he was about to do both.

I shut the door and sat down in the window-seat. "To-day is liker summer than October," I said. "A queer whim of the weather, Sir Jacob Bristowe."

I saw that he was surprised at my telling him his name, and also resentful of my familiar manner. "I know most faces in these parts," said he, "but not yours. Who are you?" Which was what I wanted.

"My name is Phipps," said I; "and my trade might be worth your hearing."

He put forth his lip with contemptuous indifference, and poured wine into his glass. "What is it?"

I stood up and walked to his table, looking at him very gravely. "Declare in all honor that you will put me from your memory if we agree not to trade, and I will tell you," I said, "not otherwise."

Whereupon his ill-humor was jolted afresh. "Trade?" he said, gaping at me and flushing with spleen, and attempting to glare me out of countenance. "I trade with a chance pedlar fellow that—"

Then perceiving no anger in my eyes, but rather mirth he broke off, very puzzled. "Is it the word 'run'?" he asked.

"No," I replied, "it is the vowed word of Sir Jacob Bristowe."

He frowned me over from top to toe, and, getting



no cringe out of me, muttered something anent "a blazen rogue."

Whereat he got his cringe in sooth, I bending quickly to hide my merriment.

"Perhaps I could do with a few casks," he said cautiously, "if you were a safe man. Um, ye-es, I give you my word of honor."

Though his honor was certainly not of the best, this sufficed for me now. I sat down by him, laying aside my hat, which, though that was not my intent, soothed his dignity enormously. "You are a trader?" said he, quite amiable.

"A merchant," I replied. "I am in England representing 'The Old Firm.'" I waved my hand Channelward.

"The Old Firm?" A shadow of uneasiness crossed him.

"Ay, the trusty old firm—James & Jamieson, of St. Germain."

"My soul!" he exclaimed, starting up like a fat, scared boy his heavy face pale in a second. "What have I let myself in for?—Go away!" he muttered, trembling. "I will hear no more."

"You have let yourself in for nothing," I said. "Like you, I am prepared to forget this talk. So you will take no hurt from listening."

I motioned to his chair, and, after hanging off a while, he sat again, emptying his glass and folding his mouth as one who meant to be immovable.

"My firm," said I, "will be very generous in the matter of debts—heavy, black debts, mind you, which this realm owes it. It will forgive and forget every single one, hold rancour against no man, in return for a trivial sum."

"A trivial sum?"

"Three crowns," said I. "Trivial enough to you folk who bestowed it on a stranger. Three crowns, and all who contribute to this settlement of the Bill."

"I will not see King William settled bloodily. I will not see him harmed," he interrupted with real decision.

"I am of no plot party, sir," I replied with a touch of stiffness. "I speak for the head of the firm. Pack your Dutchman back to Holland, that satisfies us. Now mark you—all who contribute to the payment of the three crowns will get a most handsome return for their honesty. And all wise men are contributing, for it is certain that 'The Old Firm' must quickly come back."

FOR half-an-hour I urged him, pausing only while the post-keeper entered and set down a refreshment for me, and a dozen times in that half-hour I saw Sir Jacob incline this way and that. At last he jumped up again, with a weird choking sound, and, throwing a glance at the door to make sure it was closed tight, swung round on me in a veritable fury.

"Perish you!" he cried, "for this evil trade of yours." He clenched his fist at me. "Pah! what a trade! To sneak into England and lure men from their uprightness! To bring them to ruin and death, to wither the lives of their children!"

For a moment he silenced me. Not by his rage or reasoning, but because his words were words that Ruth had spoken, and so hit me sadly. Then I recalled myself.

"Sir," I said, "I do sneak and lure, and I risk my own life pretty badly. But it is because, until the end, I stand true to my king—the man who fought the Dutch for us, the man who loved our navy, the man who was too honest to hoodwink you, wherefore you drove him out, robbing him of his very daughters, and nigh breaking his heart."

With which flourish I drank a beaker of wine to St. Germain and turned to my meal. From the corner of my eye I noted Sir Jacob shifting his feet and rubbing his chin with his knuckle, and very soon he was in his chair once more.

"Is he, King James, much altered in appearance?" asked he with furtive curiosity. "And what of the young gentleman, the Prince of Wales? What think you of him?"

At that I abandoned my food, and twenty minutes after I had Sir Jacob won over.

"But a letter—a letter!" he protested. "I dare not give you such, Mr. Phipps. You cannot think I would. I have no proof that you are what you say."

With a sigh, being ever reluctant to shed the cloak of Mr. Phipps, I took my commission from my wallet. "You must recognize his Majesty's hand?"

He nodded.

"That is all writ by it." And I passed the paper to him.

He read a few lines and then his brows went up high and laying it on the table, he scrutinized me, at first blankly but soon with a smile that rather drew me to him.

"My lord Viscount," he said, uncovering and standing, and holding forth his hand. "I must ask pardon for rough words, but indeed your lordship makes a most excellent, loose adventurous fellow."

Whereat we both laughed and shook hands, and very calmly he got to writing his letter, though wishing first to bar the door, which I would not hear of as being just that indiscreet move which might arouse suspicion.

But when his note was in my wallet, and I about to go, his placidness left him, and he gripped me by the arm, actually with tears springing to his eyes. "My lord," he said pleadingly, "tell me again it will be safe—that there is no chance it shall come into any hands but the right!" His big face worked with apprehension. "You have so cajoled me, my Lord, that I know not whether I have done well or madly. And I have three daughters, quite young! For their sake you will take strict care of it!"

I patted his arm. "It is as secure as if already at St. Germain," I said.

"Ah," replied he, his tone somewhat reassured. Then, mopping his forehead and cheeks hastily with a brilliant kerchief from the Indies, he added, "I am no downright brave man like you, my lord. Faith! and you are light of spirits with it all. Perchance and I trust so—you have lost little by your loyalty?"

I thought of Ruth. "Only the world," I said with a moody smile, setting my hat on.

THE French mare from the "Blue Stag" took me smartly out of Canterbury in the gathering twilight, and being instantly affectionate towards me, and proud of her paces, would have borne me at a gallop had I not held her. Whereupon, to give play to her sportiveness, she was pleased to shy frantically across the road at the sight of every third or fourth clump of bush we approached, to the near unshipping of Mr. Phipps's trunk.

Between these whiles, however, she trotted faultlessly, and many a refrain I hummed, with extra zest inasmuch as I was gratified by my latest bit of work, and also inclined to welcome the salt taste of the Channe, which was already in the air. For, although Sir Jacob had named me a brave man, there were occasions—such as when, newly landed, I rode into the shadows of London, or when I lay wakeful at night in my lodging there—sundry occasions on which a sudden, nasty fear seized me that my courage and cunning were both on the point to desert me. These fits were short, but bad enough truly; and England at this time, still aching with the late silly murder plot, being no pleasant place for me. I should feel some relief to be out of it despite my hunger for Ruth.

So I sniffed the saltiness eagerly, and, the wind coming from France, was assured that the sloop would be off the beach at her proper hour, nine o'clock.

After a few miles, since, alas! I durst not go to Ruth too long before the sloop was at hand to flee to, I walked the mare, and my thoughts reverting to Sir Jacob and his entreaties and his tears, my falseness in visiting Shepherdholme with my pack of letters stung me deeper than ever before. But I must have that sight of Ruth!

Starting into the darkness, my teeth set, I pondered. The mare had taken me perhaps a mile farther when a most simple way out of the trouble occurred to me, one that seemed in no wise foolhardy and should have been my custom years ago. And thereafter I gave my reflections to Ruth with an easy conscience, and wondered much whether she would take the little string of rubies I had for her, or coldly push them back to me, as was the case with my last gift.

For a while I but walked the mare, to her great impatience; and though the night was so early I found it marvellous quiet. A man or two moved in the villages, but out in the blackness of the road I met with no traveler, nor heard sound of any, save that now and then far behind me I caught the tread of some pack-horses, as I took them to be from their pace being little more than my own.

At length I went afoot again, noting that the light wind was increased and gusty, though hardly enough to preface an awkward sea-crossing; and something past eight o'clock, with my heart beginning to leap beyond bounds for joy, I swung off the

main road into the three-mile long lane that led to Shepherdholme—and half-way through it I drew rein under an old tree dead of lightning, that was called "Gospel Oak" (Ruth herself had told me), and had a strange writhing branch which I could discern by peering carefully.

Out of the saddle, my arm through the mare's rein, I made a small pit in the mould



beneath the tree, put my wallet therein, and covered it up—to be come for later. There it should be safe from everyone.

And now—Ruth! Ruth!

I HAD slowed my restless madame for the sharp bit of uphill work which would bring me almost to the house, and for sheer blitheness was speaking to her in French, she clattering nervously—I thought because she disliked the wind in the bushes, when, sudden as a flash, and for no cause that I could detect at the moment, old Sir Jacob's voice whipped into my brain.

"Are you that blackguard express from London that has hired all the horses?"

The question which I had not deigned to notice at the inn returned to me as something so weighty, so sinister, so full of import to himself, that straightaway I pulled up, feeling sick in body and mind. Had I made a deadly slip by not guessing peril?

And now I knew what had roused the question. Right away on the road I had left I heard a faint, faint shouting; and between that and me a volley of hoof beats; and—ay! on the turf to my left hand a drumming, getting louder with incredible swiftness—horses at a gallop.

"Those pack-animals are broke loose," I said, cocking my pistols simultaneously and putting one in my breast. Holding the other I grabbed the rein and endeavored to discover the nature of the hedge on my right. It was dangerously high, and so, to the mare's amazement, I drove spurs into her and set her racing up the hill. Then, at the noise of crashing bushes ahead of us, I strove to wrench her in, and while she lashed and lunged in wild frenzy, I heard the hedge behind us split in two places, and an instant later a third.

"Jack is down and smashed with his lantern," I called a rider, and, without pause, but his tone soaring to a yell, "Name o' the King! Stand, Lord Sayer!"

At the hazard of firing my pistol into the sky, I brought both hands to the rein, hauled the mare part round and goaded her at the hedge, not above four feet high here, but topped with stoutish bushes, just to be seen against the sky. We went into them, there



"My Lord Viscount," he said, uncovering and standing. "I must ask pardon for rough words."

hanging for an instant half-over, she scrambling madly, I thrown forward shuddle on her neck, and thinking, it is curious to recall, less of my plight than of my wallet and how lucky I was to have buried it, since there would have been no time for that from my first catching the alarm.

A heavy pistol went off in the road with a great, puffing haze, the bullet chipping my elbow and getting me through my riding boot fair in the knee. I snatched at the pistol in my bosom, having by now lost the other, and fired back; and, this shot being returned at once, the mare gave a mighty heave, somersaulting me into the field below us and so striking me as she fell herself as to knock the senses out of me.

WHEN I was conscious again I found that I was laid flat on the road, with several lanterns about me, and, I soon perceived, all my apparel disarrayed. My coat and tunic, boots and wig, were off, my shirt was ripped, and someone was yet busy with my stockings, which caused such torment to my knee that, had he not suddenly desisted, I should have sworn. As it was, he left me with the road seeming to billow like the sea and a horrid rushing in my brain.

I did not speak, but presently, feeling a trifle steadier, I listened very eagerly, for there was an angry discord among those around me, which certainly meant nothing to my disadvantage.

"Your fellows were under my orders," said a well-bred voice. "Had he carried enough treason to damn himself ten times over, it were no excuse for them. Whereas now—Look you!" He spoke in a new direction and his words were high and menacing. "Look you! my bullies. You shall remember breaking of my commands as long as you live, which will be till the next assize if his lordship dies. This is going to be jail for the lot of you to-morrow, you malicious knaves."

"So please your worship," answered one, after a second of complete silence, "the gentleman would have been away across country if Joe Hayward and me hadn't loosed our sneezers. We were trying for the horse."

"His worship" reviled Joe Hayward and the speaker with a score of haleful epithets, renewing his promise of jail, and then, appearing to have turned his back on them, addressed the person to whom he had spoken before.

"I am put in a pretty mess, Mr. Dawson, by you and your rascals. I did think I made plain what the Council directed—no harm to Lord Sayer, but to stop him on the coast and capture any boat crew that

should row in to him. Pest! why did not they take him when they spotted him in London last week?"

The speaker's heel ground impatiently. "I say again, the boat was moonshine. He was riding to see his wife, sir, not making for France. That should be clear even to you, seeing he lies at her gate with naught in his pocket but some jewels for her."

"I believe he has cast away his papers," was the answer, obstinately made. "And, come daylight, I will have my lads search every rut and cranny of this lane."

"Come daylight, you will have your lads in prison, as true as I am a magistrate—for landing me with this murderous business. His heel began to grind again. "Hey! Brown, get you off also for a surgeon. Try Sandwich—back to the big road, then left. Whoa! give me that flask again first."

And then he came and bent over me so that, although my stupor was returning quickly, I recognized his face. He was Mr. Francis Oriebara, of Greenwich, with whom I had been friendly in the old days. He caught the gleam of sense in my eyes, and forthwith dropped on his knee, raising my head.

"My dearest Sayer," said he. "In faith I am sorry I meant to take you myself, but your sverve from the straight road confounded the numskulls that were my patrol parties and brought them ramping after you—may drink." But I could not, and he stooped closer. "Sayer, the knee is the worst?" he asked, anxiously. "You are not crushed—broke inside?"

The sweat was now running all over my face, and I heard his words but as sounds swaying up and down giddily. "I know not," I struggled to say, "but—in case—carry me to my lady."

I saw blackness sliding over me as a lid, and well I remember with what agony I tried, in the last blotted moment of consciousness, to cry on Ruth to come to me.

I WON round again, my brow and mouth very aromatic from strong waters, in a large room bright with fire and candles. It was strange to me, but as I moved my head I got a little fragrance from the pillow of the bed whereon I lay, which was the sweetest fragrance in the world. And, in wonder, I thanked Heaven for this joy in my trouble, that Ruth deemed me not too much of a shifty plotter and a stranger to be laid on her own bed, which I could have sworn she would have. I looked for her, yet saw only a maid servant at the end of the chamber, and Oriebara, who, noting me stir, motioned out the woman and stepped across to me.

Continued on page 53

REVIEW & REVIEWS

Germany Preparing For Another War

*A Large "Hush" Army is Being Trained—The Blindness of the Allied Powers—
Fear of Bolshevism Excuse For Delaying Disarmament*

THAT Germany is quietly recruiting and drilling a new army that today it has reached a strength of some 200,000 men and that behind this movement is not only a determination to escape from living up to the terms of the treaty but the intention of reverting back to an Imperial Government are statements made by Sir Grey Halderson in an article in the *Review of Reviews* (London). He reads his article "The Truth About the German Military Menace" and states quite frankly his belief that Germany is preparing again to threaten the peace of Europe.

Whether or not Mr. Halderson has a basis of truth for his alarming statements, he makes one point very positive and clear. The mistake of the Allied Powers in permitting Germany to hoodwink them into the belief that a large Teutonic army was needed to stem by force the tide of Bolshevism. He argues, and convincingly, that the Allies, in a hurry of fear of Bolshevism, have been opening pining the hand of the reactionaries in Germany who want to restore the Kaiser and all that Kaiserism means. He writes, in part:

Whether Germany has a million men or only 200,000 men, the precise figure is not of vital consequence. I am inclined to put it very high, but obviously, absolute accuracy on this point is not possible, since there has been preserved a certain secrecy about this "Hush" army. I say a certain secrecy for I would not be true to say that a complete cover has been observed, or that elaborate precautions have been taken to conceal the armed forces of Germany. They have not been talked of too officially, they remain in part at least unavowed, but nevertheless anyone who wished to learn the approximate truth was not refused facilities for so doing. The reasons for this comparative candor are various. In the first place, it would have been impossible to camouflage an army of a million men. In the second place, it would have been impossible to raise it without some measure of tolerance. I hesitate to say connivance—on the part of the Allied authorities. And lastly, it was necessary, definitely to let the result of Noste's system of recruiting sink out in order that the Entente should be properly impressed with the question of attempting to enforce the continuance of peace with out being too heavily and brazenly threatened. Publicity is ready in the very run of things for the success of Germany's plans, which are not to fight, but rather to wait the fairly easy enveloping of her again.

Where the Allies really have a home in the uncounted simplicity with which it accepted Noste's explanation, taking as a fact and undoubted them. Here I touch the core of the matter and I want to underline it as much as possible. The mistake of the Allies over the German Army is in imagining that the danger lay to the left. The danger has always been to the right. Statesmen saw two

possible perils, one on this hand and one on the other. They had beaten Germany, they had crushed Marxism. Impera was in Germany, was a shroud. Their attention was immediately turned to the other foe. They forgot Reaction. They thought only of Revolution. In their fight they not only picked up the prostrate enemy. They embraced him, they armed him, they made an ally of him. In spite of many efforts of great-sighted and sincere men I am afraid that a order to escape the Scylla of Bolshevism, we have rushed into the Charybdis of Reaction. If Germany is now in a position to defy us, it is the March 1918, it is we the Allies who have ourselves to thank for our own blundering fears.

This hardly appears to be the place to discuss our general policy towards Russia towards Hungary towards all the "rushed nations" but it is impossible not to make some allusion to that policy, since it is now bearing its fruits. Let me then state briefly that we fell away from our own ideas in our peace-making we obeyed in the end the cynical methods of diplomacy we had denounced. We favored everywhere the military men and the Monarchists, we condoned nay we accepted the system of graft, we continued the war in a spirit of finishing with war on an other territory, and we were led by our righteous adherence of Bolshevism to make friends with the reactionaries of every country. (Continued.) I must point out that I am not for a moment defending Bolshevism, on the contrary, I believe that a sincere example of democratic principles in action, a greater respect for our neighbors' right of self-determination and our united efforts for an economic restoration would have made an end of Bolshevism long ago.

France is the most plain-speaking country in the world, and it was there

that the two alternative tendencies have been most clearly set out. Months ago reactionary political writers, who had been the most savage opponents against the Kaiser and Hindenburg, suddenly became tender towards them. They declared point-blank (for they are logical enough to say plainly what they mean) for the German army as against the German people. If it was a choice between Liebknecht and the Emperor, the Emperor was an easy first. If Noste was the creature of Liebknecht, so much the better, he would have at least an iron fist. One was almost tempted to believe that there had been no war with Germany, that Germany or rather the victors in Germany, which we set out to say, had always been our faithful friends. The real enemy was Spartanism or Bolshevism or Socialism, anything you like to call it. Authority must be maintained in the world, and authority could only be maintained in the old way, by the old methods, and even by the old men.

I am putting it, of course, crudely. But it is really necessary that we should understand the psychology of the kind of mind which so often found the enemy at the left after fighting him for so long at the right. The opposite view was expressed with great force by the French Socialists. They made no bones about their desire to see the Weimar Government overthrown by the working classes. That has at least the merit of being frank. Obviously the Entente would have been foolish to have robbed Noste of all means of preserving law and order. What I suggest is that largely owing

to the reactionary and militarist sympathies of some of the bittest rulers, they fell into an absurd panic and allowed Noste to pick up his defenses against anarchy, utterly oblivious of the possibility of his using them as defenses against the Entente, utterly indifferent to his being in a plot to bring back a Kaiser, in short not only asking nothing about his own character and purposes but being prepared to applaud a blow for Monarchy and Marxism, provided it crushed the strange new exaggerated ideas of popular liberty that had been preached by Western statesmen and had been put down by its bloody practices by Eastern despots.

Surely there could have been found a safe middle course? But although it would not be true to say that our leaders were so cynical at least they were blind and were led by the cynics. One has only to look at the actual facts. First, it is true that Article 159 to 163 of the Peace Treaty make the date of the disarmament of Germany contingent upon the coming into force of the treaty. But the spirit of the whole of these clauses, which provide for the reduction to 100,000 men and then, by March next year, to 100,000 men, is that the process should be begun immediately and the Armistice would have permitted the widest powers to Allied generals. On the contrary, the army has been allowed to grow and munitions have been accumulated in quantities which far exceed those foreseen in the Armistice terms. Under Weimar II there were 12,000 men in the Berlin garrisons, there are under Noste 50,000. The computations as to the number of sol-

diers in Germany range from half a million to twelve hundred thousand. That is not reducing it to deliberately increasing the army. There is ample evidence that the spirit of this army is from the military point of view excellent. It is animated by the same feelings as the Hindenburg army. There cannot possibly be found an excuse in the danger of a rising of the people for the enormous recruiting that has gone on. If the people are so discontented it is, first, because they are ill-governed and, second, because the Allies did not hasten quickly enough to the assistance of the beaten foe who lacked foodstuffs and raw materials. To have cheerfully (and possibly) helped Germany to get a possible economic foothold would have been far better business than to have turned a blind eye to this arming under the pretext of keeping an effective police force. And while Noste was recruiting his men in Germany with the expectation that they were wanted against the Spartacists, Von der Goltz was under the eyes of the Allies, studying an extra Germanic army in the Baltic States because there was a vague suggestion that the Germans might be used to fight the Bolsheviks.

I must do our British representatives the credit of stating that they went reports to the Peace Conference revealing the true character of the Von der Goltz army. They denounced German intrigues in the Baltic regions and showed clearly that there was no German intention of making a serious enemy of Russia. It must be six or seven months ago that I read a report which was perfectly explicit on this point. And yet nothing was done, no order was given, as might have been given according to the terms of the Armistice, for Germany to recall these troops, until the peril had grown too obvious. Naturally it was then too late. The gross negligence of somebody in respect of the German forces in the Baltic appears to me to be a first-class scandal which deserves the strongest denunciation.

But my object is not merely to attribute blame, if one really wished to do that it would be necessary to draw up an indictment of the whole proceedings of the Powers since November 1918. There has been nothing but blunder on blunder, but the greatest blunders have always arisen out of the foggy of Bolshevism which stamped us into all sort of stupidities. At that time Bolshevism was hardly talked about, it was a strange, unhappy far-off thing to which nobody in our land paid attention. We talked it into an imminent menace. We advertised it as one advertises Pearl Soap. We hypnotized ourselves into a condition of mind in which we could not take any step without fixing one terrified eye on Russia. Now you need only magnify a part in imagination to make that peril immense in reality. We should have quietly taken precautions against the monstrous thing but we should have kept our heads. We did not keep our heads, and now it is impossible to discuss seriously the arming of Germany without pointing out the responsibility of our panic about Russia. Mistaken on the diplomatic chessboard are not always punished in the corner where the play is engaged, the game may be lost in the opposite corner.

One of the first statements to utter a series of warnings which unhappy were not heeded was M. Paderewski, and I will recall his painful insistence upon the position of Poland which was forced to fight instead of concentrating herself. At that time Germany had no fewer than 200,000 soldiers in Upper Silesia alone. The big German guns were directed upon the Polish fortresses. sooner or later a deadly conflict seemed inevitable. In Lithuania, in face of the Polish troops, there were leaders of Von der Goltz and others. The German intrigues in the Ukraine were continuing, also under cover of the supposed German desire to fight Bolshevism. What a booby trap Bolshevism was! How amazingly Germany

saw her opportunity of playing upon our panic! Particularly did M. Paderewski complain that the treaty was not executed. Delay followed delay. This is not the moment to discuss the influence of American hesitation upon the European mudslide, but the practical uncertainty of our policy has also much to answer for. Every day that passed was a day gained by Germany. She grew stronger while we drifted and demonstrated our helplessness—our helplessness against America, our helplessness against Romania, our helplessness against Mustafa Kemal Pasha. The victory was slipping away from us because we had not imposed our conditions at once because we had not settled anything, because we began to dabble amid the quarrels of peace. With Italy at loggerheads, Romania disoriented, America a disgusted Japan wary (China dissatisfied), Czechoslovakia embroiled, Yugoslavia v. Ant. Greece, Belgium and other countries disappointed, the only patient Teuton had only to bide his time, renew his strength, not proceed too soon to open defiance, but adopt a passive resistance to all our demands, and sooner or later there would either be a new arbitrament of arms or the dissolving Alliance would give up the game as not worth while. It would be shorter to state what conditions Germany has fulfilled, whether in respect of reparation or disarmament or anything else, than to answer what conditions Germany has not fulfilled.

The Polish Premier solemnly affirmed six months ago that Germany had 800,000 men under arms, that she could raise 2,000,000 at a moment's notice, that the manufacture of munitions was continuing "in order to give work to the workers." The most significant fact was that of the methods which were adopted to give some sort of cover to the drilling of men. In addition to the armies, with and without always capable of opposing a living wall to the Allies, always capable of halting a restoration, there were other more camouflaged regiments being raised. The auxiliary formations of Guards (Einhundertwehr) which were created in all the towns of the Reich for the combat with communists were taken from military control. They became a civil body like the firemen. The invitation of Noste to the men even of the villages to enroll as volunteers to preserve order obviously opened the door to the establishment of a huge national army which could be reckoned upon for other purposes. There was already a purely military guard commanded by officers and living in barracks, specially organized to assist the police. Airmen with their aerodromes at Hindenburg were ever on hand to catch criminals. The Monarchist propaganda of Hoffman and his men became notorious, and the anti-Semitic excitations in pogroms have been recorded. The Frankfurt *Zeitung* called attention to a bureau which clandestinely recruited men to attack the Jews. Now Noste did not scruple to defend the Prussian Rye at officers, who man fested at Berlin stating that "I cannot ask these officers to renounce their faith." Everywhere one could see the Royalists becoming bolder and bolder, and the Marxists becoming more and more daring. They are working up the people to a national re-awakening. Is it with the complicity of Noste whom the Allies regard as the strong man upon whom they could rely?

He has himself expressed quite candidly his opinion about the treaty which obliges him to reduce his effectives to 100,000 men. He acknowledges the possession of an army of 400,000 men and it is certain that if one counts all the auxiliary forces, the figure must be doubled, even if he counted the regular troops accurately. "Show me anyone who in the winter when coal and foodstuffs are lacking when there is no work would dare to abandon the German army," he said. "The demobilized men would join the Spartacists at once." But to crush the Spartacists he has had to sell himself to



Every Man Likes Good Mince Pie

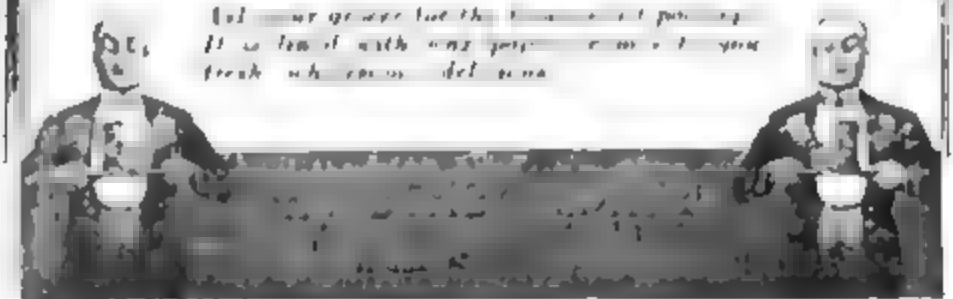
and most other people too. Nothing else completes the dinner as well... particularly at this season.

To make really good mince pie it is necessary to use the very best mince meat

WETHEY'S Condensed MINCE MEAT

makes pies that make the meal a success. Used by good cooks for years. It is the power and leader, the real old-fashioned mince meat. Study economy by adding a few chopped fresh apples when ready for the crust.

Get your grocer but the best mince meat possible. It is full of with any good mince meat you fresh when you del. tons



George Ward



Born in Philadelphia. Public Ledger. A little common now and then—1



Naturally Pleasing

Ivory Soap is naturally pleasing. It contains nothing but the purest of materials, thoroughly refined. There is no free alkali to irritate the skin or injure delicate fabrics; no free oil to make rinsing difficult. It is fragrant with the clean, natural odor of its high quality ingredients. You will like Ivory Soap.

IVORY SOAP



IT FLOATS

99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE

Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada



the Monarchists. The feeling in favor of a restoration undoubtedly grows. The idea of the Throne is after all associated with the idea of a strong Empire. Whether Prince August Wilhelm of Hohenzollern, who has been particularly busy in the organization of the military forces, and in the hope of the Prussian officers, or whether another will be chosen, is not of much importance. The great point for the Allies to note is this: That a Monarchical system in Germany certainly means a defiant Germany, certainly means a dangerous Germany. In one sense, we may perhaps, pretend that the internal administration of Germany does not concern us. If the people prefer Prince August to Ebert that is their lookout. But we are responsible in a very real manner. We have allowed the military provisions of the Armistice and of the Peace Treaty to be disregarded, and it is precisely because we permitted Militarism to rear its head that Monarchism is rearing its head.

As for the future of Germany, it certainly lies in the East. I do not believe that there will be any aggression in the West. But Prussia is proudly conscious of her defeat of Russia. The strategic importance of the Baltic Provinces which she wishes to get as a jumping-off point, a patent Riga might easily be made into the chief Russian port. Whoever holds it has the key to Russian trade. The control of the littoral from Danzig northwards, is commercially a prize whose value cannot be overstated. The Baltic German Barons and the Baltic German army between them may get a real grip on these border states. It must be

remembered that Eastern boundaries are not yet fixed. It must be remembered that Poland is not yet stable. It must be remembered, above all, that Germany realizes what she can do if she can only join hands with Russia.

It is only possible in my limited space to touch on all these points, but I must not omit to quote, in passing, the key sentence from the book which Professor Daza wrote after Brest-Litovsk, since it contains a political theory which is certain to be adopted. "Germany, Russia and Japan," he cried, "that is the most natural political constellation. That is the Triumvirate of the Twentieth century." If one could stay to examine this doctrine, it could be shown how ineluctable is it that Germany should form an alliance with Russia, and whether it is a Republican Russia or a Monarchist Russia, is not, I think, regarded as of much importance. We have two enemies—Germany and Russia—whose fates are linked. How can they avoid joining hands against us? There is, of course, a genuine fear of Bolshevism, but that fear is already diminishing, and with a strong Marxist and Monarchist system in Germany and a further evolution in Russia, there will be no reason why the two broken nations should remain apart. Let us try to have a little realism in world politics. We are always behaving like angry children, screaming and stamping our feet. Our policy towards Russia and towards Germany was certain to drive them together, to be either united in the bonds of Bolshevism, or, with different kinds of governments, in commercial and defensive ties. Fashion is a poor guide in politics.

mechanism of the car, in order to circumvent the owner's precautions, the light fingered gentleman is no whit deterred. He only has to bring upon the scene his service car—strangely named for such work—and tow away the prize to a more convenient location, where he completes at leisure the task of restoring his loot to running condition.

Automobile thieves work in gangs. They have a headquarters, a well-equipped garage, which frequently does an honest business as a sideline, or perhaps as camouflage. Some of these thieves' garages have completely equipped machine-shops, where major operations can be carried out, even to the building of a car, if the owners ever desire to waste so much time.

As soon as the gang steals a car it is brought right up to the garage. Numbers and identification marks are removed. The mechanism is gone over and put in first-class condition. The body is sent to the paint shop, another department of this interesting organization and comes forth in a new coat of different color from its original hue. In many of these thieves' garages it is the custom to hold cars until two or three more of the same make or model have been stolen, and then to tear down and rebuild all of them, redistributing the parts, so as to make future identification practically impossible.

But the development of the car-stealing industry does not stop even here. The latest wrinkle is specialization. That is to say a gang of thieves selects some popular make of car and confines its attention to that particular line. The garage is fitted up with exactly the

machinery needed to deal with the gang's car. It becomes a sort of practical service-station for vehicles of its special model. Naturally work flows along with far more precision than is the case where all sorts and conditions of cars are handled.

The next step will probably be specialization in yearly models of popular makes, one gang stealing only 1918 Hudsons, while another band may confine itself to 1919 Packards or 1920 Studebakers. It is pleasant to see these amiable gentlemen thus reducing their business to exact order, and achieving organization along the lines of modern economic efficiency.

Not long ago there died in New York a man who had made a fortune of half a million dollars out of stolen automobiles. He was the first person who applied real business methods to this ingenious industry, and he reaped his reward, though he died eventually of a nervous disorder brought on by his risky method of existence.

This man was a wholesaler in stolen machines. He had many gangs and innumerable single operators working for him. He rebuilt cars and on occasions actually sold back to the original owner a vehicle that had passed through his factory. He shipped his loot to all parts of the country as the market varied or the chase became hot. He was arrested scores of times, but in spite of the fact that the police knew that he was the man higher up in the game, they never were able to secure a conviction. This individual was the first large-scale operator in stolen automobiles, but he has many imitators today.

One Automobile in Ten Stolen? How the Deposed Kings Live

Thieves are Organized in Gangs With Elaborate Plants and Machinery Behind Them. Some are Unhappy in Exile—Ex-King of Greece Says Belief in Kingships is Going.

AN astonishing state of affairs in regard to the theft of motor cars is revealed by Alexander C. Johnston, writing in *Maclean's Magazine*. Automobile stealing has been reduced, it seems, to a very well-organized business. It is not the sporadic work of individual sneak thieves but the result of efficiently organized gangs with extensive workshops and sales organizations. So efficient is the work done, in fact, that one car in ten in the United States is stolen! Mr. Johnston writes:

In this country to-day one-tenth of all the motor cars annually produced are stolen. During the year 1918, two hundred thousand cars were feloniously appropriated. During that same year the automobile industry if it had been working at normal speed would have produced approximately two million cars—a number which reduces the percentage quoted above to cold figures. As a matter of fact owing to abnormal conditions begotten of the war, the production of motor cars during 1918 was barely one million, so that the proportion of thefts was actually one in five cars produced. Juvenal did not condescend to statistics in relation to the pilfering of Roman chariots, but we are sure justly in believing that our proud record would leave him gasping with amazement.

No other product of human industry has ever been so promiscuously stolen as the motor car in America to-day. Not even currency itself can claim a record of thefts equaling one-tenth of its total issuance each year. Within the past few years automobile stealing has advanced from casual and sporadic outbreaks to a business, an industry—one might almost call it a science—under the ban sinister. And frankly, the end is not yet, even though the matter has come up for the attention of the House of Representatives.

It is the misfortune of the automobile that in its own mechanical person it supplies the thief with the incentive

to steal, and also provides him with the means of performing the operation. The car itself is property of value, the average for American cars being two thousand dollars. It is readily salable, for every normal human being would like to have one, and by its speed and inconspicuousness it provides the thief with an ideal "getaway." The car stolen in one block joins the stream of passing cars in the next thoroughfare, and is instantly swallowed up in a multitude of similar vehicles, hundreds of which may be of the same make and model, differing by not one bolt or thread.

Talk about hunting for a needle in a haystack! Give each needle a speed of sixty miles an hour and then try to find one particular needle in a haystack made up of nothing but needles—that comes nearer stating the case.

The modern professional automobile thief is the most thoroughly competent practitioner on earth. You may lock your car with all the locks you can find, you may chain it with nickel steel chains, you may burden it down with thief-proof devices, but you may make up your mind that if a bona-fide automobile thief has determined to have your car, you are going to lose it. Don't imagine, however, that I mean to imply that all automobile locks are worthless, for they are not—but we shall come to that a little later on.

The professional automobile thief has usually been a chauffeur. He has probably worked in a garage, repair-shop, service station, or even in an automobile factory. He is a master mechanic, and knows every nut and bolt on the car, every piece of equipment that may or may not be installed, every device that has been designed for preventing car stealing, better than the men who design cars, equipment, and devices.

This master among thieves has a method of overcoming every impediment that is placed in his way and as fast as new ones are invented he finds a way to meet them. If conditions are not propitious for working at the

mechanism of the car, in order to circumvent the owner's precautions, the light fingered gentleman is no whit deterred. He only has to bring upon the scene his service car—strangely named for such work—and tow away the prize to a more convenient location, where he completes at leisure the task of restoring his loot to running condition.

He intimates, in the first place, that most of the exiles are reasonably comfortable and happy. A few are consumed with vain regrets and futile ambitions, and these, of course, are very unhappy, indeed.

One of these is Sophia, ex-queen of Greece, sister of the German Kaiser. When she and her king husband, after the Allies had removed them from Greece, took shelter in a hotel in a certain Swiss town, she decided that a certain little English church in the town would be her place of worship. She declared that the Episcopal creed came nearest to the Greek Orthodox creed and that she and her two little daughters would therefore sit under the religious instruction of the British vicar. Some one in her entourage fixed it up with the church warden to rope off a few pews for the ex-royal family and on the first Sunday the ex-queen and her entourage, including her daughters and a lady-in-waiting, entered these pews with a lowering of ropes and a considerable to-do that attracted no little attention. Now, English folks like certain sorts of kings, kings, for instance, who do, more or less, what folks want them to do, but the old idea of the divine right of kings has passed away in England and any royal fuss that leads them to believe that this idea is still alive is bound to make them sit up and take notice.

This little English congregation in Switzerland did the very thing. It is made up of gentle, God-fearing subjects of King George but, as they themselves say in their British way, "There was a row." It was about the ropes. Anybody could worship with them in their little church, that wasn't the point. The Kaiser himself, to say nothing of his sister, might step in at any time—perhaps with considerable benefit to himself—to sit under the doctrine of their good vicar. But to have a member of the Hohenzollern family rope off a set of pews in that British church and sit exclusively in these pews in royal worship was not to be endured. The church warden got his come-uppance that very Sunday before the folks had left the church, and the next Sunday the ex-queen of Greece and her entourage took their chances for seats with the other worshippers, humbly and in that now world-famous but somewhat one-sided spirit commonly known as "kamaradshap."

With Madame Sophia, as with many another royalty the belief that royalty is royalty whether it is enthroned or not, seems unalterable, like all the things that are pounded into our minds when we are children. In the early days of the Armistice when the kings and queens were fresh from their courts, several of them tried to keep up court customs among themselves, even in exile. This meant that all of them tried to enter Switzerland with large followings of servants and ladies-in-waiting and gentlemen-in-waiting. The Republican Swiss Government, without the consent of which no fugitive royalty can enter Switzerland, was forced to make special rules to cover this point. The Swiss rules for royal refugees are very strict for once in its career royalty in Switzerland is under orders, and the household lists were scanned very carefully by the Swiss authorities before passports of admittance to Switzerland were issued. Food was not any too abundant in Switzerland and the mouths of Swiss peasants had to be filled before foreign

Another cup please!



—and another cup at night time doesn't hurt, if it's

INSTANT POSTUM

Unlike tea and coffee it doesn't keep you awake or fuss up your nerves. It's a healthful drink. At all grocers—No raise in price.



A 1920 Favorite

THE Ballantyne Pullover made of the finest wools in dainty silencing styles, it has an irresistible appeal. Ballantyne knitted coats and pullovers portray the newest and most attractive styles in these garments. Ask your dealer to show you "Ballantynes" and you will find that this name means the utmost in style quality and value.

R. M. BALLANTYNE, LIMITED
STRATFORD, CANADA

servants, who entered only to ex-royal whims and royal love of court ceremony could be fed. It came hard on the ex-kings and ex-queens at first, but last summer, after they had spent half a year or more in a republican atmosphere, they seemed to have adjusted themselves to the new idea, and you saw them mulling in the hotel lobbies and coffee rooms.

Shepherd had an interesting visit at Amerongen. He did not see the Kaiser, of course, but he gathered some information about the broken autocrat of the Teutons.

Count Carlos Bentinck, son of the ex-Kaiser's host, accompanied me personally over the estate. With a nice regard for the rules of hospitality, he never once mentioned the ex-royal guest, but, after we had passed several Dutch sentries, who stood about the ground and at the entrances, he sighed and said:

"This is very much like living in a prison, isn't it?"

There spoke the son of the house, who was free to go and come as he pleased. I couldn't feel, from what he said, that the Bentinck household or its guest was happy.

A long-bearded, gray-haired, broken man is the man who was Emperor of Germany. He might stand at the foot of any of his own statues in Germany and be unrecognized. His mustaches he no longer trains upward. They droop at the ends, and, between beard and mustache, his mouth is hidden. He might go on the streets of any city in the world this man more photographed and paraded and sculptured and statued than any other man in the world, and pass unknown through the crowds. He is afraid of people. On a little separate piece of land, protected by a moat and a high wall, he spends his time in sawing logs. The Bentincks for many years have sold timber for mines. Much of it went to Belgium and Northern France. The trees which the Bentinck workmen carry to the castle grounds are sawed into mine timber by the ex-Kaiser and this timber is carried off to be sold. It is quite probable that some of it will find its way to the mines at Lens, which were destroyed by the German army.

In a little hotel at Amerongen, where the newspaper men were keeping watch on the ex-Kaiser, I saw also a worried-looking German officer in civilian clothes. He is the ex-Kaiser's physician. Once before I had seen that gentleman. It was in the winter of 1914 in the Kaiser's Palace in Berlin.

I had gone there, with other correspondents, to ask about the Kaiser's health, which at that time was bad. He came to meet us then in a splendid uniform. He alighted from a magnificent motor-car, spoke with us for over five minutes, and then disappeared into the palace. To-day, sitting on this hardwood chair in the yard of this little hotel in this little country town, reading a German newspaper of antiquated date, as newspapers go, he does not seem the same man. He would talk to correspondents in those days of security. Now he dreads them and moves from his chair when they come near. He goes several times every day to attend the wife of the ex-Kaiser, whose heart is gravely affected. After each visit he returns to the hotel, sits himself down in the yard and pores over the papers from home or spends his time thinking. The only happy, lively man I saw of the Kaiser's suite was his cook. With a face that strangely resembles his master's and with his mustaches upturned in true *Kaiserliche* fashion, he goes to the village market or moves about among the villagers with happy greetings, a hero in their eyes and in his own.

The ex-Kaiser will not talk to correspondents or to anybody but his old and trusted friends. He has sent personal notes to the correspondents, saying that he can never imagine himself talking or writing for the public. All in all, I gather that he is the brokenest, the unhappiest, and most hopeless of all the fallen monarchs.

In a heedless mood you might, as a republican American, be inclined to gloat just a bit over some of the fallen but still life-loving royalty that you see in Switzerland. But this broken, fallen man is too miserable to excite anything but wonder at the very depths of his error and misery.

The driver of my car had driven the ex-Kaiser a few weeks before to see the country place which he was about to purchase, it was the only time that the ex-Kaiser had left the Bentinck estate.

"A very sick man! Suffering very much! Very old and very sick!" he told me in broken English.

Later, in Italy, at Santa Margherita, I saw the Italians follow with their glances the figure of a great, tall, anky man who walked along the country road from a suburban hotel to shop in their town. He was Grand Duke Nicholas, uncle of the Czar of Russia. He had once been commander-in-chief of the great Russian army. By his simple word and gesture, hundreds and thousands of men had gone to their death, he had held the destinies of millions of homes in his long, slender palms. Now he was bereft of all state and pomp and power. He did not even have an automobile. He might order, in thunderous tones, the most humble peasant to step off the sidewalk and let him pass, and that peasant need not obey. He paid his hotel bills like any other mortal, he had a few old friends with him at the hotel, trusty friends who had fled with him for their very lives from the Bolshevik-ridden Crimea. He came down to meals when the gong rang, like the rest of us, and he liked his coffee in the coffee room, with folks sitting about the various tables, smoking and chatting. He could speak English. He refused an offer to write a series of articles for *Everybody's Magazine* that would have put an ordinary person on Easy Street for several years. He simply said that anything he said or wrote would be construed as politics—and he was out of politics, in fact, had never been in it.

He was about the sixth ex-royal person who had told me he couldn't talk for publication.

I had started out determined, if possible, to get at least one king to talk. I had seen enough of royalty and heard enough to realize that they were all only a lot of a certain kind of folks, with a certain kind of education and certain sets of general ideas, like all the rest of us. I knew that a free and open talk with one of them would prove, more than anything else, that kings, after all, were only folks.

"No," he said to me, Constantine of Greece, brother-in-law of the ex-Kaiser, husband of the ex-Kaiser's sister, the temporary Episcopalian Sophia, Constantine, who was run off his throne by the Allies because he prevented Greece from coming into the war; Constantine whose second son now sits on the Athen throne.

With a group of American correspondents who were dining at a hotel in Lucerne, I heard that ex-King Constantine was living in that same hotel. We were guests of a number of Swiss gentlemen and the dinner was going right merrily when we sent up word to the ex-king's enquiry that we would like to meet the king. Word came back shortly that Constantine would receive us at 9:45, after he himself had finished dinner. One of us mentioned the fact that we ourselves would not be through dinner until 10:45. Our Swiss hosts had some speeches to make. We sent back word that 10:45 would be a better hour for us. The enquiry replied that the hour we had set would be agreeable to his majesty.

At 10:30 our republican Swiss hosts enthusiastically watched their republican American guests rise from the table and start for the elevator to go upstairs to talk with a king. They bade us Godspeed, they were as interested as we.

"We'll wait right here at the table until you come back," they said. A huge, tall, blondish big-boned man in a Tuxedo, a bald-headed man with a fascinating depression across his head right above his tall brow stood

waiting for us in a reception-room. We had been informed that it was the code to address him as "majesty." His hands were in his trousers pockets. You may not believe it, but he looked nervous. It seemed to me that he felt as if he were thrusting out his chest against a storm. After we had been presented, one after the other, he put his shaking hand back into his pocket, and said:

"Well, gentlemen, is there anything you would like to ask me? I understand that you are American correspondents."

"Yes, we are," admitted one of us.

"Well," said the ex-king, hitting directly on the crux of what was in the minds of some of us, "I don't want to apologize for anything I did in the war, but I do want to say that I have never been anti-Entente. I did my best to keep Greece out of the war because I thought that a little nation like Greece couldn't gain anything by going into the struggle with the great nations."

"But do you think she lost anything by coming in at last?" asked one of us.

"No," he replied, "she didn't. But you see, she came in too late to be badly hurt."

That was the way the interview started. This king was very human. To speak vulgarly, like unroyal folks, he was trying to square himself with us, and, through us, with America. He talked of many things that provoked further questions on our part.

Did he like the treaty?

He was in a neutral country, he said, where politics were not discussed, but did we think the treaty would end all wars?

"I understand that there are twenty-four little wars going on in the world now," he added, "I counted them up lately in the newspapers."

"And," he added, "if the League of Nations idea is good, why is it necessary for the Americans, England and France to enter into a special alliance?"

We didn't know, and we told him so. But it wasn't politics that I really wanted to discuss. I wanted to talk about kings and their affairs. Ever since old King Edward referred to his profession as the king business" and suggested that kings ought to stand together, I had cherished the perverse idea of saying to some royalty some fine day "How is the king business getting along?"

And before I knew it, this question was out of my mouth. I reminded the former king of what King Edward had said; then I asked "Have you noticed that the king business has become more difficult of late?"

He might have got angry and closed the interview, he might have refused to answer, on the grounds of impertinence. Or he might have smiled, as if it were all an American joke.

He did none of these things. He remained earnest. He turned to me and said, slowly and seriously—this man who had sat on a European throne whose father had been a king, and who had spent most of his life in the palaces of his relatives, who form the reigning houses of Europe: "Let me tell you I think that the monarchies, idea is an exploded principle."

I think we all gasped.

After a time, one of us said: "Do you mean that the monarchical form of government is dead? Or do you mean that the idea of the divine right of kings is exploded?"

"The divine right of kings is through with it," he answered. "I never believed in it."

"You were personally acquainted with all the kings and queens of Europe, were you not?" I asked.

"I believe I knew them all personally," he answered.

"Did you know any of them who believed in the divine right of kings?" I asked.

"Yes, I did," he replied slowly.

"Can you tell us who it was?"

"The Kaiser and the Germans," he said. "He was the only ruler I knew who believed in the divine right of kings. None of the rest of us believed

in it. Divine right of kings is solely a German idea. It existed only in Germany, but the Kaiser believed in it, and so did all his people."

"Did you know the Czar of Russia?" I asked, thinking that perhaps he had overlooked Russia on the divine right issue.

"Yes, I knew him very well. He was one of the most liberal-minded men in the European courts."

"If he was so liberal how was it that people were so discontented?"

"The Czar never got the truth about anything. He was surrounded by men who misinformed him about everything. He was always misled."

For a moment or two he was silent. Then he looked up at us with a mischievous smile, and said:

"I knew all the kings of Europe, that's true. But I never have known one who had the power that is possessed by your President of the United States."

We all agreed that might be true. We had been at the Peace Conference in Paris and seen commoners like Lloyd George and the Socialist Vandervelde speaking for kings like George V and King Albert, and we knew that what this ex-king said was true.

But we also realized that there was a catch in his statement somewhere. He was intimating that "the king business" was far, far to people than the republican form of government might be as we knew it back in the United States. At last one of us found the catch and put it into words, slowly, respectfully, and mainly in the form of simple questions.

"Yes, our President has a lot of power," we agreed. "But what do your people in Europe do if one of their kings goes wrong in the use of power? Every four years in the United States we say whether or not we want our President to continue to handle our affairs. How do the people in Europe express their opinion that they want a new king? Is there any way of doing it without a revolution?"

"No. There isn't, as matters are arranged now," answered Constantine.

But his next remark showed that he, like other kings that I have heard of recently in Europe, is looking forward to a new day for kings.

"I only hope," he said deliberately, "that the next elections in Greece will be fair ones, and that the people will have a chance to freely express their will at the polls. Speaking plainly, the issue is between me and Venizelos."

Wander of wonders! A European king, member of the king-trust, going to the polls against a lawyer!

"I'm willing to abide by the decision of the Greek people. If they vote against me, I will accept their decree. But I do want to know that they will have a fair chance to vote in the elections of 1920."

"Don't you think the elections will be fair?" we asked.

"I have every reason to believe that they will be controlled by soldiers, and that they will be juggled," he replied. "I wish you correspondents would make my wishes clear to the people of America. There are three hundred thousand Greeks there."

A king in politics, at last! Out in the open with his lightning-rod up, like a presidential candidate! A humble seeker for the mandate of the people.

Just to relieve the seriousness, and, perhaps, the shock of it, one of us told the ex-king how we republicans, at a dinner with republicans, had left our speeches and ceremonies half an hour to meet a king.

"Well," he said, with a smile, "the right sort of kings aren't so bad."

And there it all is, in a nutshell! All the kings—and queens—who are tramping around the Swiss bear-pit these days are trying to figure out how, if they ever get back again, they can be the "right sort of kings." Born to thrones, they are now quite willing to be voted to them instead.

The war has changed us all. The whole king business, so I found on my quest, has been turned as topsy-turvy as everything else.

USL
STORAGE BATTERY

All our repairs - on any make of battery - are guaranteed for 8 months.

U.S. LIGHT & HEAT CORPORATION

HAS that good old battery of yours begun to get balky? To bring back its snappy motor-spinning power may require only a skilful repair. No matter what your battery's make, your road to battery-happiness leads to the nearest USL Service Station—master rebuilder of batteries.

Never to sell you a new battery if a repair of your old one is more economical for you; to guarantee every repair for eight months; to serve you as you would want to be served if you could understand batteries as we do, that's our instruction to our USL Service Men.

There's no factory-pressure on USL Service Men to sell fixed quotas of batteries within set periods—that's not USL Service Station Policy. Your failing battery is not used as a lead to an immediate sale of a new one, but as an opportunity to acquaint you with our confidence-building service.

Service—service, all the time is written into every agreement we make with our Service Stations and into every instruction we give them. For the patron we keep on satisfying is the one we profit most from in the long run. USL is not merely a storage battery; it is a thorough-going battery SERVICE, of which the battery itself is but an essential part.

USL Service is for every make of battery, but USL Service Stations sell only the USL Battery with long life built into it by means of its Machine-Pasted Plates. They deliver the battery new because it was shipped and stored USL Dry-Charged so that it can lose no vitality before it reaches the car-owner. Above all, the USL plan makes motoring folks "battery-happy" with trained service extended through our far-reaching system of well-organized, successful, standardized USL Service Stations.

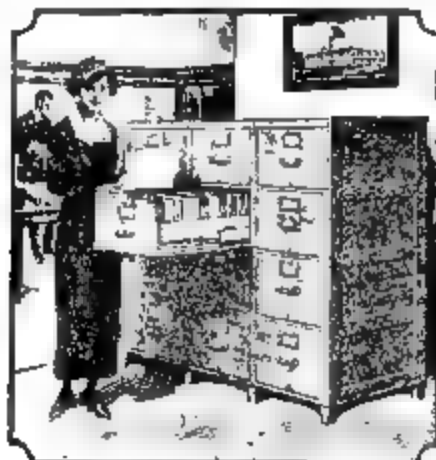
U. S. Light & Heat Corporation, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

USL
U. S. LIGHT & HEAT CORPORATION

storage batteries

FREE Our 50-cent Battery Book that answers every battery question. It's a book of interest and value to every man in the automobile business.

SYSTEM SERVICE



WHAT DO YOUR RECORDS MEAN TO YOU?

JUST so many papers—papers which you can thoughtlessly dispose of after they have served your present purpose.

Or do they represent the aggregate of many business transactions? Do your account them the vital goodwill factor they really are—a goodwill factor whose value is dependent upon the ease, accuracy and quickness with which they can be referred to any future time?

Upon your records the success of your business—perhaps the work of a life-time—depends. Your records must be quickly accessible and carefully preserved if you are to give your customers proper service. To be quickly found they must be properly filed and properly safe-guarded. Have one place for each and have everything in its place.

Proper standardization of records and proper filing insures your business goodwill, saves time and embarrassment for you and for all those on your staff.

"Office Specialty" Standardized Equipment meets every business need—and "Office Specialty" System Service, the result of over 30 years of study of thousands of filing and record keeping systems—is offered to you without stint or limit in the solution of your filing and keeping problems.

THE OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO. LIMITED

Home Office and Factories: NEWMARKET, Canada

Representative Offices: 160 Broadway, New York City

Filing Equipment Stores at:

Toronto Montreal Ottawa Halifax Hamilton Winnipeg Regina Edmonton Calgary Vancouver

OFFICE SPECIALTY FILING SYSTEMS

A New German Monarchy?

French Papers Say That Counter Revolution is in Preparation—Not Wilhelm However.

THERE is a strong impression in Europe, particularly in France, that the day is not far off when some form of monarchical Government will be again set up in Germany. It is a fact that the country is full of discontent and that the royalists who banker for the pomp of an Imperial form of Government with the privileges and preferences that go with it, are doing all they can to create a sentiment in favor of a return to the old order. Whether or not there is being created the machinery for a counter revolution is a matter of conjecture but it is a fact that prominent men, including Hindenburg, Ludendorff and Bethmann-Holweg are figuring prominently in movements that are openly hostile to the present Government.

Current Opinion sums up the news

that circulates in the European press as follows:

The Noske-Erzberger combination in power has been transformed into a government of combat. It rules through the "state of siege" and it dissolves by force the organizations of the independent Socialists. It is arbitrary in its suppression of the organs of the extreme left wings. These papers are the more sought by the people the more they are persecuted. A military clique surrounds Noske, dictates its orders to him, flatters him until he thinks himself great, but imposes upon him the will of a monarchial party still behind the scenes. There is no possibility of any accord between the Socialists in power and the left wing out on the sidewalk. The dictatorship can succeed and endure only by maintaining its rule of force, and well it knows that.

Switzerland is filled with rumors that make the monarchical restoration seem near in Germany. The Paris

Matin has a budget of this Swiss gossip based upon the candid views of business men in the industrial regions of Germany. There are plots afoot, supported by financiers, capitalists, militarists and landed proprietors, and these plots have gone so far that one day the world will awake and note with surprise that the Hohenzollern dynasty is back. Monarchical sentiment is strong in the Fatherland, or so the French daily avers. The revolution was satisfactory to the laboring poor, but it made the "industrialists" sick. There are men in obscurity who know that in a month or more they will figure brilliantly at the court of the next sovereign. He will not be Wilhelm II. His flight to Holland and the weakness he showed when the militarists pressed him hard seem to have ended his career forever. Even the sincere partisans of the former Emperor, who think he has been maligned, realize the impossibility of his restoration. People remember what Bismarck said about him. There is a suspicion that the troops in the east under Von der Goltz, who figure in every rumor and alarm, are all in the pay of the monarchists. They will play their part in the impending restoration when the hour strikes. There are to be sanguinary scenes in the streets of Berlin, days of suspense, sensational dispatches to a bewildered world outside. In the end the republican setting will vanish and the trappings of monarchy must make the Germans forget the hideous Jacobin nightmare. It seems to the French daily to be all cut and dried.

Every now and then the newly-created military force is detected in a monarchical relapse. Noske threatens to punish an indiscreet officer. The troops defy him. The officers tell their men that Erzberger and Ebert are good for nothing. These manifestations are every-day occurrences. At Berlin, at Munich, at Dresden, the soldiers get out of hand in this style, instigated by royalist officers. When Noske shows his teeth, he is told that the men will not obey his orders if he does not keep his temper. If the military clique undertook to upset President Ebert and his Bauers and his Müllers, the German people would not interfere, and, suggests the Figaro, they would not care. The independents and the communists would certainly not let themselves be slaughtered to keep Noske going. The "National Assembly" at Weimar, President Ebert and his "ministry," represent only a provisional arrangement. The elections are to take place at the latest next spring, predicts the Temps, further, and a "definitive" chief magistrate will be elected by the German people on a basis of universal suffrage, masculine and feminine. The monarchists have their candidate ready. His name is well known. Hindenburg. If he will not accept, it will be an easy matter to pick some other popular general out of the many grouped by the Germans among the somewhat numerous classes of heroes of the war. It need surprise nobody to see a member of some fallen dynasty elected with a roar. It must not be forgotten, says the French organ, that before November, 1918, there were no republicans in Germany. Even the most advanced Socialists did not think of modifying the form of the Government, and Hebel preferred to fight for the Marxian doctrine under the Hohenzollern banner. This is denied by the Vorwärts, which cites many instances to the contrary and affirms that republican ideas were part of the Socialist propaganda.

Only Perfect Town in the World

Created to House Emergency Fleet Employees—Town Now For Sale

A DREAM that probably all men of broad vision have had, has been brought to consummation in a spot along the sea coast of New Jersey. There a model town has been built, a community that is as perfect as man can make it—with broad streets, well-planned houses, delightful recreation squares and community centres for business and pleasure. The war made this perfect town possible. Homes had to be erected for the workers at one of the emergency shipbuilding plants that had to be created in the stress of the submarine peril and so the U.S. Government decided to utilize this opportunity to create a model place. How well they succeeded is told in an article by Electus D. Litchfield in the American Review of Reviews.

The model town, which is called Yorkship Village, is now for sale. The Government, of course, has no further use for it, having gone out of the shipbuilding business, and an effort is being made to sell the place complete. Mr. Litchfield writes:

In Yorkship Village, at Camden,

N.J., there is seen the physical embodiment of a vision. In the spring of 1918, when we were directed to plan and prepare for the erection of a town to contain eventually 2,000 or more houses, Mr. Flannery of the Emergency Fleet Corporation and Mr. Elditz and Mr. Leand, his advisers—as well as Mr. Ackerman, later head of the Department of Design of the Housing Section of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, and the broad-minded officials of the New York Shipbuilding Corporation—saw even as we did the handwriting on the wall and felt the protests of the war after the war, of which to-day we hear the rumbling of the artillery.

The absolute necessity for the creation of shelter in which to house the thousands of additional workmen required to man the enlarged shipyards of the New York Shipbuilding Corporation at Camden, and to provide without delay the answer to Pershing's clarion call for ships and more ships, furnished the opportunity to create there an outpost of defense in the impending war against Bolshevism and industrial discontent.

An outstanding opportunity was presented for the Government to produce an industrial community which should be, as far as reasonable economy and the urgency of the case would permit, an example to private enterprise throughout the land; which would show how, through providing proper homes for its employees, an industrial corporation could lay the foundation for a contented and efficient body of workers. It was to be a place where the worker and his family could be healthy, happy, and contented, a place where the harassing strain of ill health and mounting doctors' bills might in great measure be eliminated, a place where the toil and drudgery of housekeeping should be reduced to its ultimate limit, and where in exchange there should be offered to the mother and her growing children new opportunities for education and development.

It was to be a place of light rooms and clean yards, with adequate playgrounds and amusement fields; a place of beauty and appropriateness and cleanliness so great that a man returning from his daily toil would receive new strength and recreation; a place where the man who could save a fraction of his income, would be able to obtain with it, for himself and for his children, a share of play and education, literature and music, and other uplifting things.

Finally it was to afford the physical plant where the worker might quietly and in comfort discuss among his fellows the problems which affect him, thus developing a co-operation, a unity, and a community of spirit between himself and his fellow-workers which would develop cordial relations between capital and labor in the industrial organization with which he is connected.

We did not expect to create a new Utopia—the realization of the fond dream of the philosophers of all ages—but we did hope to produce a community providing the opportunity for those things which are so often denied to the worker and which we all agree are really essential for the development of a true American citizenship.

It is a few weeks less than eighteen months since the actual construction work was started at Yorkship Village, and not much more than twenty months since Chester Allen—of Lockwood, Green & Co., Engineers—walked over the Cooper Farm with me, and we selected it as the most available site for a village. Our dreams of what a town should be have merged so quickly into what it really is, that sometimes I feel as though double the time must have elapsed.

We have in the village to-day about 1,400 houses, with playgrounds and recreation fields. The houses have no dark rooms, and they all have up-to-date sanitary and economic appliances for carrying on the domestic operations of the home. There are eight miles of streets paved with concrete, many square miles of lawn, twenty miles of

Preserve
the original
charm of your furniture

Make your floors
Gleam like New

THERE is no need to let a single piece of furniture lose its new-like appearance—frequent treatment with O-Cedar Polish will preserve the finish. A Polish that cleans as it polishes—first, by removing all dust, grime and dirt then imparting a high, dry, lasting lustre that reveals the grain beauty of the wood.

Use as directed—with water. Use it on all wood-work—painted, varnished or enameled. Also on all floors—by means of the O-Cedar Polish Mop, which gives the unequalled O-Cedar result on hard wood, painted, oiled or stained soft wood, oilcloth or linoleum.

O-Cedar Polish Mop (round or triangle) price \$1.50 O-Cedar Polish, 25c. to \$3.00 sizes. Both at your Hardware or Grocery Shop.

CHANNELL CHEMICAL COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO



O-Cedar Polish

To Subscribe for MACLEAN'S
Just Sign the Coupon, pin \$3.00 to it, and mail it in.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, Toronto, Ontario

I have pinned \$3.00 to this coupon. Please send me MACLEAN'S for one year.

Name

Address

fence and hedges and well-established trees.

There still remains to be built the one building which should have first been erected, the commercial, amusement, and community centre of this important town. Plans have been prepared, estimates have been obtained, and the money is available. From the appropriation of \$12,000,000,000 set aside for the creation of Yorkship Village, there will be turned back many hundreds of thousands of dollars; and while it may be that the instructions from Congress to the Emergency Fleet Corporation, to retire from the real-estate business, may prevent the erection of that building under Government auspices, sooner or later a way must be found to provide for its erection.

Let us hope that those in authority may not lose the picture of this as an outpost in our industrial defense, and count this potential community a mere group of houses to be disposed of to the highest bidder, and thus throw away a great opportunity to show the country what an industrial community should be.

The theory of the Yorkship town plan is that the amusement and commercial features of the village should be concentrated on the Public Square, and that therefore all roads should lead directly there or to the shipyards. These elemental considerations, together with the contours and geographical limits of the town, were responsible for the street plan of the village.

What plan shall be adopted for the future of the Village? It has been decreed that all Government housing must be sold. This plan cannot be sold piecemeal. The usual rules for the disposal of real estate will not be applicable here. The integrity of Yorkship Village must be maintained. Congress does not direct how the houses shall be sold, or to whom.

There are two plans for the sale of Yorkship which are practical and reasonable. One is that it be sold directly to the New York Shipbuilding Corporation, which may then operate it as a company-owned town or in any other fashion it may elect. Or, the Village may be sold directly to a Yorkship Village Company, which will operate it for, and sell it to, its inhabitants—not piecemeal, but as a whole.

With the assistance of Mr. Thomas Adams, Housing Advisor to the Canadian Government, and Mr. Lawson Purdy of New York, we have prepared for the New York Shipbuilding Corporation a plan for partner ownership of the Village, which we hope some day will be realized. It provides in the main that the Government and the Shipbuilding Corporation shall agree to a normal rental value of the town and that its present capital value be determined by working back from this total of rentals at a 12 per cent. basis, and that the difference between the

capital value and the actual expenditure be written off as a war loss.

The plan provides that the Yorkship Village Company shall be a copartnership organization. The tenant will not become the owner in fee of the definite house in which he lives, but the occupancy thereof will be secured to him, at the rental fixed, except for non-payment of rent or acts or defaults of his tending to serious detriment of the property. In lieu of acquiring the deed to a particular house, he pays a given amount of capital into the company. In other words, members of the company collectively own all of the real property of the village. No member will be able to say "This house is mine"; but they all can say "These houses are ours."

The rentals being based at 12 per cent. of the capital value of the property, which is the percentage counted as reasonable among speculative builders in Philadelphia, it is obvious that under proper management each renter will be paying a sufficient amount to pay to the Government 4½ per cent. upon its mortgage and 2 per cent. upon the total face of this sum in amortization of it, together with 5½ per cent. of the capital value of the property for taxes, maintenance and operation, and surplus. How much this surplus will be will depend upon the care which the tenants take of the property, the percentage of vacancies, and the efficiency of the management.

all directions, and there was the general air of prosperity that one had become so familiarized with in Germany. It was apparent at a first glance that here one was really in the midst of the true German element without any of the artificiality which was so obvious in the occupied area.

I was looking for a quiet restaurant where I could take refuge and dine leisurely, as I had plenty of time to spare, when suddenly a policeman came up to me and touching his cap asked if I had a permit to be in Düsseldorf. I replied jokingly that I should not be quite such a fool as to be there without one, and, producing my pass, handed it to him.

The fellow read the paper carefully, then, folding it up again, handed it back to me and, saluting politely, said it was quite in order and walked on. I waited and lit a cigarette, so as to give him time to get well ahead, as people were waiting around to see what was going to happen.

A hundred yards or so farther on I came up with him again; he was talking with three men. As I got abreast of them he stepped towards me quickly, and in an insolent tone, which was in marked contrast with his previous politeness, vociferated that I had no right to be there in uniform.

"You are in Germany now, not England, and you've got to take that off at once," he added, catching hold of the cross-strap of my Sam Browne belt.

With that the men with him came forward, and one of them—a big fellow whose face was positively blazing with hate—poked his finger roughly at my medal ribbons, and shouted:

"And those, too, you cursed Englishman."

In less time than it takes to narrate I found myself surrounded by a yelling, surging mob, men and women; where they all came from so quickly I can't imagine, unless they had been closing round me without my noticing it. Sticks and sunshades were raised threateningly at me, and I had the unpleasant feeling that at any moment I might get a smash on the head from behind.

In the best German I could muster, and assuming a coolness which I certainly did not feel, I explained I was only in Düsseldorf for a short visit and was returning to Cologne that evening, then I elbowed myself some space, lit another cigarette, and forced my way roughly through the crowd which, strangely enough, made no attempt to stop me.

An excited discussion ensued as to what they ought to do with me, but I did not wait to hear it out. I had noticed there was a restaurant round the corner a short distance away, so without undue haste, as I felt I was being followed, I made my way to it and decided it was advisable not to show myself in the street again until it was time to go to the railway station. I wasn't taking any more chances—I did not want to return to Cologne on a stretcher in an ambulance wagon if I could help it.

I had just finished dinner when the waiter came and told me the taxi I had ordered had arrived. It was drawn up on the opposite side of the street, which was almost deserted. For a few moments the driver had some trouble in starting the engine, and I had visions of missing my train. As we at last got away I heard the sound of a shrill whistle. Glancing back I saw several men coming round the corner running in our direction then a handful of gravel rattled against the back of the car.

It was no great distance to the station, but we had to cross several big thoroughfares which were ablaze with light and thronged with people, so it was with no slight relief that I at last found myself on the platform away from the crowd.

Right as was the incident, I cannot help thinking that it was indicative of the sentiment of hatred of the Englishman that underlies the thin veneer of Hun obsequiousness in the occupied area, and which will stimulate the nation to carry on the commercial war by any means—fair or foul.

Watch for the Next Issue of MacLean's on February 15th

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE is now launched on a new phase of its career as a semi-monthly and readers will have to wait only two weeks for the next issue. It will be out on February 15th and the editors say that in many respects it will be the best number of MACLEAN'S ever printed. In addition to the supreme interest of its contents the next number will appear in a new typographical dress.

The following are a few of the features that will be found in February 15th:

The Grave Drug Menace

By EMILY F. MURPHY

The first of a series of sensational, but authoritative articles on the growth of the drug habit in Canada. Mrs. Murphy, who is police magistrate in Edmonton, is in a position to tell the whole story of this insidious evil and to point out the steps that must be taken to check it.

The Mantle of Elijah

By J. L. RUTLEDGE

The story of Ernest Lapointe, M.P. for Kamouraska, who is regarded as the certain leader of the Quebec wing of the Liberal party—how he made his entry into politics and the steps by which he has since risen to a position of leadership. It is a fascinating piece of political history.

The Land of Nanabijou

By CHARLES CHRISTOPHER JENKINS

There is a tremendous tract of land in Canada of unlimited agricultural possibilities that for some strange reason, has been practically overlooked by Canadians. It is the land of promise for the future, perhaps some day it will be the market basket of Canada. Mr. Jenkins tells all about this great country.

The Story of the Allens

By FLOYD S. CHALMERS

A few years ago Jule and Jay J. Allen ran a little movie theatre in Brantford, Ontario. To-day they own or control costly theatres from one coast to the other in both Canada and the United States, valued at \$20,000,000. They have become the biggest exhibitors and distributors of moving pictures in the world. The story of how they accomplished this miracle is clearly and interestingly told by Mr. Chalmers.

The Blood Brother

By W. A. FRASER

A virile, gripping tale of the northern mining country by this master of the short story whose "Bulldog Carney" stories were so popular with readers of MACLEAN'S last year.

The Diamond Hunters

By HENRY P. HOLT

A story of adventure that involves two Canadian seamen in a search for diamonds in the South Seas. Two generous instalments of "The Thread of Flame" and "Spanish Doubloons" will appear.

Just Two Weeks to Wait

February 15th issue will be for sale all over Canada on February 15th

Germany Quickly Recovering

Industrial Activity is Very Marked—Incident Showing How Hatred of the British Grows Since the War

THAT Germany will in a short space of time arise, Phoenixlike, from the ashes of her past commercial greatness and again occupy her former place among the big industrial nations of the world is the opinion expressed by Julius M. Price in the *Fortnightly Review*. Mr. Price's opinion is formed from experiences gained in important industrial centres in the occupied district. Incidentally he gives us an interesting insight on the hatred with which the British are regarded by the Germans:

The German, he says, has always given me the impression of liking work, and liking it for its own sake—whereas the British workman only appears to work because he is actually forced to for his livelihood: downing his tools on the very stroke of the hour and leaving off on the slightest pretext.

This was particularly brought home to me during my recent visit to Cologne and the zone occupied by the British Army of the Rhine. Everywhere I went I was deeply impressed by the spectacle of a people working with feverish energy and the evident determination to make up for the lost time of the past five years.

One has not to be long in Germany to realize that she is very far from being crushed, or even unduly humiliated, by the military disasters which were supposed to have overwhelmed her.

Perhaps the most noticeable characteristic of the present state of affairs is the manner in which it is borne home to you—and the fact that it is only gradually that you realize it. There is no trumpeting of German vitality. On the contrary

When, for instance, one asks a manufacturer or shopkeeper how *das Geschäft* is going in nine cases out of ten he will shrug his shoulders and tersely admit that things might be worse, though he generally does so with an air of apologetic condescension that is very irritating, giving the impression of a condescending man who knows his strength as well that he does not deem it necessary to rest it on it when holding converse with anyone

who is obviously not so well favored by Providence.

What invariably strikes one immediately on crossing the frontier into Germany is the quite extraordinary number of factory chimneys one sees everywhere. They seem to be as plentiful as windmills in Holland.

Every village and every town I motored through appeared to have some local industry that calls for a factory, and all of these, so far as I could judge from outward appearances, were hard at work, and there was an atmosphere of well-being which was positively disconcerting when one recalled how the Germans have been whining over the misery and dearth of everything brought about by the blockade. It has not, apparently, taken long to get over some at least of its more immediate effects.

Of slackness I saw no sign anywhere. One experienced the feeling of being in a veritable hive of industry, and from all this activity there can be but one deduction—it must perforce tend to hasten the day when Germany will again become a formidable opponent in the arena of the world's commerce, and more especially with regard to Great Britain—even if, as has been suggested, she has to recover her trade with us through roundabout and indirect sources. I noted unmistakable indications of this renaissance enterprise everywhere in the occupied area.

The German is unquestionably a past-master in the art of make-believe, but there was no necessity for anything of the sort here, it was only too evident that everything was going well.

There are no out-of-work doles in Germany, I believe, so all this well-being can only have been brought about by those smoking factory chimneys that disfigure the countryside everywhere around the city.

It did not take long to realize that it was impossible to form any true conception of the real state of affairs in Germany from what we saw in the occupied area. As might be expected from so servile a race as the Huns, the presence of the Allied troops had engendered an obsequiousness that was most nauseating at times. Everywhere were fawning and cringing that got on one's nerves. You felt that it

was only the thinnest of veneer and that the true nature of the beast was about as near the surface as it could safely be.

Outside the Allied zone, however, was a very different matter, and in certain places you were "asking for trouble" if you ventured only a short distance beyond the line of demarcation. This was impressed upon me by a somewhat exciting experience I had in Düsseldorf which is perhaps worth recounting.

To go anywhere outside the line of Allied posts meant obtaining a special pass from the British Permit Officer and getting it "allowed" by the German authorities, who had a bureau in Cologne. No "objection" was made to my going, and I was given a type-written note to that effect to take to the Teuton official.

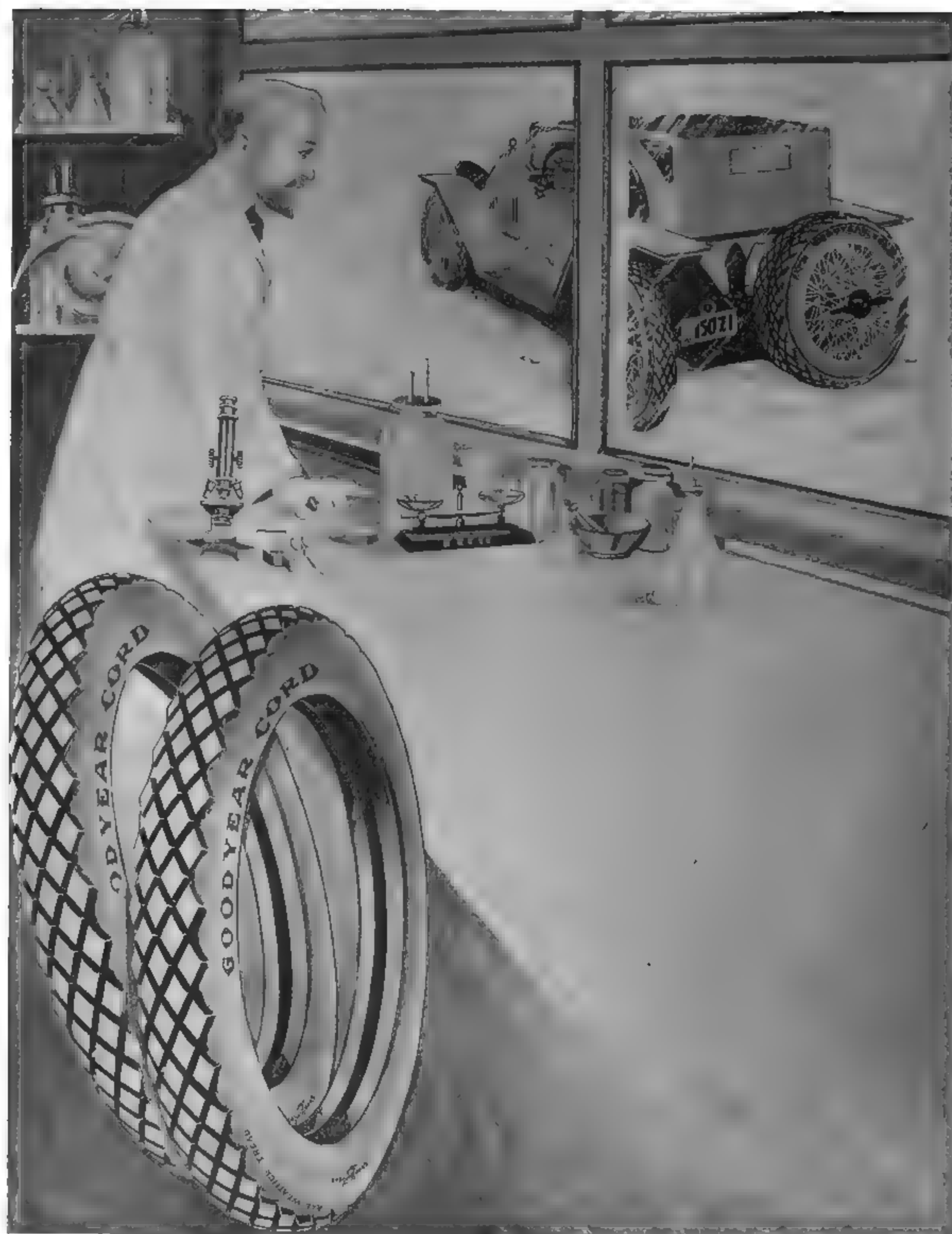
Almost needless to add that this gentleman was courteous personified, and I was not kept waiting longer than it took to make out and stamp the document which would enable me to cross the boundary-line into unoccupied Germany.

The British stamp had now to be added, and I was then free to leave. I may mention that I was strongly advised not to go in uniform if I could possibly help it, but this was unavoidable, as I had not muffin with me, and, as will be seen, it was on this point that the incident I am relating came about.

Ten minutes brought me to the outlying British pocket where my permit was carefully scrutinized before I was allowed to proceed. It was evidently as difficult to get out of the occupied zone as it was to get into it.

Before I had got a couple of hundred yards from the British I had the uncanny sensation of being alone in hostile country. There was no mistaking the malevolent glances I received from the rough-looking working men I met and I realized the mistake I had made in coming in uniform.

In the village a big crowd gathered; I was the butt of many pointed remarks before the car started, and those cent upon the whole way to Düsseldorf. Düsseldorf looked its best that fine afternoon, well-dressed people thronged the pavements, big cars dashed by in



Science Cannot Improve This Tread

Research, tests, experiments, consuming years of toil and enormous outlay, have failed to develop a better tire tread than the Goodyear All-Weather Tread. Under this tread, science has made wonderful tire improvements. Each year Goodyear Tires have been giving greater mileage and lower costs.

To-day you can buy the crowning Goodyear achievement---the Goodyear Cord Tire.

But you buy it with the Goodyear All-Weather Tread, Because All-Weather Tires

are All-Wheel Tires. This is the finest tread man can build. It rides smoothly and steers easily.

Rugged blocks of tough rubber each offer four sharp edges to the slippery road. These blocks are scientifically arranged. Your car climbs out of ruts and crosses icy car tracks as on a dry day.

With Goodyear All-Weather Tread Tires on all five rims, the appearance of your car is always balanced, no matter what tire change you make. Front wheel skids (the more dangerous) are eliminated.



Right now your car especially needs protection against winter roads. See a Goodyear Service Station Dealer.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited

GOODYEAR
MADE IN CANADA

IN THE INTEREST
OF YOUR SKIN USEBABY'S
OWN SOAPIt's flower fragrant,
healing lather has
pleased four genera-
tions of Canadians.

GILBERT'S Soap Co. Ltd. 1007 - Montreal

Preferred
Stocks Paying
7% to 8%Well secured issues of
strong Canadian Indus-
trial Companies that
help the investor's in-
come to meet today's
demands upon it.Circulars concerning four
such issues sent on request.

GREENSHIELDS & CO.

Members Montreal Stock Exchange
Incorporated in Canada. Head Office
MONTREAL TORONTO OTTAWA

Steel Leader Plans Labor Rule

Foster, the Man Who Directed Pittsburgh Strike, is a Direct Action Advocate—
—Less Radical Now Than Formerly

THE man who organized and directed the big steel strike in the United States, William Z. Foster, is an outstanding figure in many ways. He is a sinister figure in that he is a professed syndicalist and a believer in the right of labor to take over the absolute control of all industry. That violence would be involved in the operation does not worry him. He believes that a certain amount of bloodshed will be inevitable, at least, he held this view some years ago, when he published a book, "Syndicalism," and quite openly professed that idea. Foster is one of the strongest men in the American Federation of Labor, which body stands for the gaining of labor objectives by constitutional methods, but he makes it clear that he joined with the object of directing the policy of that organization along the lines that he favors.

Nevertheless, writes Martin Green to the New York Evening World, from Pittsburgh, Foster is a power to be reckoned with now, if not hereafter. Not long since he was an avowed I. W. W., an enemy of the American Federation of Labor, and entirely out of sympathy with the slow-moving methods of that organization. At this writing, according to labor leaders, he is next to Samuel Gompers, the most potent influence in the American Federation of Labor, where he has popped up with the effect of a submarine popping up in the midst of a convoy in mid Atlantic during the war. Foster, we are told, has from the beginning directed the strike from a little room in the Magee Building in Pittsburgh. He has no private office. The room is equipped with a typewriter, a machine desk and a table and a few chairs. The place is as open as a frankfurter stand at Coney Island. Foster meets all comers. He talks freely with his lieutenants in the hearing of newspaper correspondents, for some of whom he has high personal regard, although he has no regard whatever for the press as an institution. He talks over the long distance telephone to his associates in Chicago, Youngstown, Johnstown and other steel mill centres, and with aides in Washington, and then, to make clear to those who have heard his conversation just what it was all about, he tells what the fellow on the other end of the line told him. He is a slim man about five feet nine inches tall, a typical Western rail-roader. His hands show that he has worked hard in his time and he must be under forty. He has a good head, small ears, keen, clear eyes, the jaw and chin of a leader of men, a small mouth with thin lips and the most leisurely way of doing things. His smile is quite engaging, although when he smiles he shows only a strong, quite even upper teeth. His cheeks dangle a bit at such times and the outer corners of his eye wrinkle, but he is not much given to smiling. In the course of a day he gets away with a terrific amount of work. He is the ideal executive in that he generally confines himself to direction, but he does take upon himself some minor tasks which indicate that there have been times when he found that leaving some duties to others was not the best policy for Foster. For instance, he takes all the money that comes in to the bank in person. He has some system of bookkeeping which involves scribbling on loose sheets of paper which he drops in to drawers of his desk. When he gets down to it he keeps two stenographers busy, but he will knock off in the middle of a dictation to talk with visitors about the

strike and what he professes to be trying to do.

Foster does not deny that he entered the American Federation of Labor for the purpose of fastening his ideas upon the organization. But he insists, and it is admitted, that in all his operations since then he has scrupulously followed the rules of the Federation in respect to organization and management. On the Senate grill Foster reluctantly repudiated in a sort of way much of the extremely radical doctrine which fired his mind a few years ago. He has become "possibly a little less impatient, a little less extreme, possibly an advocate of the system of unionism as we find it in America and England." Although self-educated and "raised in the dumps," he is said to have a wide vocabulary and to possess an astonishing command of correct English when he wants to use it. He says he is a railroad man by training that he has also been a street car worker and has organized carmen's unions in the West. It has been quite impossible for the newspaper correspondents to get him to detail his activities since he became convinced that the only way to reach his goal is to educate conservative organized labor to think along his lines by getting right into the midst of it and spreading his propaganda from the inside out. It is known, however, that in 1910 Foster was a reporter for the Seattle Call, a Socialist paper, and that he shortly afterward became identified with the Industrial Workers of the World, for whom he went to Europe as an accredited representative just before the war. Touring France, Germany and Austria-Hungary, he sent back contributions to Solidarity, the I. W. W. organ. It was during a labor meeting in Budapest that Foster attacked the credentials of James Duncan, first vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, and sought to make it appear that the I. W. W. was the leading labor organization of America. Foster is credited with having introduced the resolution at the Federation of Labor convention in St. Paul last year calling for organization of the steel workers. He says he first at-

tracted attention by organizing the labor, unskilled and skilled, in the stockyards and packing houses of Chicago and Kansas City, "without a strike or disturbance of any kind."

That job of organization completed, an A. F. of L. meeting was held in Chicago to discuss the idea of organizing the steel workers. Samuel Gompers was present and was made head of the committee to direct the work. John J. Fitzpatrick, already prominent as a Chicago labor leader, was made vice chairman, and Foster, slightly known in A. F. of L. circles at that time, was made secretary and treasurer. Then Gompers went abroad and ceased to have any active connection with the movement. Fitzpatrick became chairman and Foster was continued in his dual office, most of the work gradually drifting to him.

He found that in the rolling mills and blast furnaces there are at work in various capacities outside the actual manufacture of steel, tens of thousands of various unions affiliated with the A. F. of L., such as carpenters, machinists, painters, electricians and general mechanics engaged in keeping up the plants and the machinery. These men, with the consent of their locals in Pittsburgh and other steel towns, were working in open shops. The steel companies have never discriminated against union men, but have never recognized a union as yet. The master organizer did not bother with these union men. He went in and organized, practically solidly, the foreign manual labor element. The job took almost a year. They entered the organization because they were led to believe that if they did not join, their wages would be cut as soon as peace was declared, and if they did join they would help the big revolution which is to turn all industry over to the working man. They were particularly ripe for the organizer, for probably sixty per cent of them had planned to go back to the r homes in Europe, where they are the proletariat in power. But if the proletariat is to come into power in the United States, why not remain here?"

Hill Tribe Fought for Allies

Cause of the Entente Upheld by Members of an Ancient Race—
in the Heart of Turkey.

AN unusual story is told in *Maclean's Magazine* of how a small remnant of an ancient race, the Assyrians, living in Asia Minor, fought for the Allied cause throughout the war. It is a romantic story and the glamor of it is enhanced by the fact that the Assyrian race, although geographically extinct, is still represented by small bands of pure type in various quarters of the globe. The survival of the Assyrian is a romance in itself. The article in question reads:

The Lady Surma, an Assyrian who looks like a portrait from the sculptures of ruined Nineveh or Babylon, is now visiting France and England, and is to come to America in an effort to interest us in the remnant of her homeless people, who have taken refuge in Persia. For three or four centuries her ancestors have been spiritual and temporal rulers of a Christian tribe dwelling near Van among the mountains of Armenia. When Turkey entered the war the Vali of Van sent for the Lady Surma's brother, Mir Shuman, who was Patriarch, and promised him much if he would support the Sultan. After two months' discussion the Assyrians replied

"You have called a jihad—a war against all Christians. There is only one thing for us to do. We throw in our lot with the Entente."

They had arms of a sort, and warfare was waged against the Turks and Kurds, but a few months later their ammunition gave out, and they were driven from their villages up into the mountains, "where they had little food and less salt," as Lady Surma tells it. Mir Shuman, the Patriarch, taking two servants, made his way at night through the Turkish lines to the commander of a Russian force, to beg for help, but in vain. Then the Turks sent him a message, saying:

"Your brother is in our hands in Constantinople. Surrender and save him."

"My brother is one man," the Patriarch replied. "My people are my children. I cannot do it."

Finally the refugees, in scattered bands, fled into Persia where many of them died of typhus and cholera, despite help from the American Red Cross.

Then came the Russian revolution, and the Muscovite troops, who had kept some kind of order amid the anarchy of Northern Persia, went home, leaving the tribesmen to their fate. Mir Shuman tried to parley for

peace with a Kurdish chief whose followers had harried the Assyrians, but he was shot down at the chief's door. Seeing no prospect of help, the refugees resolved to defend their lives to the last, when one day an airplane flew over their encampment. Thinking it an enemy they fired at it, but as it circled lower and lower they saw the British colors, and when the young pilot landed they rushed to him and kissed his hands. He told them where the British forces were—three weeks' journey away, at Hamadan—and a new trek began.

The Assyrians are still in Persia, at Hamadan, but they are anxious to return to their own valleys once more, and the Lady Surma is pleading their cause.

The great Christological controversy of the Early Church are unexpectedly brought home to us by this appearance in Europe of a woman pleading for her brethren of the Assyrian Church.

From time to time during the war, vestpatches telling of outrages perpetrated on the Assyrians caused a considerable confusion in the minds of many readers, who thought the Assyrians had passed away centuries ago with the fall of their capital, Nineveh, before the rising power of the Babylonians, about 600 B.C. The name Assyrian in this instance however is not a racial, but an ecclesiastical designation. In early Christian days the

Church of Syria was torn by controversy on the subtle question of the nature of Christ—the divine and the human—and whether their union in His person was one of operation or of substance. Nestor, one of the leaders in the controversy was a Syrian monk who became Patriarch of Constantinople and was finally exiled as a heretic. It was only a few years ago that a Syriac copy nearly a thousand years old of his great "Apologia" was discovered and printed.

The Syrian Church split up into the East Syrian or Assyrian, and the West Syrian. To the West Syrian belonged the Maronites, who are in communion with the Church of Rome, to the Assyrian the Chaldeans, who are followers of Nestorius, and who dwell before the war in the valleys of Van, Mosul, and Bagdad. The members of both branches are of the same race, have the same liturgical language, and observe a similar ritual.

During the Middle Ages the Assyrians spread in small communities into Persia, India, and Tibet, and traces of them have been found as far away as Vladivostok. Their Patriarch lived in Bagdad and enjoyed high favor with the Arab califs, but under the Turks they have been persecuted and scattered to the ends of the earth. Wherever they have gone they have taken with them their creed and their language and have always kept in touch with the home tribes of Armenia and Mesopotamia.

Woman Made Millions in Oil

A Strange Obsession on Her Part Led to Discovery of Texas Fields.

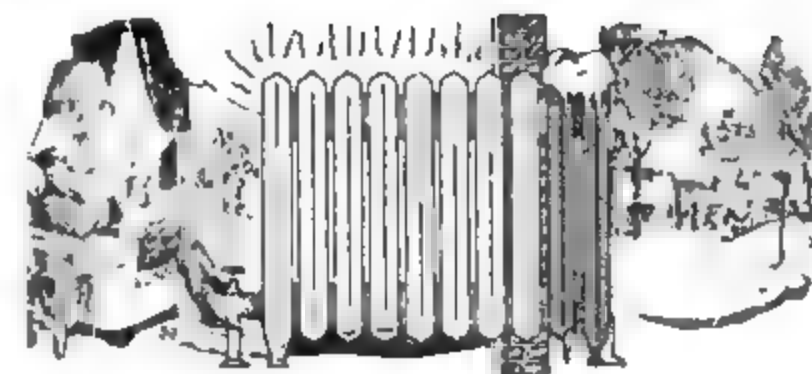
HERE is a story from *Collier's Weekly* of a woman who brought millions to herself and her husband and undreamed of wealth to her neighbors because of a dream. Mrs. H. L. Fowler the woman in question was the actual cause of the great Texas oil boom, and William Havens McWhitt, in telling the story shows how it was a stubborn obsession on her part that led to the great discovery. Fowler had twelve hundred acres of unproductive land near Burkburnett, Texas, and he decided to sell. But his wife wouldn't give her consent. The story goes on:

"She declared they were sitting on oil, and she would not consent to sell or move until a dry hole was bored to prove that she was mistaken. There were some fairly nearby shallow wells with a very small production to give a tinge of color to her foolish idea, but the ground immediately adjacent to the Fowler farm and the Burkburnett townsite had been tested and found dry. There were dry holes to the north and south of them. Geological sharps who had been to college and wore beards and got money for what they knew about places where oil may be found, had been over the ground and had unanimously condemned it. Mr. Fowler told her as that, and she said she didn't care, she knew there was oil on the place, and she would not move until he had sunk a well. She was one lovely woman standing out against scientific proof, drought, hard times, her neighbors, and even her own husband—but she stood firm. So in order to get away from where he could no longer live, Fowler had to drill a well in search of oil. Everyone knew was not there. In order to drill, the well he had to raise \$12,000 in the burned up town of Burkburnett. Getting that money in that town at that time and for that purpose was equivalent to the task of sowing beans to soldiers as a furough usury. None of his friends who sought in on the company did so with any real expectation of ever getting a return from the investment. It was a case of Fowler being a good neighbor who just had to drill a well in order to square

himself with his wife and move to where he could make a living and his friends came across with one- and two-hundred dollar contributions just to help him out of his difficulty.

"Finally the money was raised and the machinery for drilling was ordered. In a desolate sand lot back of the house Fowler paced a stake indicating where the well was to be dug. I was told in Burkburnett that a man hauling material for the derrick drove into the lot and found the going heavy. Instead of driving his team to where Fowler had set the stake he pulled up the stake and reset it where his team happened to be. A well in one spot would be just as dry as a well in another spot and changing the location of the stake saved the horses a hard pull. When shooting at the moon with a shotgun a man's aim does not matter much, because he is not going to hit the moon anyway, so what's the odds? In June of last year the rig was up and the dreary greasy process of hopeless drilling began. The project was commonly referred to as 'Fowler's Fly.' Big oil companies have scouts who keep a close watch on any well that is considered to have as much as a thousand to one chance of coming in because the advent of a gusher may mean a difference of millions of dollars in the value of immediately adjacent property and in such a case he buys best who buys ahead of the news, but no scout watched his time watching Fowler's Fly. The whang and grind of drilling went on for over a month unwatched by any save the crew and the Fowler family. On the 24th of July at 1:00 P.M. they reached a sand that looked promising but those who examined it said that it could not be good because it was not found at the right depth. However the well was bored and preparation was made to give the sand a thorough test.

"Early on Sunday morning July 26 the crew man who was left watching the well came running to the Fowler home with the news. Fowler's Fly had come in during the night and was flowing like a young river. It had filled the two prepared tanks to their combined 1,200-barrel capacity and was washing down the cotton rows. Santa Claus had reversed both his



Are your radiators 20% lazy?

coils that won't heat up
might as well be out of doors

AIR and water keep steam from making a radiator 100% hot. Get these noisy trouble-makers out and the steam will do its work quickly, silently, economically. Then, and only then, will you get full service from your radiators and your investments in radiators and full value in heating comfort from your coal.

The best architects and builders recommend the use of the Dunham Radiator Trap which silently returns the air and water to the cellar or boiler room through a separate small pipe. Steam cannot pass through the Dunham Trap. It is held tightly within the radiator, there to give up all its heat.

The Dunham Radiator Trap works automatically; never needs adjustment. It has been standard equipment for nearly fifteen years. Insist that your architect specify it—see that your builder uses it and none other. It can be applied to existing steam heating systems.



Write to us for a complete description of your system, including problem and nature of remedy. Dunham Service Station.

DUNHAM
HEATING SERVICE

G. A. DUNHAM COMPANY, LTD., TORONTO, ONTARIO

Stations	Vancouver	Winnipeg
Calgary	Montreal	Calgary
London 44 Regent House Regent Street W. 1		

MONEY

That's the crying need. You can earn more by representing MACLEAN'S and FARMERS' magazines.

Our new plan is proving a real subscription-getter and money-maker for scores of active, ambitious young men, or women. For full particulars of the plan just fill in the coupon and mail it right now!

Dept. BB, MacLean Pub. Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Please send me particulars re your money-making plans.

Name _____

Address _____

Genuine
DIAMONDS
ON APPROVAL
\$2 A MONTH

Here is a genuine price for diamonds. One week at our expense. Examine them under all conditions. Then don't buy unless we save you from 10% to 25% off the retail price. We will refund you the balance of the price. We can give you best values in Canada.

OPEN A CHARGE ACCOUNT Those who wish to may pay as low as \$2 a month. No notes or interest. Small deposits with order. Balance as desired. All Charge Accounts guaranteed. No cash to be paid. Increase your guarantee. Diamonds purchased in this way may be exchanged any time at a 7% increase.

CATALOG FREE Answer or quote card for us. We will send you a catalog of our diamonds. Catalogs of diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, pearls, and other gemstones. Also a list of our diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, pearls, and other gemstones. Also a list of our diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, pearls, and other gemstones.

MUSIC TAUGHT FREE

By the Oldest and Most Reliable School of Music in America. Established 1896. Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc.

The only school where music is taught free. We will teach you to play any instrument you wish. We will teach you to play any instrument you wish. We will teach you to play any instrument you wish.

For a full and complete description of our course, and a list of our teachers, send us your name and address. We will send you a full and complete description of our course, and a list of our teachers. We will send you a full and complete description of our course, and a list of our teachers.

Burroughs

Burroughs Adding Machine of Canada, Limited Windsor, Ont.
Adding Machines



Taylor Bros. (Hamilton, Ont.) are manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers, but all the details of their accounting including costs questions, are handled by a young woman and a Burroughs.

A World of Detail

No trouble at all

A Canadian business man tells how he found, and got rid of, hidden losses that had been taking money out of his profits

By F. A. TAYLOR
of Taylor Bros., Cutlery, Hamilton, Ont.

"The net of our story was that we were earning profits we didn't get.

"We had good volume, which was growing all the time. But larger gross receipts aren't much encouragement when the net is falling off.

"Study of every department only proved that we ought to be making more money. Plainly we needed detailed figures on costs and operation. We didn't see how we could stand the expense of a cost system—one that would go far enough to do us any good and then we heard about the Burroughs way of handling figures with a machine. We had never thought our business was big enough for that; and were a little surprised to find there was a Burroughs that would give us what we wanted without any addition to the payroll.

"Our office girl and a Burroughs were put on our costs—and with that information it was no trick at all to locate the weak spots, increase production in

some lines and curtail it in others, cut costs in several departments where we were astounded to find that we had been losing money.

"That one Burroughs machine—and we wonder how we ever got along without it—does all the figure-work of our business. We never made a better investment."

The A B C of Business

The standard Burroughs line embraces machines for Adding, for Bookkeeping and for Calculating—among them a model which will fit into any business, large or small, and repay its cost in the savings of a few months.

Burroughs offices are maintained in many Canadian cities—St. John's, Nfld.; Halifax, N. S.; St. John, N. B.; Quebec and Montreal, P. Q.; Ottawa, Toronto and Hamilton, Ont.; Winnipeg, Man.; Regina and Saskatoon, Sask.; Calgary and Edmonton, Alta.; Vancouver and Victoria, B. C.

Burroughs Adding Machine of Canada, Limited Windsor, Ont.

Burroughs

Adding — Bookkeeping — Calculating Machines

GRASP THIS HAND

A helping hand is within your reach. You have often thought you would like to get a better position. Improve the one you have, or change your work. You want to earn more money. The only way to do it is to prepare yourself for the first opportunity to take a higher position or get the training required for a new occupation.

The Shaw Correspondence School

Offers a helping hand to any young man or woman who wants to learn how to get up higher in business and to make more money. Take one of our courses of instruction in whatever line appeals to you. There are great chances for success in Chartered Accounting, Factory Accounting, Insurance, Art, Illustrating, Ad-Writing, etc. Graduates have made successful records. A Shaw Correspondence School diploma is recognized as a first-class qualification. Write us for full particulars. Fill in and

MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

Shaw Correspondence School
383 Yonge Street, Toronto (M)

Higher Accounting
Chartered Accounting
Cost Accounting
Commercial
Stenography
Salesmanship
Show Card Writing

Photography
Art Illustrating
Designing
Fashion Drawing
Story Writing
Journalism
Advertising

Please mail me full particulars concerning the course, or courses, I have underlined.

Name _____
Home Address _____
Business Address _____
City _____ Prov. _____ Telephone _____

The Pen with the Magic Button

Don't blame your dealer if he cannot supply you at the present time with

"A. A." Fountain Pens

For years they have been steadily growing in popularity. This is due to their universally conceded merit.

At the present time there is such a tremendous demand for A.A. Pens that although we have recently increased our production facilities we cannot fill all of our orders as promptly as we would like to. But be patient, in the near future your dealer will be able to supply you.

MODERN PEN COMPANY
179 Broadway, New York City, U. S. A.

The Great Search at Halifax

How Bernstorff's Ship and Party Were Thoroughly Overhauled Before Proceeding to Germany

AN interesting and amusing story is told in *Blackwood's* by Rear Admiral Boyle Somerville of the methods employed to prevent the carrying of contraband and secret documents by the party of von Bernstorff after the Hun Ambassador had been given his passports by the United States Government. He calls it "The Great Search," and tells in considerable detail what happened when the *Fredrik VIII* was taken into Halifax harbor. As an evidence of the thoroughness with which certain of the less spectacular phases of war are carried out, this article is an eye-opener. He writes, in part:

It was arranged between the Governments concerned that if, on her passage to Europe, the vessel put in at Halifax, Nova Scotia, for search, she should be allowed free passage through the Allied blockade on reaching European waters, and that the "right of visit and search" on the high seas should be foregone, so that she could proceed direct to Copenhagen, her destination.

It was further arranged that sacks of diplomatic documents from Allied or neutral embassies could be carried, if they were registered and sealed at the British Embassy at Washington, and if the diplomatic messengers in charge of them received on their passports a special "visa" from our Ambassador. With the exception of these diplomatic "sacks," it was announced that every part of the great ship, every piece of luggage, every article of cargo, and every single person conveyed in her, including the crew, was liable to search.

All, all—except Count Bernstorff himself, that Sacred Ambassador; and he would be immune only if he would give (as he did give) a signed undertaking that he was not carrying on his Sacred Person documents, or, indeed, anything, either within or without it, except the clothes that covered it.

The harbor of Halifax is, in shape, long and narrow, and fairly straight. On approaching from seaward, you pass up between gradually narrowing shores, fairly high on both hands, and reach the harbor proper, after making a bend round the tail of a small sleet that divides the inner from the outer part. Here within, are the town wharves, the naval dockyard, the man-of-war anchorage, and the dry dock.

Steaming straight on past them, you come to a Narrows, a couple of hundred yards wide, and on passing through it, you find you are entering on a magnificent sheet of land-locked water, deep and still, bordered with forest, and with only a few signs of human possession—Bedford Basin.

This basin was arranged to be the searching place for the *Fredrik VIII*: partly in order that the very considerable daily traffic in the harbor, both of men-of-war and merchant vessels, should not be impeded by the presence of yet another large hull, swinging round its anchor, and partly because it was very undesirable that the alien enemies conveyed in the ship, well provided as they were with eyes, prism binoculars and cameras, should thus be enabled to make a fairly leisurely study of the defences of the port, or of the arrivals and sailings (particularly of transports), that might take place during their stay in its waters.

In order to obviate, indeed, even a passing glimpse of the fortified scenery, while en route to Bedford Basin, it was stipulated and arranged before the *Fredrik VIII* left New York that she was to arrive off Halifax not earlier than 7 p.m., and thus should pass through the harbor during complete

darkness—for it was February, and there was no moon at the time. A special pilot was sent by rail from Halifax to New York to join the ship there—to make the passage in her, and to bring her straight into the harbor and on into Bedford Basin without any delay.

In spite of these precautions and of the orders, twice repeated, for the night entry, given at New York to the (Danish) captain of the *Fredrik VIII*, the vessel arrived at 9 a.m., in full daylight, and, before anything could be done to prevent it, she had come most of the way up the harbor before being turned back by the patrol vessel and given orders to wait outside until the evening.

By this means, two excellent, if fleeting views were obtained by the passengers of the defences—once on entering and once on leaving; but as all cameras and films were relentlessly collected by us later on, no permanent record remained with them to support and embellish mental impressions, and probably little advantage was derived from this characteristic outpouring of German war funds on behalf of "Intelligence."

The Great Search began at seven o'clock on the following morning. According to international law, the right of visit and search of neutral merchant vessels in war-time by belligerents, may alone be exercised by the armed naval forces of the crown or republic, and, until the late war, on the high seas only.

It is thus illegal for a civilian, or even a civilian Department of State, to undertake such a search, and if searches were still to be made on the high seas (more especially if the sea were high), one wonders what the sentiments would be of any civilian department confronted with such a duty!

The size of modern vessels, often thirty to fifty times that of the ships of the Good Old Days, the quantity and complexity of their cargoes, the vast variety of stow-holes and "pockets," outside the legitimate holds, suitable for the conveyance of contraband, the armies of individuals they can and do carry, each one of them a possible contrabandista, have combined to render search on the high seas in these days a mere futility, and, for the mutual convenience of both hunter and prey (since escape is impossible), the operation usually takes place in harbor.

The nice point arises, however, when a vessel is brought for search into a port such as Halifax, where the government is "Dominion" and has no naval forces of its own available for the purpose, as to how far taking its stand on the sovereignty of the three-mile limit, that domination can be exercised. Who was to conduct and be in charge of the visit and search on this occasion—the British navy or the Canadian Government? The point was so nice that nothing was done to interfere with or to spoil its niceness.

A multitude (whom no man could number, as it varied from day to day), somewhere in the region of 200 officials, male and female, was sent out or lent (one never knew which) by the Canadian Government to "assist" in the search.

It will be realized that the simple sailor was, no doubt, entirely unfitted to deal with such matters as censorship of letters (in many languages), or, still more, with the laying bare of the secrets of the female Hun, of whom, in this case, considerable numbers existed. It would have spoilt his simplicity. Thus, in these two matters of languages and ladies alone, the expert and the female expert were both required, thoroughly to deal with the situation.

Besides these, sent by the Canadian postoffice and customs, respectively, were many from the police and immi-

gration departments, the latter being especially skilled in wrong 'uns and their passports.

A search of the most penetrating nature was thus possible, and very soon after it began the obviousness of its character as a naval affair forced itself to the front, for several excellent reasons.

A large passenger steamer, such as the *Fredrik VIII*, is, as everyone who has travelled by water knows, an amazing warren of passages, with ladder ways, gangways, doors, skylights and hatches leading to decks, saloons, cabins and other compartments.

Not only had the person of each inhabitant of the ship (about 820 in number, including the crew,) to be examined in turn, but also the cabin and part of the ship he or she inhabited; and, as soon as the personal search was over, those who had been "gone through" (to put it vulgarly) could not be permitted to mingle with those who had not.

Similarly, access could not be granted to the great unsearched to cabins and places already scrutinized. Contraband letters, etc., would instantly have found their way into them, and the work would have been all to do again. Also, it was quite impossible to "do" the whole of the ship and passengers in one day (as a matter of fact, it took ten days), and thus arose the necessity for armed force in the form of sentries by day and by night at every possible point of access to already searched cabins, to ensure the isolation of their occupants. At one time there were forty-eight of such sentries about the ship.

This was the first of the naval reasons that manifested itself, and the second was like unto it.

Almost the first of the orders given to the *Fredrik VIII* stated that no communication of any kind whatever would be permitted between the ship and shore, whether by individuals, by letter or by telegram; and the wireless apparatus was dismantled on her arrival.

Thus was the theory of a "high seas" search maintained, and great was the discomfiture of the newspaper folk in consequence. Some of these had even taken passage in the *Fredrik VIII* from New York, intending to get off at Halifax, and thence return home full of stories. But with the *Fredrik VIII* they sailed full to the brim, yet silent—packages, as it were, of gramophone records—to Europe!

The proper carrying out of this order was ensured by more sentries, posted at every gangway, and by a constant boat-patrol. The latter, it may be said, was greatly assisted (and also circumscribed) by the Arctic conditions of the sea—the thick ice-sheet, seamed by lanes and patches of open water, entirely preventing access either by foot over the ice, or by anything that floated, except the larger-sized steam launches, capable of ice-breaking, with which there could be no secrecy of movement.

A third naval argument was conveyed and intimated by the presence of officers of the *Devonshire*, with detachments of her men under them, at every search (save those, of course, in which the Frauen were involved); as it was realized that the German official, quite properly, would consider the whole operation to be an act of war, and, as such, would resent its being undertaken by a mere civilian in plain clothes.

Practically every officer of the cruiser, of whatever branch, took part in the proceedings, with the Commander in charge. They formed the constant and accepted referees on disputed points, they gave dignity and point to the whole proceeding, and by their presence lent to the search its proper military aspect. Without them, indeed, it would have something re-

Ford

Announcement

Prices effective January 12, 1920

Runabout	\$ 710
Touring	740
Coupe—fully equipped	1050
Sedan—fully equipped	1250
Chassis	675
One-Ton Truck Chassis	750

Prices are f.o.b. Ford, Ont., and do not include War Tax

Electric Starting and Lighting Equipment is supplied on Sedan and Coupe at prices quoted. On Runabout and Touring this equipment is optional at an additional cost of \$100.00, exclusive of War Tax.

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited

Ford, Ontario

Keystone

TRADE MARK



When You Buy An Ivory Brush— STUDY THE BRISTLES

THE health of your scalp, the luxuriance and lustre of your hair depend so much upon your hair brush.

Have you ever used a brush whose bristles were nearly all the same length? How ineffective such brushes are! The bristles fail to reach and stimulate the scalp.

A really good hair brush should have stiff, glossy—not dull—white bristles.

The bristles should vary in length so as to penetrate to the scalp.



KEYSTONE French Ivory and Ebony Brushes are made of the best grades of Russian bristles carefully arranged in the brush, producing perfect penetration. They are made by skilled Canadian mechanics and every brush is absolutely guaranteed. Look for the name "Keystone."

STEVENS-HEPNER COMPANY, Limited
PORT ELGIN - ONTARIO

Classified Advertising

Ten cents per word per month

EDUCATION

INDIVIDUAL TEACHING IN BOOK-keeping, shorthand, civil service, mathematics. Write for free catalogue and particulars. Dominion Business College, 257 College Street, Toronto. J. V. Mitchell, B.A., Principal.

SEORTHAND TAUGHT BY MAIL — Send stamp for free lesson. Shorthand Expert School, 11 John St., New York. (12)

AGENTS—NEW SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY—laboratory finds greatest safety—first invention of the age. Marvellous, chemically treated cloth one rub over rain or snow blurs auto windshield, street car or engine window, and, presto! glass shines off perfectly one rub good 24 hours. Works like magic. Provides safety and comfort. Automobile owners, motorists, engineers, mailmen over this invention. Sells everywhere. Our money makers earning \$50 to \$100 weekly. Secure your rights to territory. Investigate. Write now. Auto Accessories Co., 408 Pines Bldg., Ottawa, Ont. (12)

SHORT STORY MANUSCRIPTS WANTED

EARN \$15.00 WEEKLY SPARE TIME writing for newspapers, magazines, etc. Write for free catalogue and particulars. Send MSS to National Story Magazine, Dept. 100, Washington, D.C. (12)

SHORT STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, ETC., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, 46 Marshall St. (12)

WANTED — STORIES, ARTICLES, Poems for new magazine. We pay on acceptance. Type or handwritten MSS acceptable. Send MSS to National Story Magazine, Dept. 100, Washington, D.C. (12)

WANTED — STORIES, ARTICLES, Poems for new magazine. Cash paid on acceptance. Type or handwritten MSS acceptable. Send MSS to National Story Magazine, 61 Vanderbilt Bldg., N.Y. (12)

STAMMERING

STUTTERING AND STAMMERING cured at home. Instructive booklet free. Walter McDowell, 46 Potomac Bank Bldg., Washington, D.C. (12)

STAMPS AND COINS

STAMPS PACKAGE FREE TO COLLECTORS for two cents postage. Also offer hundred different foreign Catalogues. Write for free catalogue. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto, Canada. (12)

PATENTS AND LEGAL

PATENTERS—PATENT SOLICITORS. Head Office: Royal Bank Building, Toronto. 100 King Street, Ottawa. Offices in other principal cities. (12)

BOOKS

1,000,000 VOLUMES ON EVERY subject. Second-hand and new. Books bought. Catalogue post free. W. & G. Foyle, 115 Charing Cross Road, London, England. (12)

PRIVATE NURSES EARN \$15 TO \$20 A WEEK. Learn without leaving home. Descriptive booklet sent free. Royal College of Science, Dept. 40, Toronto, Can. (12)

BOOKKEEPING COURSE WE HAVE a large and practical. We are working in offices every day. Our system is planned from books in up-to-date offices. It is not a flimsy and is quick to learn. D. C. Smith Audit Co. and Commercial School, Leggett Chambers, Hamilton. (12)

sembled the ordeal of an emigrant steamer in peace time in the clutches of an unusually drastic Customs authority.

Of our assistant searchers, indeed, both male and female, it may be said that their inquisitiveness had its only rival in the X-ray apparatus. With long experience they insisted, for example, on the removal of all "dentures," to see if, between the plate and the roof of the mouth, "twist false and true, there might lie any delicately secreted document. The tongue, we know, may be an unruly member, but the teeth, anyway, might be counted on for retention. In fact, from the crown of the head, including the "taking down" of the most elegant coiffures (whatever may be the German equivalent), to the sole of the foot, they investigated every possibility of the human form as a place of concealment, extending even to false toe-nails laid over the real article.

Hiding-places so reconnoitred would scarcely have occurred to uninitiated seamen; and even in their duties as sentries they were not always so rigid as was necessary under present circumstances. One grand lady who, having been searched, was now being guarded from contact with the others, was, fortunately, caught in time by one of the officers, just succeeding in getting through the cordon. She had first attempted to do so (but unsuccessfully) by cajolery, and then in the best melodramatic manner — "Unhand me, wretch!" — was pushing past a sentry and his fixed bayonet, which the poor man felt could not suitably be used for impaling "a lady." On being stopped by the officer, she attempted tears, and adduced the necessity of going to her starving baby on the (unsearched) deck below. Inquiry then elicited that it had been—of course purposely—arranged by her that she should have her cabin on one deck, her nurse and baby on a second and her husband on a third, thus offering irresistible claims for free passage between them.

It was next found that the "baby" was a well-grown boy of three or four years, and not "starving" at all, and on his being stripped for search, before reunion with his mother, he was found to be a wailing letter-box. *Hinc illas lacrimae!*

But it must be recorded that though none of our victims exhibited any enjoyment in the processes of investigation (in which we may sympathize), there was not usually any rudeness or position offered. The tenor was one rather of injured and outraged innocence, with remarks as to the absurdity of the search, and the important character given to it. One and all, however, were shocked at the irreverence shown towards the holy baggage of the Ambassador, and towards that shrine, his cabin!

Besides providing sentries and boat-patrols, the Devonshire's ship's company were engaged in overhauling every hole and corner of the ship, and in assisting the Carpenter's party in removing panelling in the cabins, opening or piercing mattresses and cushions, searching ventilating shafts (always very fruitful for letters), and going through the many hundreds of lockers and drawers in the ship.

Whilst the deck hands and others were thus employed, practically the whole of the engine-room department of the Devonshire, with their officers, were engaged in the search of the coal bunkers, engines, auxiliary engines, and boilers of the *Fredrik VIII*. The coal was all turned over, the boilers were emptied and examined in turn, and the main engines and auxiliaries moved, so that any documents or other contraband which might have been concealed in them should be destroyed, or rendered illegible.

Even the cold-storage room was emptied of its contents, not unavailingly.

Letters were found in every possible part of the ship, and, together with "dental rubber" in small flat pieces, formed a large proportion of the contraband discovered.

A spare cabin in the *Fredrik VIII* was allotted to the Commander of the

Devonshire to serve as an "office," and occasionally he slept there, when night searches (usually very profligate) were to be undertaken.

One day, it occurred to him to examine this cabin and there, sure enough, in the chest of drawers and elsewhere, confident Huna, thinking that here at least, in the Hunter's very lair, there would be no searching, had hopelessly "posted" the forbidden matter, and had deposited the illicit slabs of rubber.

The Canadian Customs searchers were quite inflexible in their condemnation of everything that could in any way be described as "contraband." Articles found on the persons of the searched, or in their cabins, were collected in separate bags, each labeled with the name of the owner and sent ashore daily to the Customs Office for closer investigation. Everything, on this second overhaul, found to be egally contraband was placed in the Prize Court immediately—a bourse from which no Hun traveler's goods ever returned! and all that was not so disposed of was returned to the ship.

But apart from these easy discoveries of contraband, the ship herself yielded, daily considerable quantities of letters, rubber, cameras, films (including cinematograph), unpermitted amounts of money, in one case some thousands of pounds' worth of notes, and other forbidden articles.

Probably the best "haul" of any however, was what came to be known as "The Scandinavian Trunk."

This was a brand-new steel port-manteau, of ordinary appearance and medium dimensions, found, in the normal course of search, under the bed place in one of the cabins. On being drawn forth into the light, it was seen to be heavily sealed over the lock, there being eight or nine large imprints of the Scandinavian Consul-General at New York, on a strip of material stretched over the small elevation carrying the hasp and keyhole. A label, bearing the name and address of the passenger who claimed it, was attached to one of the handles. On being questioned, this person—a "square-head"—declared that the trunk contained diplomatic documents, which he, as a "diplomatic courier," was conveying to Europe to be handed to a Government, and that, consequently, it was immune from search. Now the law and custom on such occasions is that the seal of an Ambassador or Minister is sacred, and may not be broken, but any other seal, including that of consuls and consuls-general, has no special sanctity and may be ignored, if needs be, and at first it was proposed that this should be done, and the contents of the trunk revealed.

Suspicion lay on them from the outset, for, in the first place, no permis-

sion had been given for this particular diplomatic despatch box to be conveyed in the *Fredrik VIII*, and, in the second, the person accompanying the trunk, though he described himself as a "diplomatic courier," on examination of his passport, turned out to be nothing of the kind, and was merely a commercial gentleman from New York, reviving his native land, who had undertaken charge of it.

The trunk was therefore seized, but in view of the possibly grave international trouble involved in taking violent measures with it, information was first sought from Washington. The reply came that the Scandinavian Ministry there stated that the trunk had been sealed by them, and sent by rail, but unattended, to New York. It had arrived there, they said with the seals broken, the inference being that if any improper, non-Scandinavian documents should now be found in the trunk, they must have been inserted en route between Washington and New York, and that the Consul-General at New York had resealed the trunk and sent it on by the *Fredrik VIII*.

It was stated, further, that it contained only the documents relating to some commercial business. Notwithstanding this, however, the Minister would not agree to send an agent to Halifax, who should open and examine the contents in the presence of British officials.

The "business," whatever it was, must have been a large one, as the papers concerning it weighed 100 lbs. It was strange too, that, when found, there was not remaining the faintest trace of the original sealing at Washington.

By some means or another the fact of the trunk being on board the *Fredrik VIII*, with suggestions as to its suspicious character, leaked into the American papers, and it chanced that, only a short time previously, the revelation of papers divulging certain proposals of Herr Zimmermann (the German Foreign Secretary) to the Mexican Government. The two facts were immediately seized on by the Press and connected together. Huge headlines appeared: "Zimmermann's Papers found in Bernstorff's Trunk," followed by an account, apparently circumstantial, of the finding of the papers on board the *Fredrik VIII* in the Scandinavian trunk, and dwelling on their importance.

Eventually, under orders from the Admiralty, the trunk (still intact) was sent across the Atlantic to their Lordships by H. M. S. *Berwick*, which vessel happened at the time to be sailing for England. It was escorted by an armed guard from the Admiralty to the Foreign Office, and dealt with there in, no doubt, fitting fashion.



"Steady, Old Man!"

Business Dry? Not Much!

DON'T you remember wondering, when you were a little Tad, what fun those great big chaps of twenty or so had? They didn't go "bobbing"—they didn't spin tops.

THEN you remember, perhaps, how, at twenty or so you rather pitied the old fellows of thirty-five or fifty who didn't dance (in those days) or do anything much.

BUT now, at thirty-five, fifty, or even sixty, you find there is plenty of interest in life. The form of fun may change, perhaps, the ideas of what constitutes fun—but fun, interest, there still is.

Business is Rightly Called a Game

BUSINESS is the interest—the fun—for many of us. We enjoy playing ourselves and we enjoy reading about the play of others.

THIS is why THE FINANCIAL POST, dealing with business is bright, entertaining, a welcome week-end guest in some eight thousand homes.

Consider some of the articles in a recent issue:

A PEN picture of Lorne C. Webster, newly-appointed Senator—the son of a coal merchant in Quebec, now among Canada's richest men. A man who has found time for his home and for his church. THE POST has many of these intimate sketches of Canadians and us to have many more.

PROFIT-SHARING idea supplants bonus system—an outline of Ryrin Bros.' new scheme with the reasons given for its adoption. This is but one of a series of detailed studies on questions of guarding the interests of workers. Many more will appear.

The Financial Post Editorials Have a Kick Behind Them

"MARSE" HENRY WATTERSON, the famous Democrat Editor, tells in his reminiscences of being criticized for himself criticizing the Democratic party. Marse Henry replied in his paper by quoting:

"Things have come to a hell of a pass when a man can't wallop his own jackass."

THE FINANCIAL POST is willing to wallop anything—but it doesn't wallop just for the fun of walloping. It wallops to achieve something.

"Give Drury a Chance"

AN editorial describing the "sniping" by the daily press at the former Government—admitting certain mistakes of inexperience but calling for fair play instancing how J. K. L. Ross, heir to many millions, was put, by his father, in a position where he could make mistakes in order that he might win through to success.

"Foolish Defiance of Canadian Law"

A SCORING of the Fort Francis Pulp & Paper Company for refusal to admit the sheriff, and in other ways prejudicing the public against the pulp and paper industry as a whole.

S. R. Parsons Now Butts Into Insurance

AN editorial telling of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association's mutual insurance schemes which went wrong, and pleading for a big man to manage the C.M.A. "The most useful and necessary institution in all Canada."

There's a life in each issue of THE FINANCIAL POST. It will help you keep informed on important financial and business matters. It is a paper for the leaders of thought in each community, be they rich or not. Fill in and send to us the attached coupon.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$3.00 PER YEAR (12 ISSUES)

THE FINANCIAL POST

MONTREAL 143-153 University Ave. TORONTO WINNIPEG

Annual Subscription \$3.00

THE FINANCIAL POST OF CANADA,
143-153 University Ave., Toronto

Please enter me as a regular subscriber, commencing at once.
I enclose \$3.00 to pay for my subscription for the first year.

Name _____

Address _____

Please write plainly

BURROUGHES

Send For This

Furniture Catalogue

1920

There's a Copy for You—FREE

Mail us your name and address on a postcard, and your copy will be forwarded.

A Book Every Home Should Have.

—Bigger and more interesting than ever. 120 pages. Beautifully illustrated.

—Suggestive furniture groupings, economical prices.

—Equally useful to those who have to furnish a home simply and to those with fewer needs.

Living room, den, hall, dining room, bed room and kitchen. Park cars, rugs, flowerpots, stoves, magnets, furnishings for every need, every taste and every purse.

You Can Open a Charge Account

Now immediate delivery and pay a little at a time. We pay freight charges to any railroad station in Ontario.

BURROUGHES

FURNITURE CO., LIMITED

1000 St. George St. West, Toronto, Ont.

Form a British-American Fleet

Such is the Proposal Made With a View to Maintaining Peace of the World.

A PERMANENT alliance between the British and American fleet is proposed by an English writer, H. Siddebotham, in an article in the *New Republic* (New York). He urges such a measure as a means of effecting world peace. Further, it would operate as an economy measure at a time when economy is very sadly needed, indeed. The proposal is advanced as follows:

England is in the middle of an economy campaign and the air is full of suggestions of how she might save one thousand pounds here and five thousand pounds somewhere else. There are very few suggestions, however for saving one hundred million pounds at a stroke and the object of this article is to suggest one way in which that could be done. But it also needs the co-operation and good will of America, and that is why the suggestion is being submitted to your readers. Incidentally the reduction will have most important political results in strengthening the friendship between England and America and also the authority of the League, and, I hope, will be regarded as additional reasons for American sympathy and co-operation.

The British naval estimates for this year are one hundred and fifty million pounds, there are rumors of reductions that will bring them down to eighty or ninety million pounds. They ought to be, and the world would be a great gainer if they were, not more than twenty or thirty million pounds. The normal naval budget for this country before the war was fifty million pounds, and that at a time when the policy of Europe was steering straight for war. Now there is literally no hostile navy in existence, and will be none so far as we can see ahead. If, therefore, we cannot effect reductions of that amount to a partial disarmament now, there would seem to be no hope for the future.

There are dangers ahead. Lord Fisher, the ex-First Sea Lord of the

British Admiralty, whose colossal vanity tries in vain to darken the fire of his genius, has recently appeared in the columns of the *Times* as the most explosive and ruthless of economists. One moment he is exclaiming: "I, Jacky Fisher, I alone made it, this great navy which won the war." The next moment he is explaining that the navy is already obsolete, that what we want now is a combination of submarine, dreadnought, hippopotamus and tank, all in one, and that these new monsters are going to decide the wars of the future. He wants to scrap the navy and start making another one. Fisher's ideas of naval construction are sound. His amphibious hippopotamus will some day live, and the first appearance of him will be the signal for a new naval competition more ruinous than the old competition in dreadnoughts. For, as the war has shown, the dreadnoughts were no good for anything except fighting other dreadnoughts; against shore fortifications they were powerless, in the presence of submarines they always got nervous and they were too big and important to be used for blockade and the thousand and one miscellaneous duties of the navy. But these new monsters, which can dive under water like a submarine and walk ashore like a hippopotamus, or like a new Trojan horse with an army in its belly will furnish naval power with the stings of the old militarism. Sea and land will for the purposes of war become one element.

Present economies in ships may be an easy matter and the only obstacle to them is the entrenched interest of departmentalism, but whether they are permanent or not will depend on our policy with regard to the new types of ship which Lord Fisher and others of his school see ahead. There is one means and one means only of defeating in advance this new competition, namely, a naval agreement between England and America, to which France and others might in time be expected to accede. The heads of the suggested naval agreement might be roughly these: 1. England and America agree to separate their navies into two di-

visions, a defensive naval service which would consist mainly of mines, submarines and small craft for coast protection and a high seas fleet to keep open communication outside the limit of territorial waters. 2. The first or defensive division of the navy is to fly the national flag only and to be held at the service of the national Government. 3. The high seas fleet is to fly the League flag and also the flag of the League of Nations and to be available only as its mandatory. 4. The United States and England agree to make common cause in the event of an invasion of each other's territory, actual or threatened from overseas. In effect, such an agreement would abrogate the whole use of naval power, whether for blockade or for war on commerce at sea, except for defence against invasion and in fulfilment of a mandate from the League and an execution of the general policy of the League.

The advantages of such a scheme, if it were practicable are obvious. It would prevent any risk of future naval competition between the two countries. The contribution made by them to the high seas fleet would be equal and the

costs would be equally shared. All naval ideas would be instantly pooled and held at their common disposal. According to the authority of the League was or was not accepted the high seas fleet would diminish or increase in size and cost would be determined not by international rivalry, which are often senseless and are a waste of money but in accordance with the policy framed for the protection of the common good and of the general peace. If the League develops as we should hope the size of the high seas fleet would be small and the naval budgets of no country would amount to more than was necessary to protect the frontiers of territorial waters. The freedom of commerce at sea and the maintenance of communications across it would be the work of the League, which would have at its disposal the whole product of inventive ingenuity. The naval agreement suggested between England and America would not of course be an exclusive agreement. It would be open to all the nations of the world as they became members of the League to join of course on the condition that they contributed to the cost of the high seas fleet.

Flaherty of Belcher Island

Continued from page 28

tive sense. He had wanted to know whether the ore deposits were rich enough to make the almost superhuman task of navigating through the Hudson Bay a thing worth trying. He found out definitely they were not.

It may seem of little moment that people should know that there is an island of 5,000 square miles where the charts showed only a few small scattered islands. Measured in practical terms, the North Pole was never worth finding, yet the bleached bones of scores of men have marked a pathway thither. It was one little item added to the world's knowledge for the men who laughed at Belcher Island laugh no longer. Flaherty's chartings are to replace the charts that show the soundings over Belcher Island.

The knowledge gained has not given

any further impetus to the Hudson Bay passage scheme, it has rather gone against it. Was not one of the boats caught in the ice for five days from July 5, the so-called open season, only barely to escape, despite its inch and seven eighths plates? Could the grain or ore boats face this test or hope to escape before the winter set its solid barrier across the straits? Those who have been there shake their heads.

That much at least has Flaherty of Belcher Island given to the world. He is home now home with his wife, at his place named "Sverdrup" at Norwalk, Connecticut, but only for a time. The North is still calling him and he goes next summer once again into the Arctic circle at another's behest, but with the same charge, "Go and find out."

Mr. Phipps of "The Old Firm"

Continued from page 29

"Your wife is coming," he said, after a question as to how I felt, "and soon the surgeons will be here, I trust. I have bound your knee and arm and looked to the rest of you. You are all bruised, but I believe the knee is the only breakage."

I lifted my left hand, the other arm being gone stiff, and we made a long grip of it, while I thanked him. "I shall take my people to the village yonder," said he, "for I am too sick of this affair to intrude on you and my lady. But you are under my arrest, and I must have your pledge that you will not contrive to—forgive the word Sayer to escape."

I hesitated. Should I barter every remnant hope of freedom, perchance of life for a few unwatched hours? Yes, I had no other choice.

"I pledge myself," I said wondrously relieved at his going. Then aware how ungenerous he must consider me that I did not press him to stay, I added, sincerely, "You have proven kind indeed, Orebah."

"He stared down at me, twisting the end of his pipe and wearing the pleasant expression of old acquaintance. "We found no treason on you," he said, "so think not of danger to your neck, which might easily have been, despite your promise. I fear, from rumor it may be the Tower, though. Yet I am not leaving you cherry." He debated within himself. "Sayer, let me have your pledged word on another matter. Came you to England for none other purpose than to visit my lady? Tell me that, and I will see if I can end the process."

I was tempted hard. To remove his very suspicion for the night, he appearing to know nothing of my work in

London, would be of extreme use to me. In south, I was tempted. Now, he, I shook my head.

"Betwixt you and me," I answered, "there was something else."

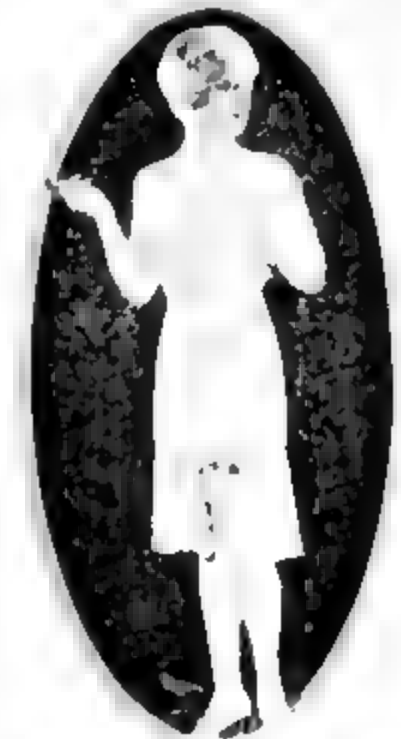
He frowned uneasily and then, with a sigh and a smile, "So be it. Every man for his own king." He touched my hand. "Good-bye, your wife is come."

HE drew aside and, making his bow towards the door, walked thither. I heard him speaking on the threshold and presently the door was shut and Ruth came quietly down the room. With not a glance at me whose heart started to leap again so that it seemed my whole body shook, she stopped and remained sideface to me, looking at the curtain over the window as one in profoundest meditation, her hands striving a little with one another. She was pale but otherwise a little different from the day I first saw her, a very real in her slim youthfulness and beauty for the desolate years which had brought my age to forty one had brought her to but six and twenty.

She de-bayed, her hands ceasing after a while to strive and becoming clasped rigid as stone hands. I thought. Then, suddenly she cast them apart, with a long breath like a sob as if she regretfully abandoned something which made my perplexity complete, until she turned and then I saw in her face that by a miracle it was the Prince of Orange and his party that were gone by the board with her.

My rapture at that instant was such as I had never imagined could be, but my conscience telling me it was selfish without she being plainly in grave distress for me, I made to raise my-

How Do You Buy Your Corsets?



Do not casually shop for your corset. The woman who takes the time to understand herself and her corset problem spends less because she buys thoughtfully in the first place. The woman who buys this corset under duress buys twice and is not satisfied either time.

There are so many ways—so many wrong ways. And how many times have you yourself regretted a mistaken corset purchase? Why, oh why did I buy that? and then the corset away to the detritus of your pocketbook but to the regret of you, body and mind? Any true clothes economy lies in the elimination of buying mistakes.

The Right Way Is So Simple

It is this: do not try to attain an unnatural figure. The unnatural figure is no longer smart—and there never was the woman who squeezed into the wrong corset with a minute's comfort to herself or a minute's frank admiration from her friends.

Buy The Corset That Accommodates Your Natural Charm

The admired woman who wears a Gossard has an unconscious grace that can only result from an effortless comfort. Every curve is beautiful line of her body is accentuated and her corset is so much a part of her that the observer is as unconscious of it as the wearer herself. And this is true of every Gossard figure.

Do not think because you are of full proportions you must resort to cumbersome corset contrivances that restrain your freedom of movement and give you that appearance of being over-crowded that is so fatal to your attractiveness.

Why then—when Gossard arrives

that you have admired in the figure of the slender woman may be yours?

Do You Take Care to Protect Yourself From Needless Exhaustion?

If perchance you are a busy mother or an active business woman you can eliminate one of the greatest causes of fatigue by wearing the right corset. Your physician will tell you that this is a sufficient recommendation. Do not end any after-lay, tired to be yourself when the insignificant price of a Gossard Corset may prove the price of your health.

You Can Always Tell the Woman Who Wears a Gossard

She walks with an ease and bely gracefulness that is the charm of youth and ends the most exacting day fresh and untroubled. There is so much more to forward comeliness than just figure improvement.

Our Responsibility Does Not End When You Have Bought a Gossard

You must be satisfied. If it does not give you a better feeling, happy if it does not give you a comfortable feeling, if it does not give you a wearing pleasure that alone will bring its end, there is not a Gossard merchant but will wish you to return it. Any corset which will you a Gossard Corset will be a personal pride in your satisfaction.

The Canadian Gossard Co. Limited
405, 407 King Street West, Toronto

every
GOSSARD CORSET
is worth every cent that you pay for it

The Financial Post is a paper treating of finance in a broad way. It gets behind the figures to the facts which shape the figures. It will help you to that same understanding and balanced viewpoint necessary to the leaders in each community. Subscription price \$3.00 per year (52 issues). The Financial Post of Canada, 143-153 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario

COWAN'S

"Perfection"

NUTRITIOUS & STRENGTHENING — IT FIGHTS THE COLD.

COCOA

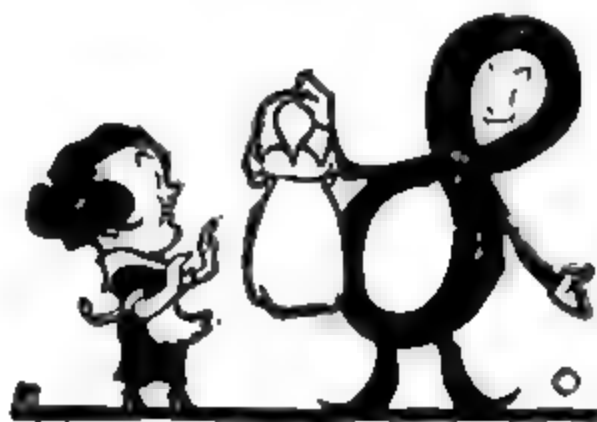
Brand

COWAN'S

COCOA

Cocoa keeps the lumberman fit!

NEW YORK



Just put them in and take them out

AND the 1900 Cataract Washer does the rest. Out come the clothes in all their snowy freshness.

You can wash everything—from frilly waists and fluffy underwear to heavy blankets or table linens. There are no parts in the tub to rub against the clothes and cause wear and tear. And there are no heavy cylinders to lift out and clean when the wash is finished.

The swinging wringer can be moved to any position. This means that you don't have to move or shift the washer an inch when you wring the clothes! The 1900 is easy to operate, washes a tubful of clothes in 8 to 10 minutes, and costs less than 2¢ an hour to run.

The magic figure 8 movement—an exclusive feature makes the

1900 CATARACT Electric Washer

the perfect washing machine. The hot soapy water is forced through the clothes in a figure 8 motion and four times as often as in the ordinary washer!

We will deliver a 1900 direct to your home. After you have tried it out you may start paying for it. If you are not satisfied, you may return it.

NINETEEN HUNDRED WASHER CO.
246 Yonge St., Toronto, (opp. Elm St.)



A Great Saving in Dresses

Don't pay the high prices asked for Ready-to-Wear Gowns. Make your own clothes on the Queen Adjustable Dress Form.

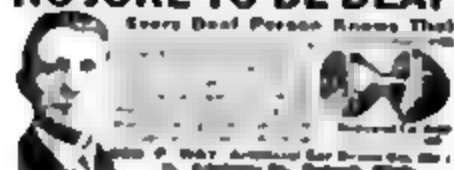
Thousands of women are doing this and there is no reason why you can not succeed. Write Us Now for catalogue and particulars.

Don't Delay

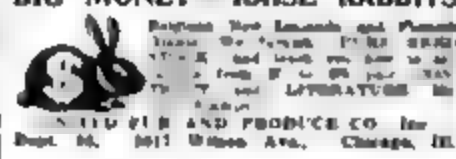
Adjustable Dress Form Co.
of Canada, Limited

14 Millstone Lane, Toronto

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF



BIG MONEY—RAISE RABBITS



FOR a time I strained my ears to detect the hoofbeats of her horse. I heard nothing, however, and presently I lay thinking of little save the pain between my breast and back, which was much severer, and my breathing which was hard to accomplish. I would not satisfy my lungs. Then followed a period of nerve case, wherein I was taken with wonder as well I might be at the way events had gone. In fear of Ruth I had buried my letters, and as saved them from those whom in my self-conceit, I felt no fear of. Two hours ago I should have held myself demoted to a lowly servant by but finger on the wall, now she was warden of my letters and my friends and I had made her this with no remembrance of my many years' misadventure, with no hesitation except as touching her safety.

I imagined her out on the night-rod, old Colbran the only man to guard her and my enemies lurking thick around. I set my hand over my eyes and prayed long that she might come through unhurt. Then a deal happier I sank into a sort of stupor, believing that soon I should dream, as Ruth had said.

But instant my pain started afresh and my head throbbed and after a space the walls of the room seemed to puff in and out like tapestries blown by the wind and the old mistress was about me. I half realized that one of Ruth's women was come into the room, asking if I required sight and that shortly there entered another saying that a surgeon was passing in at the gates, but I scarce heeded them for they were as actual to me than the faces which were drifting before me again both St. Germain and barbaric faces now.

These began to shoot upon me that I was a fool beyond matching that Ruth had wheeled me and was gone to betray me.

I glanced at the hideousness of what she had done to me. But then I recalled her eyes dark blue and bidding me read her soul and in a mighty rage against the lying faces I struck and struck at them. I found my arm held by a man and I was not so delicious but I guessed he was the surgeon and straightway a dread word came to me that I might rave of Ruth's errand in his hearing.

I was endeavoring to master myself, when a pang in my knee drove all consciousness from me. Thereafter I remember nothing save a vague discovery that some angel beloved by me with the fresh waft of the outer night clinging to her was come to my prison, nothing until I awoke as from a great sleep and seeing daylight and my Ruth sitting by me, whispering (my voice having no power) that really I thank God she was got back safely last night.

Whereupon starting up with a soft, excreting cry, she looked at me as if hardly able to believe I had spoken, and then, whispering also, she said that the letters were safe that she had brought them without mishap to Mr. Althorpe at "Thames St." and I must no other talk nor listen to her more until she fetched a surgeon who was even now below stairs for two whole weeks were gone by since the night she did this.

ANOTHER three weeks gone, and Ruth and I were in her dining room one afternoon that was very cold and black outside, but cozy for us by the big fire. For the case of my leg I was on a couch yet fully dressed, in a new suit and perfume which she had bought for me at Dover in place of poor Mr. Phypa's spot in the lane. And she was playing at brewing tiny bowls of China tea and halting gaily to keep up both our spirits, for the hear was anxious for us. Orisbore, who had shown himself throughout a most sincere friend, finding me nearly well enough to be removed had ridden to London some days before to make his report to the authorities, and with the intent of urging everything he could in my favor. From which much clemency or none might result. He had promised to be back this afternoon.

"And withal he suspects of the letters," said Ruth smiling into her tea-bowl. "I know it by the teasing look he gives me. Those men have told him of me and Colbran about at Gospel Oak, groping for a stone in Tommy's hoof! And of our riding in from the coast. I wonder what he doth think of me!" She moved her head in mock apprehension. "I am glad he is not so outspoken as Peter Middleton."

"Peter Middleton?" I exclaimed. "Was he at the beach?" I never asked you. Why what had Peter to say?"

"At the very first!" She spoke in a fashion that puzzled me, and her smile changed becoming beautiful of mirth, yet most inscrutable.

"Yes," I said. "All young Peter's sayings amuse me."

"At the very first!" She gazed down, her cheek coloring fast, and her voice, shy, though vibrating with laughter. "At the very first he said I was so pretty a slip I were best cross to France with him."

"He did!" I shouted in violent anger.

"But on my telling him I deemed Lord Sayer would object he being my husband!" She broke into ringing laughter. "Dick! his was the most plaintive, desperate apology ever made. Oh I could but pardon him!"

Then I laughed also, and gossiping thus lightly we continued, until the trot of Orisbore's horse sounded in the grounds.

Ruth grew white immediately. Perchance I did the same. She left her chair, coming to sit on the couch and taking my hand.

"If he has influenced them to do nothing further!" If Dick!

That was her constant dream. But I shook my head.

"It will be either committal to the Tower or the worst—to stand trial for my head!"

"They durst not!" she said, fiercely as a child. "They durst not. Lord Sayer to the scaffold! Nay they will be afraid. You are too big, Dick. You are too big!"

"Not so big but they will dare. If they have the evidence. Yet I think that you have upon them there!" I held her hand against my cheek, against my lips. "Oh what matter, sweetheart! I have won more than I can now on this venture. For them few weeks I have gained you, that my life was only a grief to thrust!"

"For these few weeks!" she said, sinking her head down to that hand so that her lips were very near me. "For a ways!"

Did you sometimes marvel that my name was Ruth? Very did I. But now my heart, I say her words, "Whether thou goest I will go."

If you are left free, take me where you list. If you are put in the Tower I will lodge by the wall. If it is death for you, Dick, I think it shall be death for me."

"Nay, sweetheart!" cried I, aghast. "Chide what are you saying?"

I turned my face to her, and we were chin to chin. Her blue eyes, darker than I had ever known them, were unflinching and steady, would not waver for mine.

"Yes," said she. "I shall pray to be forgiven, and then—"

"No!" I said hoarsely, gripping her to me. "No! I forbid you. Would you make my last days torment? Would you part us for ages in the afterwards by such a sin?"

"Dick!" she entreated helplessly with her arms around my neck. "No!"

And then we were until Orisbore tapped on our door. Then, clasping my hand still, she sprang up, and stood very erect to me him enter.

From a London Newsletter, Dated July 15, 1897.

"A talk is that the Lord Vincent Sayer being released Thursday was on his way to the Tower is already crossed over to France with his lady, whose going thither is a great amazement to all she being thought mightily hostile to the St. Germain party."

Breed

Continued from page 11

The mood of the wilderness swam up to meet him, sweet with dew-drenched plants and spicy with the odor of pines. Close down above the tree tops myriads of yellow stars sprayed the lake from whence earlier in the evening had come to him the laughter of the loons.

THAT night, stretched on his bed of spicy cedar boughs, the wolf hound on the floor beside him Travers fell asleep upbraiding himself for having acted the part of a fool.

"And that wild, beautiful little witch just laughed at me," he murmured again and again, his face burning.

Then the deep, dreamless sleep that belongs to pine woods and altitude gripped him and bound him for eight dreamless hours in the most soothing rest he had ever known.

"So different," he said, aloud, when at dawn he awoke to the notes of the forest birds, "to the sleep I used to get down in the city."

"Wist!" he addressed the dog, who had thrown himself across him at the sound of his voice. "Down there it used to take at least three 'nightcaps,' with a kick, to make me want to go to bed, and several more to make me want to stay there. But up here—"

He pushed the dog away and swung himself to a sitting posture on the bunk. Then memory came back and all the joy went out of life.

"Good Lord!" he groaned. "I talked like a conceited ass! No wonder she laughed. Now I'm in for it. She'll report what I said to those outlaw trappers and they'll swarm up here and raise ructions with me. Well, they'll find me standing pat!"

Even a plunge in the cool lake, a rub down with coarse towel and breakfast failed to ease his feelings.

He was still upbraiding himself as he lifted a trout-rod from the rack and picking up a crewel, turned towards the door.

"Don't think you had better come, Wist!" he told the hound, who watched him with alert eyes and lifted ears. "You might run amuck of her wolf-pat, and then—"

He caught himself up, frowning. "Well, I'll be damned!" he murmured. "I wonder what's getting into me!"

He slapped the dog's shaggy side. "Come on, old hater!" he laughed, "we'll run true to breed. A wolf's a wolf and a woman's a woman, both fair game, Wist!"

Half an hour later he stood hip-deep in a wide, swirling stream that tumbled and laughed between fir-crowned cliffs. Thirty yards below him a huge bubble-crowned whirlpool eddied slowly, sucking into its maw the froth of the rushing rock-churned rapid. His experienced eye marked this still spot as the possible lurking place of a big trout, and with deft hand he sent the Silver Doctor fly through a rainbow of spray to settle down like a straggling atom of life just at the edge of the yellow foam.

From the rocky ledge at the bottom of the most perpendicular cliff the dog watched him masterfully.

There was a flash of silver and orange, a downward dip of the supple rod, and Travers braced against the tugging current, knew that he had hooked a monarch of the stream.

The big trout rushed zigzagging from pool into strong water. Travers gave him line, advancing step by step cautiously, carefully avoiding slack and strain. The trout leaped again, but his captor was waiting for this and mumbled in time. Another mad rush. Travers, advancing slowly, felt the tug of an undercurrent. At the same moment there came a faint report from the left cliff. The tip of his prized lancewood went spinning away, and a covered line spun out as the breeze.

HE glanced quickly up, searching the cedars on the heights for a glimpse of the shooter. Not a soul was visible. He waded to shore. The dog, his eyes on the opposite cliff stood braced, bristling street-growing.

"Come," Travers commanded, and with not so much as a backward glance, retraced his way along the shore, climbed the ledge and dipped into the timber.

He sat down on a fallen tree and thoughtfully filled his pipe and lit it. He smiled at the serious expression in the dog's eyes.

"Looks as though we aren't any too popular amongst the Bogartes, old hater," he remarked. "Seems we're not going to be allowed to fish our own trout stream even. Well, if all of those trappers can shoot like the belly-bagger who cut my rod tip in two, they're some lads with the rifle, old top. Right here is where we go back to the cabin, get the necessary document and serve it on our neighbors for gunners. If they don't go peacefully, we'll set the necessary machinery in motion to make 'em."

He arose from the log and turned towards the trail. Then, as the hound, growling fiercely, flanked by him, he saw her. She was leaning against a white birch, carrying him with grey curious eyes. In the hollow of her left arm she cradled a small rifle.

"Back, Wist!" Travers commanded, and the dog slunk reluctantly to heel.

Travers, a sardonic smile on his lips, lifted his cap and made her a sweeping bow. "This is my second surprise this morning," he said, "and a much more agreeable one than the first." To himself he added "By god!" but she is beautiful, wonderfully, perfectly beautiful."

If the girl heard his words she did not heed them. She continued to gaze at him thoughtfully. She was a new type to Travers the spoiled and petted. Her manner savored of insolence, and insolence particularly in inferiors, was a thing he could not tolerate. He felt his temper rising.

"I have just been treated to a sample of your people's hospitality," he said, with a sneer. "Somebody—I presume one of the severn, who are watching me—fired on me from a bush while I was trying to catch some trout in the stream yonder. Apparently his aim was infer to his intention, for instead of averting the frail rod of my fly he severed the tip of my pet rod instead."

He pointed to the splintered rod, and turned his frowning gaze upon the girl to find her eyes swimming like pockets of laughing light deep among interlocking pines, her lips curved in a smile.

"Well, by God!" he stuttered, and threw the rod from him on the moss.

Then he got hold of himself. "I sincerely beg your pardon," he said contritely. "But, my dear wood nymph, you must realize that to be fired on from cover—well, you can imagine how I feel about it."

"If you would only stop a minute to think," said the girl. "You would know you was plumb wrong. Nobody shot at you from cover. We don't do that sort of thing up here. And what we shoot at we usually get just the same as you get what you go after—as I think you said last night."

TRAVERS looked at her quickly. She was smiling. He was beginning to feel at a disadvantage, exactly as he had felt on the night before. Was it possible that he was being played with? He dismissed the thought with a laugh that must have arched on her ears. Quick as the shadow of darting cloud above sun-struck glade, a frown wiped the smile from her face. The look she threw him was contemptuous, as she said "The one who shot your rod tip in two aimed to shoot it in two, I guess."

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER



The Sign of Positive Safety

Iver Johnson means Safety, and Safety means Iver Johnson—the two are inseparable.

Drop it, kick it, knock it, thump it, "Hammer the Hammer" it can't go off accidentally. And its safety is automatic—nothing to remember to do to make it safe. That's why women are not turned about having an Iver Johnson in the home.

Choose of three grips
Regular, Perfect Rubber, Western Walnut

If your dealer hasn't in stock the particular model you want send us his name and address. We'll supply you through him.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
220 River Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
89 Chambers St. New York
717 Market St. San Francisco



Kunderd's Wonderful New Ruffled Gladioli

are by far the grandest in the world. All competent authorities will tell you that, and you are far behind on Gladioli unless your garden has them. You need our catalog for the information it contains, even if you do not send us your order. It is beautifully illustrated, describes nearly 400 of our own varieties only, and is free on request.

A. E. Kunderd

The Originator of the Ruffled Gladioli
Box 18, Goshen, Indiana, U. S. A.

HALIFAX ST. JOHN'S, Nfld. SAGINAW, MICH. ST. JOHN, N.B. SHERBURY
F. B. McCURDY & COMPANY
134 ST. JAMES STREET MONTREAL, CANADA
Dealers in Investment Securities Stocks Carried on Margin
Closest relations with all offices and Laidlaw & Co. New York, Made 7148, 7149, 7152

The Peace Orientation

The end of the Great War is marked by greatly changed outlooks and ideals.

The countries of Europe are in the throes of reconstruction problems affecting not only destroyed architectural edifices or dismantled industries, but extending to the body politic and the fabric of society itself.

New forces are also abroad in Canada.

The Ontario elections showed that the old order of things is passing with dramatic rapidity.

The farmers are no longer content to rest as mere toilers of the soil. They claim a share in shaping the policies of the country, to whose prosperity they so largely contribute.

The returned soldiers feel that they have a right to guide the destinies of the country for whose liberties they sacrificed so much.

A clear comprehension of the new forces in Canada is possible only by a knowledge of corresponding vital movements abroad.

The Manchester Guardian

WEEKLY EDITION

Is Edited Particularly For Readers Overseas

For nearly 100 years it has been the organ of progressive thought in Europe.

Its past long experience enables it to-day to deal with the present multifarious problems from the right perspective.

Week by week it furnishes articles by the most competent writers on questions of social and economic policies in all countries.

Amongst recent articles that have appeared are the following, amongst others: Poverty in India, The Cost of Living in Canada, Allied Policy in the Baltic States, The French Industrial Situation, Labor Trouble in America, showing the wide range of The Manchester Guardian's information.

Not being financed by a capitalist group it is able to maintain an independence of character that hallmarks its information as authoritative.

Its high regard for integrity and accuracy has won for the paper world-wide reputation for reliability, and it is the most often-quoted English newspaper.

It is being more and more extensively used in schools and colleges on account of the quality of its literary style and the soundness of its political economy.

It is a source where news can be had uncolored by political propaganda, uninfluenced by self-seeking interests, properly stressed and clearly presented.

By a reading of the Weekly every Canadian of vision will be able in these days of swift social and economic vicissitudes to adjust his outlook in relation to the general current of the world's progressive thought.

-----USE THE COUPON BELOW-----

TO THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN,
Dept. MM 26-41 Adelaide St. West,
TORONTO, CANADA

I enclose Three Dollars for a year's subscription to THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN WEEKLY, to be mailed me direct from Manchester, England, commencing with the current issue.

Name

Address

TRIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS—THREE MONTHS FOR ONE DOLLAR

"Oh!" returned Travers. "To intimidate me, I suppose."

She shook her head. "That big trout was workin' you straight into the whirlpool. Another yard, and you'd have been sucked down and under. There's thirty foot of boilin' water there, and one more step—"

She knitted her brows and glanced down at the little rifle.

"Then, it was you!" he cried in wonder.

She nodded. "I was on the left cliff. I called a warmin', but the rapid drowned my voice. There was only one thing to do, an' I did it."

She turned away up the trail, but, cap in hand, he was beside her. "Good Lord, don't go," he begged, "please don't go. I want to apologize. I'm an awful fool—"

"You are," she agreed, calmly, "but it takes a man like you a long time to find it out, sometimes."

He quivered beneath the smart of her words.

"You know," she said quietly, "a wise man wouldn't try to do what you're tryin' to do here. I've been th'inkin' over what you said last night about breed, and I want to tell you somethin'. Breed is breed here same as it is where you belong. It's the one thing that can't be changed. You said that you and your dog, there, was bred to get what you went after, didn't you? Well, right then I knew that you was bound to learn somethin' that would open your eyes. Listen. Breed don't wander off. It stays. Tell me, which is truest to strain that dog at your feet, or my wild wolf, Gray-lee?"

"Why," Travers answered, unhesitatingly, "this dog, to be sure."

"No."

"But I say yes. He has had the advantage of care, education, training. He's almost human in intelligence."

"Maybe so," she answered, "but look what he's lost. All he has left is an inherited spirit of his true breed. You, or somebody, is responsible for liftin' him out of the place to which he belonged. You made a show-dog of a born killer, and you talk of breed!"

Travers was silent. The girl continued.

"You saw the way my wolf watched him last night when he was tuggin' on his chain and tellin' her what he would do if he was loose, didn't you?"

"Why, yes," he confessed. "Come to think of it, she didn't seem very frightened."

"Frightened!" she laughed scornfully. "Graylee scared of that show-dog? Oh no. She's bred true to strain. She understands. She'll kill him yet, if you don't watch him," she warned.

Travers laughed, highly amused. "That title she wolf kill Wisthu? Not in a thousand years!"

She shrugged her shoulders. "All right I've told you, that's all. Only don't blame me if you lose your dog."

"But that couldn't possibly be," he explained trying to be patient. "Compare the two. Wisthu is nearly five times larger than your wolf and he's a born wolf slayer. My fears are for Graylee, not for him. I wouldn't like him to hurt your pet."

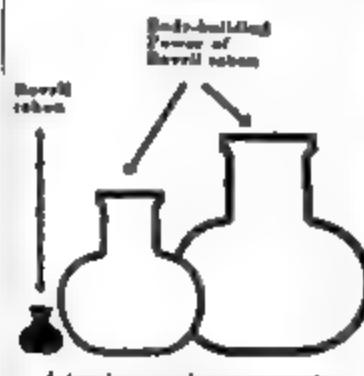
SHE smiled at this, that smile which seemed to lift hidden wonders from soundless depths of shadow into sunlight, as the dawn lifts the soul of sleeping solitude from the darkened land of dreams.

Travers, connoisseur of life's best who had told himself that there was not another sensation left in the world worth experiencing felt something strangely disturbing stir within him. Those lights which he had seen in many another pair of eyes had been nothing to what he saw here. He felt as one who, having examined choice paintings in life's cosy gallery at his leisure must feel when suddenly confronted with the throbbing, vital original.

He took a quick step towards her. The dog sprang from his crouch with a low growl. Then something strong impregnable as the rock wall of the laughing stream stood up between him

BOVRIL

The great "key food" that makes other foods more nourishing.



Independent scientific investigations have conclusively proved that a 10% solution of Bovril in water is 10 times the amount of natural values.



The Dulcitone

The Light-Weight Piano That Never Needs Tuning

THE Dulcitone has a delightful sharp-like tone, with keys and touch as in a good piano, and is just the thing for an evening's music by the fireside. In the schoolroom, hospital, or on board ship.

The Dulcitone is equally invaluable at home and abroad, as the tuning forks which produce the sounds are unaffected by change of climate. It weighs only 60 lbs., takes up the minimum of floor space (36" x 18"), and has a compass of 8 octaves.

Price \$180 Net

To Canadian buyers. We pack carefully, insure and send freight paid to any shipping port or railway station in the Dominion for \$25 extra, cash with order.

Write to-day for particulars to the Sales Managers

THOMAS MACCHELL & SONS

22 Great Western Road, Glasgow, Scotland

WHICH DO YOU PREFER? OF COURSE, YOU WANT CASH'S WOVEN NAMES

which are fast and permanent. In Red, Blue, Black and Navy to suit taste. Your laundry bill is reduced without loss of marks. Send for samples. Fast cloth before washing. Direct, or through dealers. Orders filled in a matter of two days.

1 doz. for \$1.00; 4 doz. for \$3.50
12 doz. for \$7.25; 24 doz. for \$14.00

J & J CASH, Inc.
BRANTFORD, ONT.

and the object of his desire. His hands fell to his sides and clenched. He was close to her, so close that he could see the azure flecks in the wide-open, grave questioning eyes watching him curiously.

He controlled himself instantly. "I'm sorry," he found himself saying. "I can't just understand why I did that. I guess I've frightened you."

"No," she replied, "you couldn't do that."

Her words flayed him. How superior she was, how sure. He found himself wondering if this was really he, wondering what his own world, so oddly detached from him now, that world he was beginning to hate for its superficiality and sham, would say if it could see.

He shook off the thought and turned to the girl.

"You told your people that I would be down to-day to serve them notice of evacuation," he asked, biting the words off crisply, hating himself for his brutality.

"No," she said, "I didn't tell my people anything of the kind. I told them that it was true you had bought Sogagash Valley from the Government, but that you didn't intend to press your claim."

He stared at her, incredulity and relief struggling with anger at her audacity.

"But that's just exactly what I intend doing," he said sternly. "Press my claim, if necessary."

"But you said you always got what you went after," she was smiling her disconcerting smile again.

Travers felt himself weakening. "Yes, I said that," he admitted, "and I meant it."

"You was bred that way, I think you told me?" She was laughing now.

"Yes, I said that too. And if I remember correctly I also informed you that I came from a race of people who have always got what they went after."

"Well, that's just it," she rejoined. "I come from a race of people who have a way of hangin' on to what belongs to them, and they've got the idea, somehow, that this valley belongs to them."

"But I'm not responsible for their ignorance."

"No. If you was, you wouldn't let them make any mistakes, would you?" she asked naively.

He shuffled uneasily. "No," he finally admitted, anxious to relieve her perplexity. "I shouldn't."

"And who is responsible for our ignorance?" she asked. "Is it God?"

He nodded. "I suppose so."

"Then you think you know better what to do than God does?" she requested.

"No, certainly not," he answered, red and confused.

"But you've just said as much. You said you wouldn't let us make any mistakes through our ignorance, and God does. He lets us make a heap. He let me make a mistake this mornin'."

"You mean in shooting my red tip away and saving my life?" he gasped, appalled at her callousness.

"There's worse things than drownin'," she said. "And you're goin' to find it out quick, if you don't listen to me."

"What do you wish me to do?" he asked.

She looked at him a long time before she answered.

"I want you to give yourself a chance to understand," she said finally. "I want you to stay up here for a time and do your best to belong. Then if you want to press your claim—all right."

"But how long will I have to stay up here to do all that?"

"Maybe a month, maybe a year, maybe forever."

course, I don't change my mind. How's that?"

She did not answer. Her brown fingers simply tightened on the rifle grip and the lashes shadowing her eyes quivered, as she laid out her hand.

He took it, his pulse throbbing above the shattering rush of the rapid, glorying in the fact that its cool touch could waken that within him that he had not known existed.

"My name? Dawn Martin," she told him and was gone with the cloud shadow that streaked the glade.

III

SUMMER passed with its gold and green and sounds of wild nesting things, hushed short twilights and spicy nights of tranquil repose for Travers. Autumn dawned, the hazy of Indian Summer, as known only in the Northland, mantled wooded valley and steep with sheen of silver white. A stillness bound the wilderness, throwing back the fluted note of food-seeking things in a hundred wild echoes. Beneath drowsy skies the forest swept into space, the yellow and crimson foliage of the frost nipped, hardy woods standing out against the dusky green of the firs and cedars like tired butterflies fluttering down to sheltering shadows.

So thought Travers as he watched them. He was browner, leaner, brighter of eye than when he had sought this solitude four months ago. The flabby flesh of legs and arms had given place to hardened muscles, the result of following rough trails for hours at a stretch, scaling difficult cliffs and fighting his way through next to impenetrable tangles of wood and bramble in search of new wonders.

Of the trappers in Sogagash Valley he knew little more than when first he came. Only once had he visited them and on that occasion he had found them watchful and furtive without being openly hostile. They had not asked him back nor had he extended an invitation to them to visit him at his upland cabin.

But he was not thinking of the trappers this morning. He was thinking of the girl. Always those new wonders which were constantly unfolding themselves before him reminded him of her. Never a glad light or winging shadow that flitted before him across lake, upland or valley, but he had seen before in her eyes, never a note of lifting bird but he had heard in her voice. And yet he did not realize that he loved her. The forest world is that way. It gives up its own secrets freely but seldom allows the one beneath its spell to guess their own.

Travers had seen the girl almost every day. She came and went at will, sometimes bringing with her the wolf more often alone. Once when he had ventured to ask her if her father had made any further objections to her meeting him in this way, she had looked at him in wonder.

"Dad knows he needn't worry any over me," she had answered. Travers had pondered on this. But gradually he had come to understand. She was safe always safe, even from him who desired her more than he had ever before desired a woman. And always between them, when he longed to draw her to him, grew up that something impregnable that held him from her.

The mist which brushed the far tree-tops lifted to let a blood-red sun beam through. It reminded him of her smile, half tender, half mocking.

"By God," he murmured, "I want her more than I have ever wanted anything in my life."

The wolf bound, gaunter, shagrier, shamed truer to type by his life in the solitudes, rose silently from the floor and laid his long nose in his master's hand. "Wisthu," said Travers, "we always get what we want, don't we?" It's the breed, old man, the breed.

THAT night Peppo and his Algonquian brothers in law arrived after a six days' trek and paddle, to carry Travers and his possessions back to civilization on bringing with them a huge parcel of letters, a cablegram and an-

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

SCAPPALETTI, TOWNHALL

ROYAL VINOLIA TOOTH PASTE

To change that hot, sticky, unpleasant morning taste to a feeling of clean, wholesome freshness—use Royal Vinolia Tooth Paste. Its antiseptic beneficial influences will bath the whole mouth region, searching out the destructive germs and acid secretions, leaving everything sweet and deodorized—the teeth lustrous and clean.

If you prefer—choose Royal Vinolia Tooth Powder—equally efficient.

At all druggists and stores.

VINOLIA LIMITED
London TORONTO Paris

ROYAL VINOLIA TOOTH PASTE
VINOLIA LONDON PARIS TORONTO

PAPE'S 22 GRAIN TRIANGLES OF

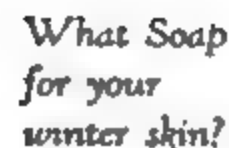
DIAPEPSIN

FOR INDIGESTION
Registered in U. S. Pat. Office

Stops Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Gases, Sourness and Stomach Distress

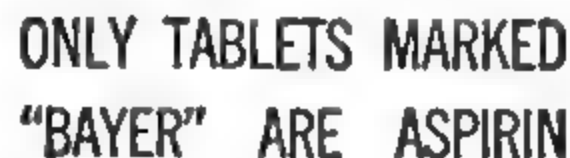
Eat "Pape's Diapepsin" like Candy—Makes Upset Stomachs feel fine

Large 50 cent case. Any drug store. Relief in few minutes! Tastes all!



Tests made with a number of well-known toilet soaps proved Fairy Soap to be the **smear-killing soap.**

But be sure to make the trial a thorough one—both for the complexion and the teeth.



Always buy an unbroken package a few cents larger Bayer packages.
There is only one Aspirin—Bayer—You must say "Bayer"
 Aspirin is a trademark registered in Canada of Bayer Manufacturers of Mono-
 chloroacetic acid and is a name which is a leader in the Bayer Company
 and is a name which is a leader in the Bayer Company

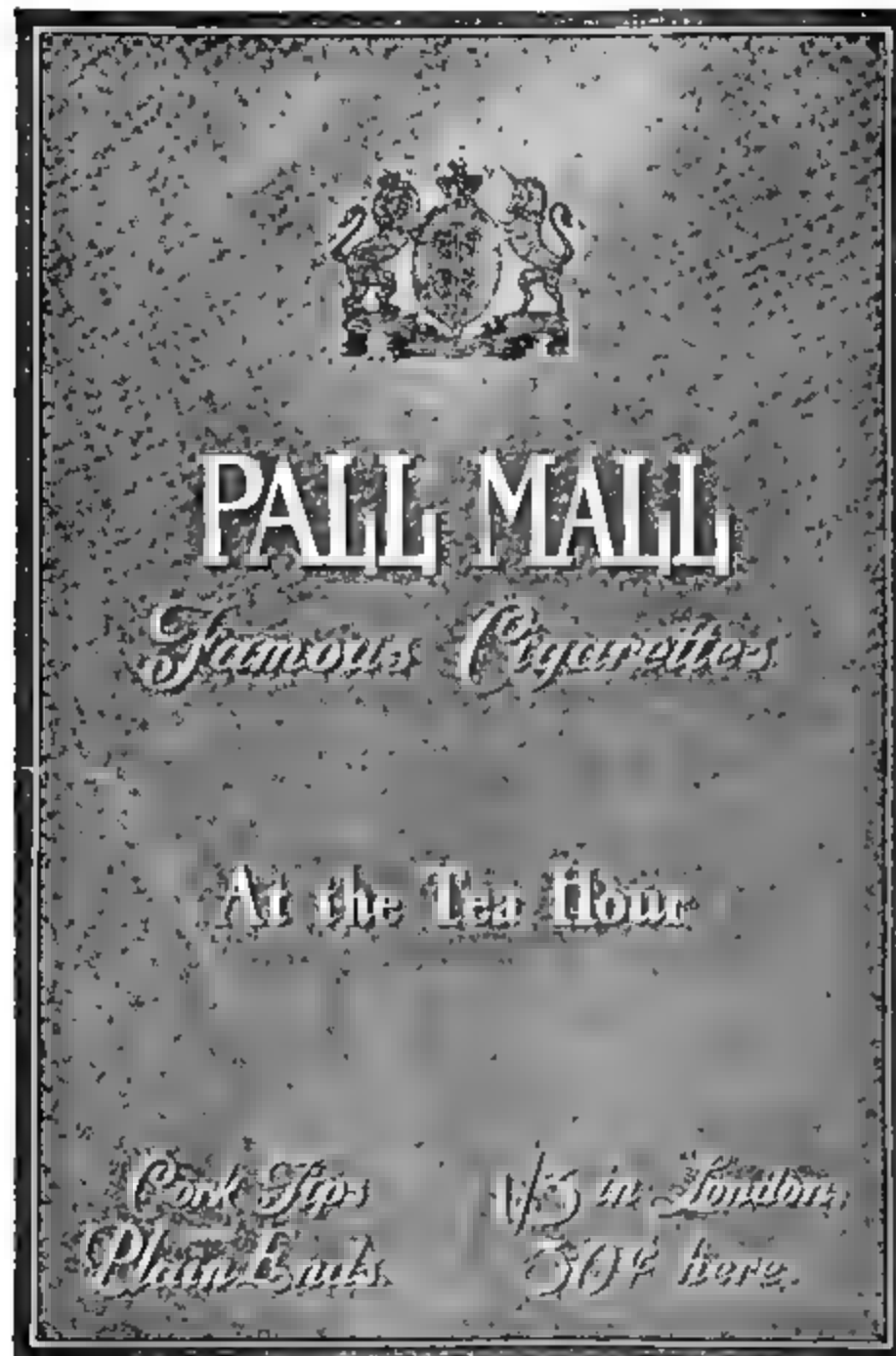
"Only that there's nothing you can't have."



BIAS
FILLED
CORSETS
The Extreme of Comfort
The Perfection of Style

*The
"Liftup"*





PALL MALL
Famous Cigarettes
At the Tea Hour

Port Tips
Plain Ends
1/3 in London
30% here.

who contribute, either directly or indirectly, either mentally or physically, to the sum total of our needs in living. Wouldn't that cover it?"

I admitted that it might. "And those who don't do that, who merely live on what others produce, seem to be excluded from the privilege of helplessness." "I can't see that. They help with their money." "Money can't help, except indirectly. It's the great mistake of our philanthropies to think we can. We make a great many mistakes, but we make more in our philanthropies than anywhere else. We've never taken the pains to study the psychology of help. We think money the panacea for every kind of need, when as a matter of fact it's only the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. If you haven't got the grace the sign rings false, like an imitation coin."

"Well, what is the grace?" "Oh, it's a good many things—a blend of which, I suppose, the main ingredient is love." She gave me a wistful half smile, as she added, "Love is a very queer thing—I mean this kind of big love for—just for people. You can always tell whether it's true or false, and the less sophisticated the people the more instinctively they know. If it's true they'll accept you; if it's only pumped up, they'll shut you out."

"I'm sure you ought to know." "I do know. I've had a lot of experience—in being shut out."

"You—?" She nodded toward Drinkwater and Miss Blair. "They don't let me in. In spite of all I try to do for them they're only polite to me. They'll accept this kind of thing; but I'm as far outside their confidence—outside their hearts—as a bird in a cage, as I've called myself, in outside a flock of nest-builders."

"And assuming that that is so—though I do not assume it—how do you account for it?"

"Oh, easily enough! I'm not the real thing. I never was—not at the Settlement—not now—not anywhere or at any time."

"But how would you describe the real thing?"

"I can't describe it. All I know is that I'm not it. I'm not working for them, but for myself."

"For yourself—how?"

"To fill in an empty life. When you've no real life you seek an artificial one. An everyone rejects the artificial you get rejected. That's all."

"What would you call a real life—for yourself?"

The fierceness with which she had been speaking became intensified, even when tempered with her diffident half-smile.

"A life in which there was something I was absolutely obliged to do. I begin to wonder if parents know how much of the zest of living they're taking away from their children by leaving them, as we say well provided for. When there's nothing within reason you can't have, and nothing within reason you can't do—well, then, you're out of the running."

"Is that the way you look at yourself—as out of the running?"

"That's the way I am."

"And is there no means of getting into the running?"

"There might be if I wasn't such a coward."

"If you weren't such a coward what would you do?"

"Oh, there are things. You've—you've found them. I would do like you."

"And do you know what I'm doing?"

"I can guess."

"And you guess—what?"

"It's only a guess—of course."

"But what is it?"

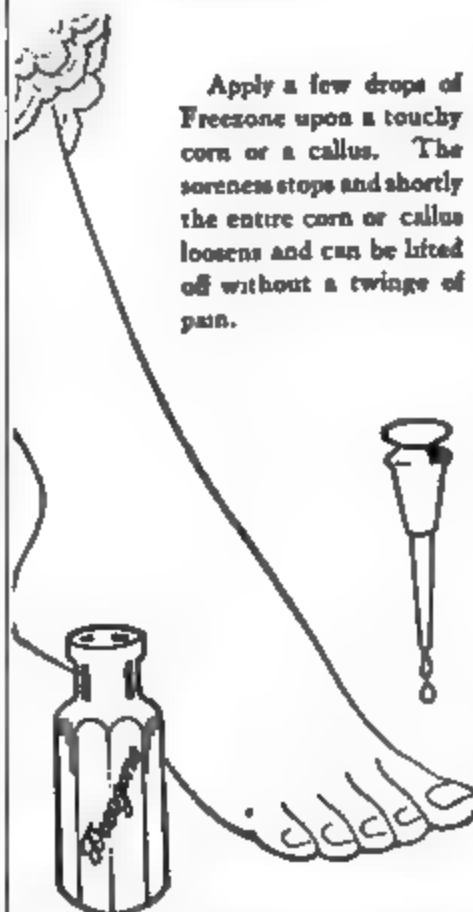
She rose with a weary gesture. "What's the good of talking about it? A knight in disguise remains in disguise till he chooses to throw off his incognito."

"And when he has thrown it off—what does he become then?"

"He may become something else—but he's—he's none the less—a knight."

Lift Corns Out With Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they lift off



Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward. Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Tiny bottle costs few cents at drug stores—anywhere

HOTEL ST. JAMES

Times Square, New York City
Just off Broadway at 109-115 W 45th St.
3 Blocks from Grand Central Station.

Much favored by women traveling without escort.

40 Theatres, all principal shops and orchestras, 15 to 3 minutes walk.

3 minutes of all bus ways, "L" roads, surface cars, bus lines.

All Outside Rooms Hot and Cold Running Water in every room.

Write for rates and booklet.

W. J. JAMES, Owner, Mgr.
Formerly of Hotel Webster

KEATING'S POWDER

KILLS Bugs, Flies, Mosquitoes, and all insects. Cures the skin.

We stood looking at each other, in one of those impulses of mutual frankness that are not without danger.

"And if there was a knight who— who couldn't throw off his incognito?" She shrugged her shoulders. "Then I suppose he'd always be a knight in disguise—something like Lohengrin."

"And what would Elsa think of that?"

Seeing the implications in this indirect question even before she did, I felt myself flush hotly. I admired the more, therefore, the ease with which she carried the difficult moment off. Moving a few steps toward Drinkwater and Miss Blair who were shutting up the tea-basket, she threw over her shoulder:

"If there was an Elsa I suppose she'd make up her mind when the time came."

She was still moving forward when I overtook her to say:

"I wish I could speak plainly."

She stopped to glance up at me. "And can't you?"

"Were you ever in a situation which you felt you had to swing alone? You now you could get help, you know you could count on sympathy; but whenever you're impelled to appeal for either something holds you back."

"I never was in such a situation, but I can imagine what it's like. May I ask one question?"

I felt obliged to grant the permission. "Is it of the nature of what is generally called trouble?"

"It's of the nature of what is generally called misfortune."

"And I suppose I mustn't say so much as that I'm sorry."

"You could say that much," I smiled, "if you didn't say any more."

She repeated the weary gesture of a few minutes earlier, a slight tossing outward of both hands, with a heavy drop against the sides.

"What a life!"

As she began to move on once more I spoke as I walked beside her.

"What's the matter with life?"

Again she paused to confront me. In her eyes gold lights gleamed in the brown depths of the irises.

"What sense is there in a civilization that cuts us all off from each other? We're like prisoners in solitary confinement—you in one cell and Boyd in another and Lulu in another and I another, and everybody else in his own or her own, and no communication or exchange of help between us. It's—it's monstrous."

The half-choked passion of her words took me the more by surprise for the reason that she treated me as if the defects of our civilization were my fault. Joining Lydia Blair and taking her by the arm she led the way back to the motor, while I was left to pilot Drinkwater who carried the tea-basket. During the drive back to town our hostess scarcely spoke, and not once to me directly.

XI.

BUT I was troubled by all this, and puzzled. That I couldn't afford the complication of a love-affair will be evident to anyone; but that a love-affair threatened was by no means clear. As far as that went it was as fatuous on my part to think of it as it would have been for Drinkwater, except in so far as it involved danger to myself.

For a few hours that danger did not suggest itself. That is I was so busy speculating as to Miss Averill's meaning that I had no time to analyze the way I was taking it. Weighing her words, her impulses, her impatience, I saw no more than that she might be offering her treasures at the feet of a wooden man, a carved and painted figurement, without history or soul.

That is, unless I mistook her meanings as Malvolio mistook Viola's!

There was that to do it too. It was the aspect of the case on which I dwelt all through my lonely dinner. I had not forgotten Boyd Averill's reception of me on the Sunday of the luncheon. I never should forget it. There is something in being in the house of a man who is anxious to get you out of it unlike any other form of humiliation. The very fact that he refrains from pointed-

ly showing you the door only gives time for the gloomy to sink in. Nothing but the habit of doing certain things in a certain way carried me through those two hours, and enabled me to take my departure without inequity. On going down the steps the sense that I had been kicked out was far more keen than if Averill had given way to the actual physical grossness.

Some of this feeling, I admit, was fancied. It was due to the disturbed imagination natural to a man whose mental equipment has been put awry. Averill had been courteous throughout my visit. More than that, he was by nature kindly. Anywhere but in his own house his attitude to me would have been cordial, and for anything I needed he would have backed me with more than his goodwill.

Nevertheless, that Sunday ranked as a poisoned memory, and one from which I found it impossible wholly to dissociate any member of his family. Though I could blame Mrs. Averill a little, I could blame Miss Averill not at all, and yet she belonged to the household in which I had been made to feel an unwelcome guest. That in itself might give me a clue to her sentiment toward me.

As I went on with my dinner I came to the conclusion that it did give me such a clue. I was the idiot Malvolio thinking himself beloved of Viola. Where there was nothing but a balked philanthropy I was looking for a tender heart. The dictionary teemed with terms that applied to such a situation, and I began to heap them on myself.

I heaped them on myself with a sense not of relief but of disappointment. That was the odd discovery I made, as much to my surprise as my chagrin. Falling in love with anybody was no part of my programme. It was out of the question for obvious reasons. In addition to these I was in love with someone else.

That is to say, I knew I had been in love, I knew that in the portion of my life that had become obscured there had been an emotional drama of which the consciousness remained. It remained as a dream remains when we remember the vividness and forget the facts—but it remained. I could view my personality somewhat as you view a countryside after a storm has passed over it. Without having witnessed the storm you can tell what it was from the havoc left behind. There was some such havoc in myself.

Just as I could look into the glass and see a face young, haggard, hard some, if I may use the word without vanity, that seemed not to be mine, so I could look in my heart and read the suffering of which I no longer perceived the causes. It was like looking at the scar of a wound received before you can remember. Your body must have bled from it, your nerves must have ached, even now it is numb or sensitive; but its history is lost to you. It was once the outstanding fact of your childish existence; and now all of which you are aware is something atrophied, lacking, or that shrinks at a touch.

IN just that way I knew that passion had once flashed through my life, but had left me nothing but the memory of a memory. I could trace its path almost as easily as you can follow the track of a tornado through a town—by the wreckage. I mean by the wreckage, an emotional weariness, an emotional distress, an emotional distaste for emotion, but above everything else. I mean a craving to begin the emotional over again.

I often wondered if some passionate experience hadn't caused the shattering of the brain-cells. I often wondered if the woman I had loved was not dead. I wondered if I might not even have killed her. Was that the crime from which I was running away? Were the Furies pursuing me? Was it to be my punishment to fall in love with another woman and suffer the second time because the first suffering had defeated its own ends in making me insensible?

All through the evening thoughts of this kind, now and then with a half-

A LUX Shampoo is a real luxury

Perfect cleanliness and a refreshing stimulant for the scalp are the best of all means for ensuring hair health. In other words—try a LUX shampoo.

Dissolve a tablespoonful of LUX in a gallon of very hot water, whip into a creamy lather, and then temper with cool water. Rub well into the scalp—you'll enjoy the invigorating, cleansing sensation. Then rinse thoroughly in fresh tepid water and dry the hair, in the sun if possible, never with strong heat.

Lux is sold at all grocers, department stores, etc.

A handy recipe book "The Care of Dainty Clothes" is gladly sent free on request.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED

TORONTO

LUX



"California Syrup of Figs"

All druggists sell the reliable and genuine "California Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna".

Children's Pleasant Laxative

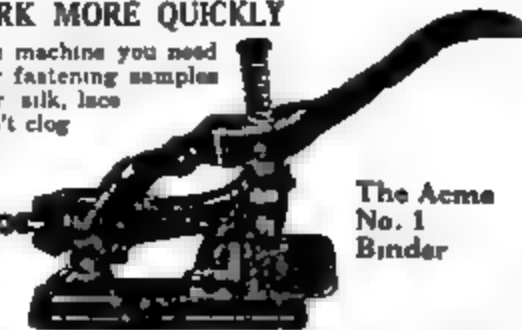
Full directions for children of all ages are plainly printed on label. Mother! You must look for our name,—The California Fig Syrup Company.

IT WILL DO YOUR WORK MORE QUICKLY

Acme No. 1 Binder is just the machine you need for heavy office work, and for fastening samples of carpets, hosiery, underwear, silk, lace etc. Holds 100 staples. Won't clog or buckle. Does the work quickly and easily.

Will cut down expenses and save time and money in office, factory or store. Very simple and durable. Let us supply your requirements. Write for booklet "A," which shows the complete Acme line and the many uses.

RENEST J. SCOTT & COMPANY
THE ACME STAPLE COMPANY
PROCESS TYPEWRITER SUPPLY COMPANY, LTD.



The Acme No. 1 Binder

25 St. Peter St., Montreal, Canada
Camden, N.J., U.S.A.
London, England

CHILBLAINS POSITIVELY CURED BY GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT DRAWING OUT THE INFLAMMATION

Grasshopper Ointment draws out the pain, itching, and inflammation of chilblains with an office remedy which amazes all who try it. One or two applications are generally sufficient to produce a cure in even bad cases. The inflammation is drawn out as easily as a sponge absorbs water. Try a box and see if it does not do so in your case. There may be chills in which are not curable with Grasshopper, but they have not come to our notice. For curing any trouble produced by impurities in the blood, Grasshopper Ointment is absolutely unexcelled. Do not be persuaded to purchase any substitute or imitation preparations. Sold by all Drug Stores and Chemists, and stocked by all Wholesale Houses throughout Canada.



The Brush that Will Soften Your Beard

YOU may be using a Lather Brush with a "French Dome" top and very light bristles, when you should be using a SIMMS Square Top and Slightly Oval Top Brush with stout badger bristles that will get right down to the bottom of that tough beard and soften every hair.

There's the right brush for your beard—the right shape, the right bristles "set in rubber"—the right handle that just fits your hand—at the right price—in the 200 different styles in

TRADE
SIMMS
SET IN RUBBER
MARK
LATHER BRUSHES

They are all sturdy dependable Brushes—all made to give practically a lifetime of shaving ease and comfort.

Remember—the better the brush, the better the shave. Get the best SIMMS Lather Brush that you can afford.

Look for the SIMMS Trademark on the brush you buy. Druggists, Hardware and Department Stores carry Simms Lather Brushes.

T. S. SIMMS & CO., LIMITED

Makers of "THE LATHER BRUSHES" for 40 Years
ST. JOHN, N.B.
BRANCHES: MONTREAL, TORONTO, LONDON

feverish turn, ran through my mind. till by the time I went to bed love no longer seemed impossible. It was appalling, and yet it had a fascination. It was fascination enough to set me to wondering how I could meet Mildred Averill again. Not that I thought of making love to her. All I wanted was to test myself. I forgot that she might have an interest in me, or, if I didn't quite forget it I thrust it out of sight as hunting too much at Melville.

The appeal she made to me was that of some tempting thing absolutely out of reach. Because you admire a picture on the wall of a museum it does not follow that you think of acquiring it for private ownership. Moreover, because her attractions did not lie on the surface, her portrait was the more seductive. On the surface she was all monochrome, but it is the untrained eye that revels in obvious decoration. Only taste does justice to the masterpiece in one smooth tone. When beneath that tone there are the dragons and chrysantheums which only the gaze of the real lover of beautiful things is ever likely to detect, one gets that joy of the connoisseur which the connoisseur alone appreciates.

So during the next few days I walked with a vision pure, unobtrusive, subdued holy in its way which nevertheless broke into light and passion and flame that nobody but myself was probably aware of. I also gleaned from Lydia Blair who had a journalistic faculty in gathering personal facts, that Mildred Averill's place in New York life was not equal to her opportunities.

"There are always girls like that," Miss Blair commented. "They've got all the chances in the world, and don't know how to make use of them. She's not a bad looking, not when you come to study her, and yet you couldn't show her off with the dressiest models in New York."

I ventured to suggest that showing off might not be Miss Averill's ambition.

"And a good thing, too, poor dear. If it was it would be the limit. She sure has the sense to know what she can't do. That's something. Look here, Harry," she continued sharply. "I told you before that if you're going to take letters down from the dictaphone you've got to read them through to the end before you begin to transcribe. Then you'll know where the corrections come in. Now you've got to go back and begin all over again. See here, my dear! If you think I'm going to waste my perfectly good time giving you lessons that you don't listen to, you've got your serve with you."

It was one of my rare visits to Miss Flowerdew's dark front parlor of which Drinkwater had the use, and I

was making the call for a purpose. I knew there were certain afternoons when Miss Blair "breered in" as she expressed it, to give some special lesson to her pupil, and I had heard once or twice that on such occasions Miss Averill, too, had come to lend him her encouragement. Nominally she brought a cylinder from which Drinkwater was to copy the letters her brother had dictated, but really her mission was one of sympathy. Seeing the boy in such good hands, and happy in his lot, I had the less compunction in leaving him alone. I left him alone, as I have said in order not to be identified more than I could help with two stenographers.

My visit of this day was notably successful, in that I obtained from Miss Blair her own summary of the social position of the Averill family.

As far as they carried a fashionable tag it was musical. Mrs. Averill had a box at the opera, and was seen at all the great concerts. She entertained all the great singers and all wandering celebrities of the piano and violin. Before she went to Europe she had begun to make a place for herself with her Sunday afternoons, at which one heard the most renowned artists of the world singing or playing for friendship's sake. She might by now have been one of the most important hostesses in New York in her own particular line had it not been for her constitutional weakness in "chucking things."

She had always "chucked things" just when beginning to make a success of them. She had "chucked" her career as a girl in good society in order to work for the concert stage. She had "chucked" the concert stage in order to marry a rich man. She had "chucked" the advantages of being a rich man's wife while in the full tide of social recognition. With immense ambitions, she lacked steadiness of purpose, and so, according to Miss Blair, she was always "getting left." Getting left implied that as far as New York was concerned, Lulu Averill was somewhere, when she might easily have been somewhere, with a consequent feeling on her part of boredom and disappointment.

It reacted on her husband in compelling him to work in unsettled conditions, and without the leisure and continuity so essential to research. Miss Blair's expression was that the poor man never knew where he was at. Adoring his wife, he was the more helplessly at her beck and call for the reason that he had long ago come to the knowledge that his wife didn't adore him. Holding her only by humoring her whims, he was just now struggling with her caprice to go back to the concert stage again.

To be continued

His Majesty's Well-Beloved

Continued from page 17

narrative, I have seemed to you over-presumptuous, then I do entreat your forgiveness. Love for my friend and reverence for your worth have dictated every word which I have written. If through my labours, I have succeeded in turning away some of the just anger which had possessed your soul against the man whom I dare aver, you still honour with your love, then indeed I shall feel that even so insignificant a life as mine hath not been wholly wasted.

I do conclude, dear and honoured Mistress, with a prayer to Almighty God for your welfare and that of the man whom I love best in all the world. I am convinced that my prayer will find favour before the throne of Him who is the Father of us all. And He who reads the inmost secrets of every heart, knows that your welfare is so dependent on that of my friend, that I am content to leave the future in His hands, and I myself do remain, dear Mistress,

Your humble and obedient servant,
John Honeywood.

Epilogue
RING down the curtain. The play is ended. The actors have made their final bow before you and thanked you for your plaudits. The chief player—a sad and lonely man—has for the moment spoken his last upon the stage.

All is silence and mystery now. The lights are out. And yet the audience lingers on, loath to bid farewell to the great artist and to his minor satellites who have helped to weave away a few pleasant hours. You, dear public, knowing so much about them, would wish to know more. You wish to know—and I am not mistaken—whether the labour of love wrought by good Master Honeywood did in due course bear its fruitfulness. You wish to know—of am I unduly self-flattered—whether the play of passion, of love and of revenge, set by the worthy clerk before you, had an epilogue—one that would satisfy your sense of justice and of mercy.

Then, I pray you, turn to the pages

of history, of which Master Honeywood's narrative forms an integral and pathetic part. One of these pages will reveal to you that which you wish to know. Thereon you will see recorded the fact that after a brief and distinguished career during that summer to the city and university of Stockholm, where honours without number were showered upon the great English actor, Mr. Retterton came back to England to the delight of an admiring public, for he was then in the very plenitude of his powers.

Having read of the artist's triumph, I pray you then to turn over the pages of the faithful chronicle of his career, and here you will find a brief chapter which deals with his private life and with his happiness. You will see that at the end of the self same year 1662, the Register of St. Giles Cripplegate, contains the record of a marriage between Thomas Retterton, actor of the parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster,

and Mary Joyce Sanderson of the aforesaid parish of St. Giles.

That this marriage was an exceptionally happy one we know from numerous data, minutes and memoranda supplied by Downes and others that Master John Honeywood was present at the ceremony itself. We may be allowed to guess. Those of us who understand and appreciate the artistic temperament will readily agree with the worthy clerk when he said that it cannot be judged by ordinary standards. The long and successful career of Thomas Retterton and of Mistress Sanderson his wife, testify to the fact that their art in no way suffered, while their souls passed through the fiery ordeal of passion and of sorrow, but rather that it became ennobled and purified until they themselves took their place in the heart and memory of the cultured world among the immortals.

THE END

In the Days of Anarchy

Continued from page 19

a list of houses with rooms to rent. Every place I went had either just been given or the price was so prohibitive that I could not consider it. On my husband's rejoicing me which he was able to do with quiet conscience, just four days before the arrival of the Germans in Bucharest, he procured for us two rooms in a Jewish quarter of the town, and there we remained until February, 1917.

Food From Seed Cakes

THE course of the war was going most disastrously against unfortunate Roumania. Things had come to such a pass that it was feared the Court and Government would be obliged to retire to Russia. My husband was named on a commission to visit the principal towns of Southern Russia and to inquire into what arrangements could be made with that object in view in case of last necessity. During his absence I found myself without fuel, a load of wood which had been promised me had failed to arrive; the last armful of green wood cut in the shape of matches, was smoking in the stove. Friends, however kind could not be importuned as all were suffering from the cold of the most terrible winter that Roumania had known for over twenty years. In my despair I bethought myself that on the outskirts of Jassy there was a factory where they pressed oil from sunflower seeds. The residue was made into round, thin cakes which burned splendidly and gave out considerable heat. Through the kindness of the Naval Department, I obtained the services of two sailors and a cart and proceeded to the factory. On requesting the manager to sell me a quantity of the cakes he replied that the Government had just requisitioned the factory and that it would be impossible for him to sell to private individuals. However, I persisted that finally in order to get rid of me, he said "Well I'll give you 500 if you have anything to take them away in," thinking such a thing would be impossible. What was his amazement when I quickly called in the sailors, and, pointing in the nearest pile told them that they could begin to load the cart. His only act of effort, in the face of this unexpected situation, was to charge me good and plenty, which he proceeded to do. The cakes weighed about a kilo a piece and the price of the quantity I took would amount in Canadian money to about \$100. This was sufficient to heat three rooms for about a week.

I walked proudly home beside this most satisfactory equipage. But my troubles were not over for on arrival at the house, my landlady her heart bursting with jealousy at my brilliant success refused absolutely to allow the precious cakes to be taken into the house. To leave them outside would have meant their complete disappearance before the morning in a town where whole flocks were known to have

walked away between dark and dawn. A battle royal ensued. I do not say that I took the lady by the hair, but my advantage in inches and Canadian determination won the day, and the sailors proceeded up the staircase with my treasures.

The Bad Flight of Canadian Nurses

JUST at Christmas time I heard through the American Legation that a Medical Mission had arrived from France, in which there were some Canadian and American nurses. Naturally, I hastened to the hospital where they were working. How to describe to you the state in which I found these girls! They had arrived in Bucharest just a week before the evacuation. Their special care, with every elaborate appliance to lighten the sufferings of the wounded had been lost en route. In the hasty departure from Bucharest many of their personal belongings had disappeared. They were now living all of them, in one small room, sleeping in beds of which the sheets had not been washed for six weeks. The room on floors though quite clean, had a decided gray tint, the result of being washed with toilet soap in their hand basins. On my inquiring what they had to eat, they showed me an unappetizing galvanized iron pot which contained a thin bean soup. The wretched pieces of decidedly black bread had been their most daily nourishment since their arrival in Jassy. Two or three sticks of green wood were spluttering and smoking in a decrepit stove. Needless to say they were far from the spirit of a Merry Christmas! My own resources being extremely limited, I was unable to help them personally but was fortunate enough to obtain the interest of Queen Marie in their condition. A few days later, on making my daily visit I perceived one of them dancing up and down the hall with a ham in her arms, gaily calling out when she saw me. "We've got a ham." I inquired into the source of such riches and still warmly embracing her treasure she led me into their room where I found that her Majesty had sent them a goodly supply of biscuits and canned vegetables, meats and other delicacies. So they began the New Year with plenty of good cheer.

If these were the sufferings of people in good health and well provided with money, I am sure I need not picture to you the condition of those who were ill or poor—or even the wounded in that very hospital. When the soldiers had their blood stained uniforms removed there was absolutely nothing to cover them sometimes but the cloak of some kind hearted nurse. Many times I have seen a poor unfortunate sink down upon the snow in the broad daylight on the main street, never to rise again. Old men, dragging their feet, were found in sacking and padded with straw over the icy pavements, searched very often in vain, for crusts and bones thrown away by someone more fortunate than

LANKA

Best Value the World Produces

There is no describing the exquisite flavor of Lanka Tea—let your first cup reveal it.

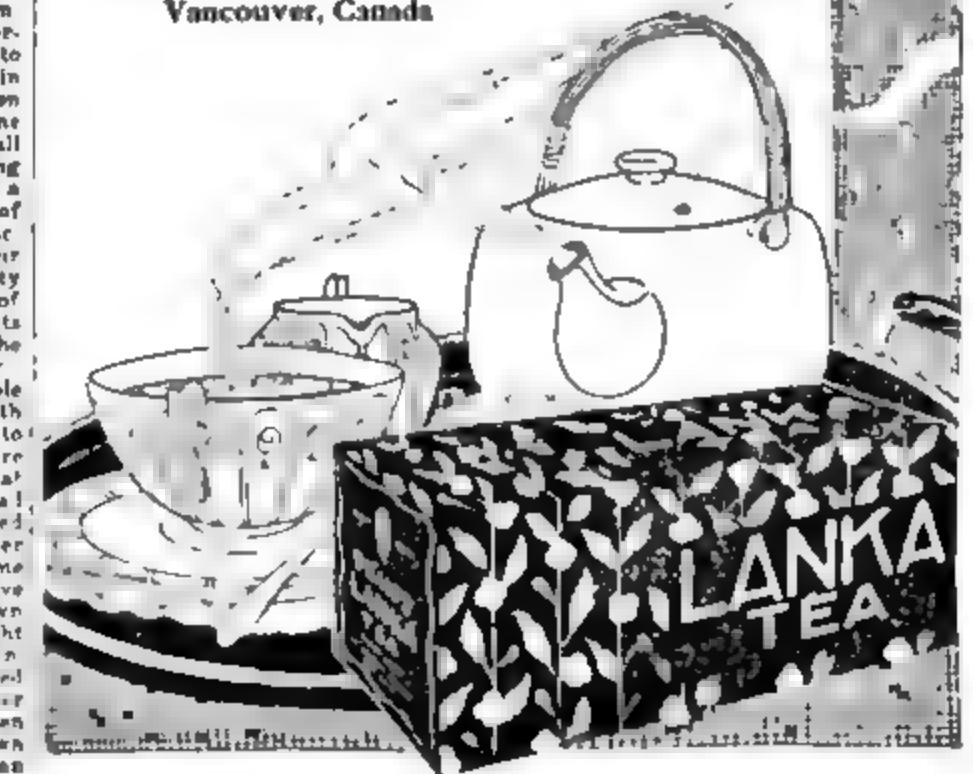
Taste it first without sugar or cream—you can best judge Lanka from the pure infusion, with flavor, aroma and with sparkling color undiluted.

This flavor is attained by blending, with consummate skill, the choicest growths of Ceylon's hill gardens. The Orient can produce nothing better than the quality which wins you to Lanka.

Lanka Tea is British grown, and brought direct from Ceylon to Vancouver. This saves freight charges and duty, which allows Lanka to be sold at a popular price.

You need pay no premium to enjoy Lanka. The price is only 75 cents a pound. Look for the handsome Lanka package on your grocer's shelf.

WM. BRAID & CO.
Vancouver, Canada





Chums

REGISTERED

To Start Your Children Right

How? By choosing Chums Shoes. Then you will have no cause to worry over turned ankles, fallen arches, crooked toes. These sturdy shoes keep good feet good and correct bad tendencies. See that your children wear Chums Shoes—they are foot insurance. Made in all sizes for boys and girls 3 to 14 years of age.

MADE IN
CANADA
BY

Charles A.
ARENS
limited
KITCHENER, ONT.



had held a revolver to his head, saying that he would be shot if he did not reveal the secret. He had not done so, and had so earnestly professed his entire ignorance that they let him go on his promise that if he learned anything he would immediately tell them. He also had expressed the most hearty adherence to revolutionary ideas. While he was before the Soviet a comrade of his was led out and shot in the courtyard.

Sentries were posted about the house so that I could no longer leave it for fear of being followed.

My Husband Given Himself Up

MY husband, with the help of friendly Consuls, had been making, as before every effort to free his fellow citizens and get news of our plight to Jassy. Failing in his endeavors, and anxious for the safety of his family, he decided to offer himself voluntarily as a hostage to Rackovski. This act won him the consideration of his enemies even, and had momentarily a beneficial effect on the general situation.

Several women, whose husbands were absent from Odessa, were arrested and kept prisoners in their homes for days. Friends coming to bring them food were caught in the trap and taken to prison. Efforts to hide money and jewellery taxed their ingenuity to the utmost. One friend while arrested never combed her hair during five days, as her jewels were concealed in its luxuriant coils. Others sewed money into the trimmings of their hats or the hems and sleeves of their frocks, some buried their rings in flower pots. One woman hid her diamonds in a ball of wool which rolled on the floor as she knitted like Penelope—unravelling her work at night. She saved them, but four thousand dollars she had concealed in a wood pile disappeared. In searching the houses the Bolsheviks got very cunning and ran their bayonets through sofa cushions and mattresses, even stripping the paper from the walls, and obliging the inmates of the house to remove their shoes and stockings in their presence.

About this time Rackovski instituted a determined organized requisition of all money belonging to the Roumanian Government at Odessa. A sum equal to about three and a half million dollars, deposited in one of the Consulates, was his most successful find.

I Meet Rackovski

SHORTLY after my husband's imprisonment I went to see this Consul to ask him to obtain permission for me to visit my husband in prison and to take him extra clothing and food. My friend informed me that at that very moment Rackovski was in his private office and advised me to ask him for this favor myself.

"He is in a good humor, I fancy," he added, "counting his millions."

Cursedly overmastered my reluctance to interview this extraordinary personage. I entered the little private office of the Consul. Sitting before the desk I saw a small, thin, bearded man, whose bright and piercing eyes were bent frowningly upon me. On addressing him in English however, his face relaxed. He replied in the same language, speaking with a pure accent and fluently, and after a few moments' conversation, actually bade me take a seat. My fascinated eyes were riveted on the desk which was piled a foot deep with bank notes of every color and description. He graciously granted my request and even shook hands with me at my departure. Nevertheless, I carried away with me the impression of a man fear-haunted and overwrought.

As so often even in normal life, the contrasts between the sublime and the ridiculous were striking. The Bolsheviks requisitioned everything that took their fancy, from the boots, furs or earrings on a woman passing in the street, to automobiles, and even entire houses and all therein. On one occasion, when they requisitioned a car the lady to whom it belonged protested that she was not a Russian.

"What does that matter?" was the ready reply. "In the French Revolution wasn't Marie Antoinette's automobile requisitioned?"

One citizen, with more backbone than his fellows, decided to resist. He told his wife that should anyone attempt to steal from him he would be ready, and put his revolver in his pocket on going out for his daily stroll about dusk. A man brushed past him in the street. He felt instinctively for his watch, finding it gone, he seized the passerby by the arm, and significantly waving his weapon, demanded "Give me the watch!" The man gave it instantly. With a smile of triumph, our hero returned to recount his adventure. His wife met him at the door.

"You are late to-day!" she exclaimed. "And I am not surprised, as it is the first time I have ever known you to forget your watch!"

The Great Canadian Arrives

HOW to describe to you the agony of that long month! Every day the power of the leaders, such as they were, grew less—anarchy more threatening. The members of the Soviets were changed sometimes every forty-eight hours. Merchants opened the doors of their shops as little as they possibly could. Banks were raided. Difficulties and anxieties of every kind pressed upon us. One feared spies on every side—blackmailing was the order of the day. We had absolutely no news from Roumania. We felt abandoned. In the evenings all the families assembled in one room of the house, wrapped in overcoats, with overhoses on their feet, and lighted by a solitary candle, in order to economize.

One morning I was surprised by a visit from an American friend.

"Do you know," he said, "there is a Canadian in town?"

The Canadian proved to be Colonel Boyle. The readers of MacLean's Magazine are familiar with the exploits of this remarkable man. His arrival in Odessa at this crucial moment was most providential for me and the whole Roumanian colony. By his courage and devotion he saved the lives of seventy hostages, of whom my husband was one. During his negotiations with the Bolsheviks I acted as his interpreter as he speaks no other language but English. I shall always remember his admonition before giving me this responsibility: "Now, I never worked with a woman before, but one thing I want you to be careful about. You say exactly what I say—don't add anything nor say what you think!"

It was on the morning of the day when the prisoners were to be exchanged that a friendly Russian came to my home and told me that the Bolshevik leader was not going to keep his contract—that already the prisoners were being taken to the dock. I drove to Col Boyle's residence and he lost no time in coming with us, leaving his baggage without a thought. We found the leader, and by sheer force of personality Col Boyle made him promise that the prisoners would be released that afternoon.

Driving back through the town, another little incident occurred which further showed Colonel Boyle's resourcefulness. The windshield of our car was shattered by another vehicle and some of the broken glass struck me on the head. "You're not hurt," he assured me, "and, anyway I'm a doctor." And indeed, his first aid was so good that even a Polish physician who came later was surprised at his skill.

In the afternoon we went to the boat to finally arrange the exchange of the prisoners. Wives and mothers and children were crowding the dock waiting and it seemed that the worst would soon be over. I went with Col Boyle onto the boat to again act as interpreter. The leader came forward, and when Col Boyle demanded that he sign the contract at once he explained that his signature alone would be of no use. He would go downstairs and bring some of his colleagues. Immediately after he left us a head was thrust through a sliding panel at our backs and a terrified voice whispered: "Is that you, Mrs. Pantami?"

The History of a Word

The trade-mark "KODAK" was first applied in 1888 to a camera for amateur use manufactured by the founders of the Eastman Kodak Company. It was simply invented.

It rapidly became known throughout the world, as the business of the Kodak Companies grew. It, of course, has been registered in all important countries and is ours in Canada both by such registration and by common law. Its first application was to the Kodak Camera. Since then we have applied it to other goods of our manufacture, as, for instance, Kodak Tripods, Kodak Portrait Attachments, Kodak Film, Kodak Film Tanks and Kodak Amateur Printers.

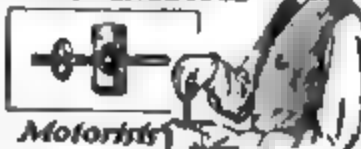
The name "Kodak" does not mean that these goods must be used in connection with a Kodak Camera, for as a matter of fact any of them may be used with other apparatus or goods. It simply means that they originated with, and are manufactured by, the Kodak Companies.

"Kodak" being our registered and common law trade-mark can not be rightly applied except to goods of our manufacture.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited
Toronto, Canada

TRADE MARK PAT. CANADA
SCHRADER
UNIVERSAL
VALVE REPAIR TOOL



Motorists
This handy little 5-in. one tool should be in your kit.

It will repair every kind of injury to first valve quickly and surely. Tool consists of tap, pin, valve inside remover, reamer and deflator. Costs only 45¢ at any dealer's. Saves time, trouble and money. Works accurately and quickly. Have one handy. Removes fluid from valve stems, repairs damaged cap screws, repairs inside thread, repairs damaged cap nuts—deflates tubes.

A-SCHRADER'S SON
194 King St. E., Toronto, Canada
London, Eng. New York Chicago

JOHN HEATH'S
TELEPHONE PEN

To be had of leading Stationers in Canada

"Yes," I said, "but who are you?" "Don't you remember me?" I used to be a machinist on board the "Cata g'n," mentioning a warship commanded some years previously by my husband. "I was taken prisoner and forced to run the engine. Get off the boat at once with that Englishman. We're putting off a ready."

We rushed for the gangplank which was crowded with the panic-stricken mob. Some of the prisoners had already gotten off the boat and again we faced the leader. Col. Boyle thrust the paper in his face and said "Sign that!"

"Yes, I'll sign," he replied energetically, and at the same time gave a signal that brought down a volley of rifle fire from above. People fell all around us.

My only thought then was for my husband. We rushed to each other and found shelter for a time beside a brick wall. Finally, however, he with others was forced at the point of the bayonet back to the boat. I looked around for Col. Boyle. He was still standing at the foot of the gangplank, by sheer weight of numbers, pushed a few feet from where we had left him.

"What are you going to do now?" I asked. At that moment we noticed two soldiers beating an aged prisoner with their rifles.

Spanish Doubloons

Continued from page 24

the spoiled child of fortune. Aunt Jane and Miss Higgleby Browne were the joint commanders of the expedition, and he commanded them. The Scotchman's theoretical rank as leader had involved merely the acceptance of all the responsibility and blame, while authority rested with the petticoat government dominated by the bland and wily Tubbs.

Had Mr. Tubbs not continued bland and wily, had he taken his fair confederates into his counsels, who knows how fat a share of the treasure they might have voted him. But he had abandoned his safe nook behind the throne, and sought to come out into the open as dictator. Sic semper tyrannus. So had the mighty fallen.

FACED with the failure of his coup d'état, Mr. Tubbs's situation was, to say the least, awkward. He had risked all, and lost it. But he maintained an air of jaunty self-confidence, slightly tinged with irony. It was all very well, he seemed to imply for us to try to get along without H.H. We would discover the impossibility of it soon enough.

Aunt Jane, drooping, had been led away to the cabin by Miss Higgleby Browne. You now heard the voice of Violet in exhortation, mingled with Aunt Jane's sobs. I seemed to see that an ear of Mr. Tubbs was cocked attentively in that direction. He had indeed erred in the very wantonness of triumph for a single glance would have kept Aunt Jane loyal and prodigal of excuses for him in the face of any treachery. Not even Violet could have clapped the lid on the up-welling fount of sentiment in Aunt Jane's heart. Only the cold, condemning eye of H.H. dimmed had congealed the lipid flood.

The morning wore on with ever-increasing heat and as nothing happened I began to find my "watchful waiting" dull. Cruise, worn out perhaps by some private nocturnal pig hunt, slept heavily where the drip of the spring over the brim of old Heintz's kettle cooled the air. Aunt Jane's sobs had ceased, and only a low murmur of voices came from the cabin. I began to consider whether it would not be well to take a walk with Cuthbert Vane and discover the tombstone all over again. I knew nothing of course of Mr. Tubbs's drastic measures with the celebrated landmark. As to Cuthbert's interrupted courtship, I depended on the vast excitement of discovering the cave to distract his mind from L. For that was the idea, of course. Cuthbert Vane and I would explore the cave,

"I can't stand this," Col. Boyle said. "I'm going with them." The last I saw of him he was taking the two Bolsheviks by the collars, and the boat with my husband and the other men belonging to the families on the dock was rowed out for we knew not where. The story of the voyage and of how they were finally brought back to us is another story.

Under German Rule

IT was for the slight services I was able to render in these critical moments that I received the Star of Roumania.

In April 1918 I returned to Galatz and afterwards to Jassy, there to chafe under German rule until the Armistice was signed. We were then permitted to go to Bucharest where we found our home in rick and ruin after a series of Austrian, Turkish and German occupations.

It was a great relief when on the nomination of my husband to one of the numerous commissions in connection with the Peace Conference we were able to go to Paris last February. If Paris seemed an earthly Paradise after our trials and struggles, how much more does Canada seem a haven of rest. I can say in very truth in this smiling prosperous land "East, West, Home's Best."

and then whenever I liked I could prick the bubble of Mr. Tubbs's ambitions, without relating the whole strange story of the diary and the Island Queen. I was immensely pleased already by the elimination of Mr. Tubbs from the number of those who need have a finger in the golden pie. I thought that perhaps with patience I might coax events to play still further into my hand.

But meanwhile the cave drew me like a magnet. I jealously desired to be the first to see it, to snatch from Mr. Tubbs the honors of discovery. And I wanted to know about poor Peter and the doubloons that he had gone back to fetch.

But already Captain Magnus had forsaken the post of duty and departed on an unknown errand. Could I ask Cuthbert Vane to do it, too? And then I smiled a smile that was half proud. I might ask him—but he would refuse me. In Cuthbert's simple code certain things were "done," certain others not. Among the nots was to fail in standing by a friend. And just now Cuthbert was standing by Donald Shaw. Therefore "nots and backs and wreathed smiles" were vain. In Cuthbert's quiet, easy mannered thick-headed way he could turn his back calmly on the face of love and follow the harsh call of duty even to death. It would not occur to him not to. And he never would suspect himself of being a hero—that would be quite the nicest part of it.

And yet I knew poor Cuthbert was an exploded superstition, an anachronism, part of a vanishing order of things and that the ideal which was replacing him was a boiler-pated monster with clickwork heart and brain named Efficiency. And that Cuthbert must go along with his Jacobean manner, and his family ghost, and the oaks in the park and everything else that couldn't prove its right to live except by being fine and lovely and full of garnered sweetness of the past.

AT this point in my meditations the door of the cabin opened and Miss Browne came out, looking sternly resolute. Aunt Jane followed, very pink about the eyes and nose. She threw an anxious furtive glance at Mr. Tubbs, who sat up briskly and in a nervous manner peered with a large bandana that barren tone, his cranum which looked torrid enough to scorch the very feet of the flies that walked on it. It was clear that on the lips of Miss Browne there hovered some important

Remember The One-Cent Dish



The Delicious Food of Foods

A dish of Quaker Oats—the finest form of the supreme food—costs you but a cent.

A big, hearty dish of the greatest food that grows. It is almost a breakfast in itself.

Note what that cent will buy, at this writing, in other foods which are excellent.

What One Cent Buys

- A bite of meat.
- A trifle of fish.
- 1-5 of an egg.
- 1 slice bacon.
- 1 slice of bread and butter.
- 1 large potato.
- 2 small prunes.

A cake of Hamburger Steak costs about as much as 5 dishes Quaker Oats. There is no greater food fact to consider in your breakfasts.

The oat is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness. A food which every mother wants her child to get.

And it costs one-sixth what meat costs, or eggs or fish, for equal calories of nutrition.

Cost by Calories

The calorie is the energy measure of food value, used in Governmental comparisons. At this writing, this is what some necessary foods cost per 1,000 calories of nutrition.

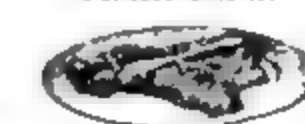
Cost Per 1,000 Calories

Quaker Oats	5 1/2c
Average Meats	45c
Average Fish	50c
14 Hen's Eggs	70c
14 Vegetables	11c to 75c

Eat all these foods, but make Quaker Oats your basic breakfast in average up your food cost. A so make sure your people get what they need.

5 1/2 Cents Per 1000 Calories

5 1/2 Cents Per 1000 Calories



50 Cents Per 1000 Calories



70 Cents Per 1000 Calories

70 Cents Per 1000 Calories

Quaker Oats

The Super-Grade of Oat Flakes

For flavor's sake be sure to get Quaker Oats. It is flaked from quota grains only just the rich, plump, luscious oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. This flavor has won Quaker Oats a world wide fame. It makes the dish doubly inviting. And it costs you no extra price.

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Covers

Sixty-one Years' Unexcelled Reputation.

McCormick's Jersey Cream Sodas

Sold fresh everywhere. In sealed packages.

Factory at LONDON, Canada.

Branches at Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, Kingston,
Winnipeg, Calgary, Port Arthur, St. John, N.B.

Words to the Wise

Most of us enjoying good health and

spirits are careless of our diet. We eat more and oftener than we should, foods which sooner or later upset the stomach. Then trouble sets in, taking the form of biliousness, indigestion, sleeplessness, dizziness and languor. We feel ill, cross and stupid; we become bores to our friends and to ourselves; life becomes a thing of horror not worth living. Yet, all this is absolutely unnecessary. Stop, think a moment!

BEECHAM'S PILLS

"The Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World"

the standard remedy of nature; compounded from the purest drugs of vegetable origin and free from all minerals, has been proven by men, women and children the world over to correct all these ills, by giving new power and tone to the stomach, liver and kidneys. Take this wonderful remedy and the bowels work easily and regularly. Congested organs become purified, the jaded nerves refreshed and the whole system nourished and rejuvenated. Beecham's Pills

Bring
Health and Happiness

Sold everywhere in Canada. In boxes, 25 cents and 50 cents.

announcement, which might well be vital to the fortunes of Mr. Tubbs.

With a commanding gesture Miss Browne signalled the rest to approach. Mr. Tubbs bounced up with alacrity. Mr. Shaw and Cuthbert obeyed less promptly but they obeyed. Meanwhile Violet waited, looking impassable as fate.

"And where is Captain Magnus?" she demanded, glancing about her.

But no one knew what had become of Captain Magnus.

As for myself I continued to sit in the shade and wait. But I could hear with ease all that was said.

"Mr. Tubbs," began Miss Browne, "your recent claims have been matter of prolonged consideration between Miss Harding and myself. We feel we can not but feel—that there was a harshness in your announcement of them, an apparent concentration on your own interests ill befitting a member of this expedition. A so, that in actual substance, they were excessive."

"Not half Mr. Tubbs, oh, no, not half! But one-quarter, Miss Harding and myself," as the joint heads of the Harding Browne expedition, are inclined to think no more than the reward which is your due. We suggest therefore a simple way out of the difficulty. Mr. Dugald Shaw was engaged on liberal terms to find the treasure. He has not found the treasure. He has not found the slightest clue to its present whereabouts. Mr. Tubbs on the contrary has found a clue. It is a clue of the first importance. It is equivalent almost to the actual discovery of the chest. Therefore at Mr. Shaw, convinced I am sure by this calm presentation of the matter of the justice of such a course, resign his claim to a fourth share of the treasure in favor of Mr. Hamilton H. Tubbs and agree to receive instead the former's allotment of Mr. Tubbs, namely one-sixteenth."

Having offered this remarkable suggestion, Miss Browne folded her arms and waited for it to bear fruit.

"I DID—in the enthusiastic response of Mr. Tubbs. Having already played his highest trump and missed the trick, he now found himself with an entirely fresh hand dealt to him by the obdurate Miss Hagglesby Browne. The care in his countenance yielded to beams of smiles."

"Well, well!" he exclaimed. "To think of your takin' old H. H. that liberal! O' course havin' formed my habits in the financial centres of the country I named a stiff price at first. As it is, I won't deny. But that's just the best way of a man used to handlin' large affairs—nothin' else to it. I do assure you. The Old Man himself used to say 'There's old H. H.—you'd think he'd eat the part off a house, he'll show up that graspin' in a deal. And at the time it's just love of the game. Let him know he's goin' to win out and bless you, old H. H. will swing right round and fair force the points on the other party. H. H. is sicker than soap to handle, if only you handle him right! Can I say without hard feelings that just now H. H. was not handled right? Instead o' bein' joshed with as he looked for, he was took up short, and even then which he might have expected to show confidence in here Mr. Tubbs cast a reproachful eye at Aunt Jane—"run off with the notion that he meant just what he said. All he'd done for this expedition his loyalty and faith to same was forgotten and he was thought of as a self-seeker and Voracious Shark!" The pain of these recollections damped the torrent of Mr. Tubbs's speech.

"Oh, Mr. Tubbs!" breathed Aunt Jane heartbrokenly and of course a tear trickled gently down her nose following the path of many previous tears which had already left their scars on her face.

Mr. Tubbs managed in some impossible fashion to roll one eye tenderly at Aunt Jane, while keeping the other fastened shrewdly on the remainder of his audience.

"Miss Hagglesby Browne and Miss Jane Harding," he resumed, "I accept. It would astonish them as has only



IMPERIAL ROYALITE COAL OIL

Imperial Royalite Coal Oil is free from soot, impurities, highly efficient for all heat, light or power purposes.

Clean and uniform, it burns without smoke or soot every drop goes into heat.

Whether used for oil heater, oil rock stove, oil lamp, tractor or stationary engine, Imperial Royalite gives 100% satisfaction.

For sale by
dealers
everywhere
in Canada.

IMPERIAL OIL
LIMITED

YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE
BEAUTIFUL
EYEBROWS
and LASHES

They are wonderfully
easy to make, and
last for weeks.

Look-After-Your-Face

Keep all night's work
looking and glowing
with a beauty cream
that is easy to use.
It is the only one
that has been
developed by a
beauty expert.
It is the only one
that has been
developed by a
beauty expert.
It is the only one
that has been
developed by a
beauty expert.

DAN-SAL-CO BATH
OUTFIT

THE BEST BATH
OUTFIT IN THE
WORLD

30 DAY TRIAL

BOOK ON
Dog Diseases
AND
How to Feed

Mailed free to any
address by the
Author

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
114 West 31st Street
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

known H. H. on his financial side to see him agree to a reduction of profits like this without a kick. But I'm a man of impulse, I am. Get me on my soft side and a kitten ain't more impulsive than old H. H. And o' course the bottom of this expedition ain't just business to me. It's—er—friendship, and—er—sentiment—in short, there's feelin's that a mere man worth their weight is gold!"

AT those significant words the agitation of Aunt Jane was extreme. Was it possible that Mr. Tubbs was declaring himself in the presence of others—and was a response demanded from herself—would his sensitive nature, so lately wounded by cruel suspicion, interpret her silence as fatal to his hopes? But while she struggled between maiden shyness and the fear of crushing Mr. Tubbs the conversation had crept on.

"Mr. Shaw," said Miss Browne, "you have heard Mr. Tubbs, in the interest of the expedition, liberally consent to reduce his claim by one-half. Doubtless it only is a spirit of emulation, you will attempt to match this conduct by canceling our present agreement and consenting to another crediting you with the former sixteenth share of Mr. Tubbs."

"Don't do it, Shaw," held the fort, old boy," broke in Cuthbert Vane. "I say, Miss Browne, this is a bully shame!"

Miss Browne had always treated the prospective Lord Grasmere with distinguished politeness. Even now her air was mild though lofty.

"Mr. Vane, I must beg leave to remind you that the object of this expedition was yet unattained when Mr. Tubbs, by following clues ignored by others, brought success within our reach. Mr. Dugald Shaw having conspicuously failed—"

"Failed!" repeated Cuthbert, with unprecedented energy. "Failed! I say, that's too bad of you, Miss Browne. Wasn't everybody here a lot keener than old Shaw about muckin' in that shy cave where those Johnnies would have hard work to bury anything unless they were mermans? Didn't the old chap risk his neck a dozen times a day while this Christopher Columbus stayed high and dry ashore? Suppose he did find the tombstone by stubbing his silly toes on it—so far he hasn't found the cave, much less the box of guineas or whatever those foreign chaps call their money. Let Mr. Tubbs go it on the tombstone if he likes. Shaw and I can find the cave quite on our own, can't we, Shaw?"

"Mr. Vane," replied the still deferential Violet, "as a member of the British aristocracy, it is not to be supposed that you would view financial matters with the same eye as those of us of the Middle Classes, who, unhappily perhaps for our finer feelings, have been obliged to experience the harsh contacts of common life. Your devotion to Mr. Shaw has a romantic ardor which I can not but admire. But permit us also our enthusiasm for the perspicacity of Mr. Tubbs, to which we owe the wealth now within our grasp."

Mr. Shaw now spoke for the first time.

"Miss Browne, I do not recognize the justice of your standpoint in this matter. I have done and am still prepared to do my best in this business of the treasure. If Mr. Tubbs will not give his information except for a bribe, I say—let him keep it. We are no worse off without it than we were before, and you were then confident of success. My intention, ma'am, is to hold you to our original agreement. I shall continue the search for the treasure on the same lines as at present."

"One moment," said Miss Browne haughtily. She had never spoken otherwise than haughtily to Mr. Shaw since the episode of the Wise Woman of Dumbiedykes. "One moment, Jane—and you, Mr. Tubbs—"

SHE drew them aside, and they moved off out of earshot, where they stood with their backs to us and their heads together.

It was my opportunity. Violet her-

self had proposed that the agreement under which we had all come to the island—the agreement which bound me to ask for no share of the treasure—should be cancelled. Nothing now was necessary to the ripening of my hopes but to induce Dugald Shaw to imitate himself. Would he do so—on my bare word? There was no time to explain anything—he must trust me.

I sprang up and dashed over to the pair who stood looking gloomily out to sea. They turned in surprise and stared down the two big men, into my flushed, up-titled face.

"Mr. Shaw," I whispered quickly, "you must do as Miss Browne wishes. In my earnestness I laid a hand upon his arm. He regarded me bewilderedly. "You must you must!" I urged. "You'll spoil everything if you refuse!"

The surprise in his face yielded to a look composed of many elements, but which was mainly hard and bitter.

"And still I shall refuse," he said sardonically.

"Oh, no, no," I implored, "you don't understand!—oh, if you would only believe I am your friend!"

His face changed subtly. It was still questioning—and guarded.

"Why don't you believe it?" I whispered instead. "Do you forget that I owe you my life?"

And at the recollection of that day in the sea-cave the scarlet burned in my cheeks and my head drooped. But I saw how the lines about his mouth had softened. "Surely you must know that I would repay you if I could!" I hurried on. "And not by—treachery!"

He laughed suddenly. "Treachery! No! I think you would always be an open foe."

"Indeed I would!" I answered with a flash of wrath. Then, as I remembered the need of haste, I spoke in an intense quick whisper. "Listen—I can't explain, there isn't time. I can only ask you to trust me—to agree to what Miss Browne wishes. Everything, you don't dream how much depends on it!" For I felt that I would let the treasure lie hidden in the Island Queen forever rather than that Mr. Tubbs should, under the original contract, claim a share of it.

The doubt had quite left his face. "I do trust you, little Virginia," he said gently. "Yes I trust in your honesty, heaven knows, child. But permit me to question your wisdom in desiring to enrich our friend Tubbs."

"Enrich him—enrich him!" The best I wish him is unlimited greed in an almshouse somewhere. No! What I want is to get that wretched paper of Miss Browne's nullified. Afterward we can divide things up as we like."

HEWILDERMENT shot with a gleam of half incredulous understanding seemed to transfix him. We stood a long moment, our eyes challenging each other, exchanging their countenance of faith and steadfastness. Then slowly he held out his hand. I laid mine in it, we stood hand in hand comrades at last. Without more words he turned away and strode over to the council of three.

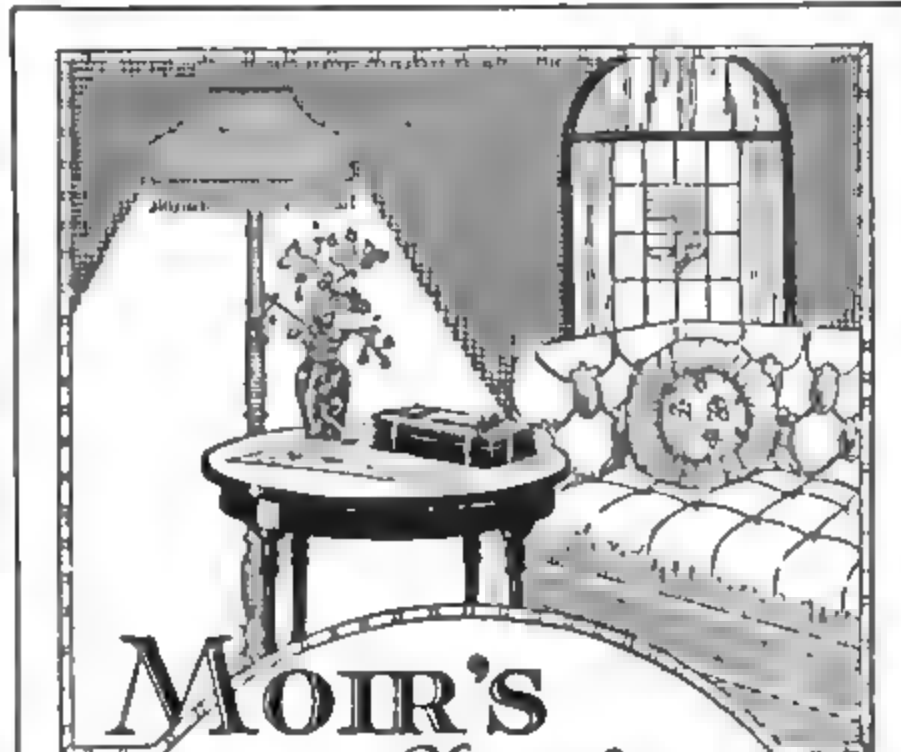
I now became aware of Cuthbert Vane, whom perplexity had carried far beyond the bounds of speech and imprisoned in a sort of torpor. He was showing faint symptoms of revival and had got as far as "I say—" uttered in the tone of one who finds himself moving about in worlds not realized when the nearby group dissolved and moved rapidly toward us. Miss Browne, exultant, beaming was in the van. She set her substantial feet down like a charger pausing the earth. You might almost have said that Violet pruned Aunt Jane was round-eyed and twittering. Mr. Tubbs wore a look of suppressed astonishment, almost of perturbation. "What's the game?" was the question in the unblinking eye of Mr. Tubbs. But the Scotchman had when he chose a perfect poker face. The great game of bluff would have suited him to a nicety. Mr. Tubbs interrogated that inexpressive countenance in vain.

Miss Browne advanced on Cuthbert Vane and entered both his hands in an ardent clasp.



THE STETSONIAN—presented as the
Stetson Feature Hat for Spring 1925
because of its smart, authentic style and
assured Stetson Quality

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY
Philadelphia, U.S.A.



MOIR'S Chocolates

The guest will know that you appreciate her call when she sees the box of Moir's Chocolates. The name "Moir's" is known to stand for the highest achievement in chocolate coatings and distinctive fillings.

Moir's Limited, Halifax

"Sifted through Silk"

Your dressmaker can tell you that a face powder which continues to sell in ever increasing quantities must be a quality product first of all.

The House of Pierre has a long record of quality products in the field of cosmetics. Their face powder is no exception. It is a quality product first of all.

Free Sample on request. Write: Pierre, 100 King Street West, Toronto, Ontario. Enclose 10¢ for postage.



"THE CROFT"
Holliday Home No. 41

SAVE \$400.00 ON YOUR HOME

Everything to build the complete home.

CATALOGUE FREE (Don't miss it)

THE HOLLIDAY COMPANY Limited
Factory Distributors
Hamilton • Canada

"Mr. Vane," she said with solemnity, "I thank you in the name of this expedition I thank you—for the influence you have exerted upon your friend!"

And this seemed to be the noble youth the most stunning of all the shocks of that eventful morning.

Now came the matter of drawing up the new agreement. It was a canny Scot indeed who, acting on the hint I had just given him, finally settled its terms. In the first place, the previous agreement was declared null and void. In the second, Mr. Tubbs was to have his fourth only of the treasure were discovered through his direct agency. And it was under his condition and no other that Dugald Shaw bound himself to relinquish his original claim. Virginia Harding signed a new renunciation clause, but it bore only on treasure discovered by Mr. Tubbs. Indeed, the entire contract was of force only if Mr. Tubbs fulfilled his part of it, and fell to pieces if he did not. Which was exactly what I wanted.

Miss Browne and Mr. Tubbs demurred a little at the wording on which Mr. Shaw insisted, but Mr. Tubbs's confidence in the infallibility of the tombstone was so great that no real objection was interposed. No difficulty was made of the absence of Captain Magnus as his interests were unaffected by the change. Space was left for his signature. Mine came last of all as that of a mere interloper and hanger-on. I added it and handed the paper demurely across to Violet who consented to an apparently bottomless pocket. Copies were to be made after lunch.

My demonstrations of joy at this happy issue of my hopes had to be confined to a smile in which for a startled instant Violet had seemed to sense the triumph. It was still on my lips as with a general movement we rose from the table about which we had been grouped during the absorbing business of drawing up the contract. Cooke had been clamoring for us to leave that he might spread the table for lunch. I had opened my mouth to

call to him "All right, Cooke!" when a shrill volley of bark from Crusoe shattered the stillness of the drowsy air. In the same instant the voice of Cooke, raised to a sharp note of alarm, rang through the camp.

"My God, what ails this beast!" I turned, to look into the muzzle of a rifle.

XVI

FIVE men had emerged from the woods behind the clearing so quietly that they were in the centre of the camp before Crusoe's shrill bark, or the outcry of the cook, warned us of their presence. By that time they had us covered. Three of them carried rifles, the other two revolvers. One of these was Captain Magnus.

Advancing a step or two before the others he ordered us to throw up our hands. Perhaps he meant only the men—but my hands and Aunt Jane's and Miss Higglesby Brown's also went up with docility. He grinned into our astounded faces with a wolfish baring of his yellow teeth.

"Never guessed I wasn't here just to do the show work, but might have my own little side-show to bring off, hey?" he inquired of no one in particular. "Here, Skinker help me truss 'em up."

The man addressed thrust his pistol in his belt and came forward, and with his help the hands of the Scotchman, Cuthbert Vane and Mr. Tubbs were securely tied. They were searched for arms, and the sheath knives which Mr. Shaw and Cuthbert carried at their belts were taken away. The three prisoners were then ordered to seat themselves in a row on the trunk of a prostrate palm.

The whole thing had happened in the strangest silence. Except for a feeble moaning from Aunt Jane, like the bleating of a sheep, which broke forth at intervals, nobody spoke or made a sound. The three riflemen in the background, standing like images with their weapons raised, looked like a well-trained chorus in an opera.

To be Continued

Canada Has a "Movie" Future

Continued from page 21

To Produce in Canada

I SAID a few lines back that when I was placed at the head of my own producing unit I had reached my ambition. That is not exactly true. To be perfectly frank with you, I have another ambition, and that is, to go home, back to Canada, and make some big pictures there. I am still—always will be—a Canadian, never having given my allegiance to any other country. I have wanted to see Canada as a motion picture centre for years, and on day I am going to have my desire fulfilled in spite of a decided obstacle, which is in my way.

A good many people, realizing the obvious secrecy of the Dominion have asked why there was no motion picture industry in Canada. The trouble is, the duty going either way is too high. In these days motion picture producers work with very heavy equipment and just as a little example, it is only a few months ago that Fred Stone decided that there was no country quite like Canada in which to take certain scenes in his new picture. He had a special automobile that he needed in the picture and it cost him five hundred dollars to bring the car across the line and five hundred dollars more when it was necessary to bring it back to the United States. I made some inquiries regarding a picture not long ago, and I found that what I would have to pay to the firm or import with a license upon my cost of production that I had to give up my plan. I really know what I am talking about, for I make some of the scenes for a picture "For Valor" at Camp Borden. I know of at least a dozen motion picture producers who feel as I do about the severity of import and export duties—

not quite so keenly, of course, because they are not native Canadians. My idea is that the Canadian Chambers of Commerce and the Government ought to make more or less of an inducement to the motion picture producers to use Canada as scenery. If they would make it agreeable to us, we could bring in a great deal of money. The motion picture industry put Southern California on the map, and it would build up locations in Canada the same way. I don't think it is any secret that the Mayflower Corporation, with whom I am affiliated, is a financial investment on the part of a group of Boston business men, and their returns on the investment run several times the usual rate of interest.

Why, I could do the best movie I ever put on if I could work around Lake Louise, or Banff, Montreal and Quebec offer the best backgrounds on this side of the ocean. They have been used but not as often as they deserve. Many a time I have looked up at the hills on the top of the bluff at Quebec and thought what a wonderful location it would be for the story of a mythical kingdom.

And there are dozens, possibly hundreds, of splendid film actors, who have come out of Canada. Mary Pickford, of course, heads the list, and Julia Arthur is an actress who had enhanced the value of the film "Al Christie," and Mark Bennett, both masters of comedy, are Canadians, as is Hobart Bosworth, Barbara Castleton and Raymond Hatton. There are only a few who come to my mind there are others.

I really think it is only a question of time before Canada reaps her harvest from the motion picture industry. I hope that I am able to do my share.

Don't Miss this Bargain



The Raw Skins alone would cost more to-day, in most cases, than the price we ask for a finished and complete Hallam Guaranteed Fur Garment as illustrated and priced in

HALLAM'S 1929 EDITION FUR FASHION BOOK
Free to You

These low prices are still good for any articles we have left, but absolutely no new Coats or Sets can be made up except at nearly 50 per cent more in cost.

Be sure and write for your free copy of Hallam's Fur Fashion Book which contains 66 pages and covers illustrations over 100 beautiful Fur Garments, all genuine photographs of the articles just as they are and real people wearing them. It will save you many dollars and it is absolutely free. Address as below.

John Hallam
3424 Hallam Building, Toronto,
The Laboratory of our line in Canada

"Lion" British Postal Tailor-Service Saves Canadians 25 to 50%



\$35
Only paid.

Write now for Self-measure Chart and Cloth Patterns.

Single, clear, accurate measuring system. Thousands of Canadians in men order regularly. No risk—complete satisfaction with fit, cloth, and delivery, or Cash Refund Guaranteed.

Cloth by the yard.
Huddersfield Sued Worsteds, \$12.50 per yd. Scotch Tweed, \$5.50. Smart Hard Wear Tweeds, \$4.35. Average suit length, 3 1/2 yds. Any length cut. Write to-day for patterns to

GROVES & LINDLEY, Exporters of Cloth and Clothing, 66 The Lion, Huddersfield, England.

An Election Before Fall?

Continued from page 12

Now that they've got the Government they find that platform a pretty poor sort of lumber to carry on with. Moreover, they wiped out patronage and politics eloquently and often before they realized that they had three Ministers who as yet had not been provided with seats in the Legislature. What they, in their innocence, failed to realize is that politics is the machinery by which policies are put into force. As to patronage, everybody yells that it is bad, and what everybody yells must be right. But the curse of business is the man who tries to get something for nothing, and, after all, government is only another form of business. So how can you expect Mr. Drury and his Ministers to get seats for nothing? To put it another way, how can you expect members who have given their time and some of their money to get elected to the Legislature to give up their seats without getting something in return? But if they get "something" the Government is playing politics and practising patronage.

Of course the Union Government abounded patronage—or at least part of it. Also the Union Government, by

so doing, abolished any organization it ever had. Neither has it any surplus of popularity. Do the Farmers want to finish even as the Union Government is finishing?

It is worth noting, however, that Hon. T. A. Crerar has been down to Nova Scotia, where the foundation of a Farmer movement has been laid. He dropped off at Toronto on the way back West for a word with the Ontario Farmers. It is a good guess that what he said was "For Heaven's sake, quit talking." To some extent, they've taken his advice.

And from a Farmer standpoint it was the best advice that could be given. For, with the Union ship breaking up and the Old Liberals torn with doubts, jealousies and fears, all the Farmers have to do to come into their reward is to sit still and say nothing.

When will the reward come? You always come back to that same old question. And the only answer is that if Sir Thomas White takes up the leadership, the end of Unionism may be postponed. If he doesn't, look out for a franchise act at the coming session and a franchise act means an election before fall.

Everybody's Doing It

Continued from page 9

It Comes Rapidly—Sometimes

WHILE this market was discussing the psychology of the market he and his friend strolled over to the Board, and took a look at the most recent quotations.

"I wonder what 'Price Common' is at now," it opened to day at 303," he said. They looked down the line of share figures, until they came to the last one. "Price" had reached 330, almost while they were talking.

One man who had bought 25 shares at the opening quotation sold at 330. He had traded on a thirty-point margin and had turned his "investment" of \$750 into \$1,425, a clear profit of \$675 between 10 1/2 and 12 3/4.

"There you have it," said the broker, as he pointed to the Board. "Do you think that most men could sit calmly here while other men make money as easy as y, or that they could even hear the lucky plunger talk about it afterwards—for they always talk when they win—without wanting to take a fling at it himself?" Very few men can resist such a temptation, particularly when they are beginning to wonder what is the best way to circumvent the H. C. of L. They look upon the market as a God given chance.

"But to too many it is devil-given."

It Has Been a "Bull" Year

RISE in prices are essential, to attract the public to the market. The great majority of traders are "bulls," and owing to the radical changes for the better in a number of Canadian industries, and general increases on all Exchanges, there has been a year-long "bull" market.

A list of eighty-seven of the most active listed securities shows that during 1919 no less than seventy-eight of them made advances, running as high as 244 in the case of one stock and in only nine cases did stocks show a loss. The most extreme drop of those listed in Montreal was only two points.

So, who have made the money? Almost everyone, particularly those who have already taken their profits. Who lost money?

A few but during 1919 not nearly as many as won. This is owing to the fact that actual values as well as market values, showed such extraordinary increases. Spanish River Common, for example, which rose from 17 to 80 in expectation to show for 1920 at least \$4,000,000 clear increase over 1919 profits. Among those who lost are several

hundred who bought Lyall when it started on its climb, and were wiped out in its fall. Several "shorts" lost money—that is to say, those who thought a stock was as high as it could go, and played it for decline. A few others who lost were those who bought for a rise and were scared out because the stock showed a temporary decline of ten or fifteen points. They lacked either the nerve or the cash to stick until the upward move started. Still others dropped money when Canadian stocks reacted in sympathy with American stocks, in the November New York slump.

The Great Lyall Boom

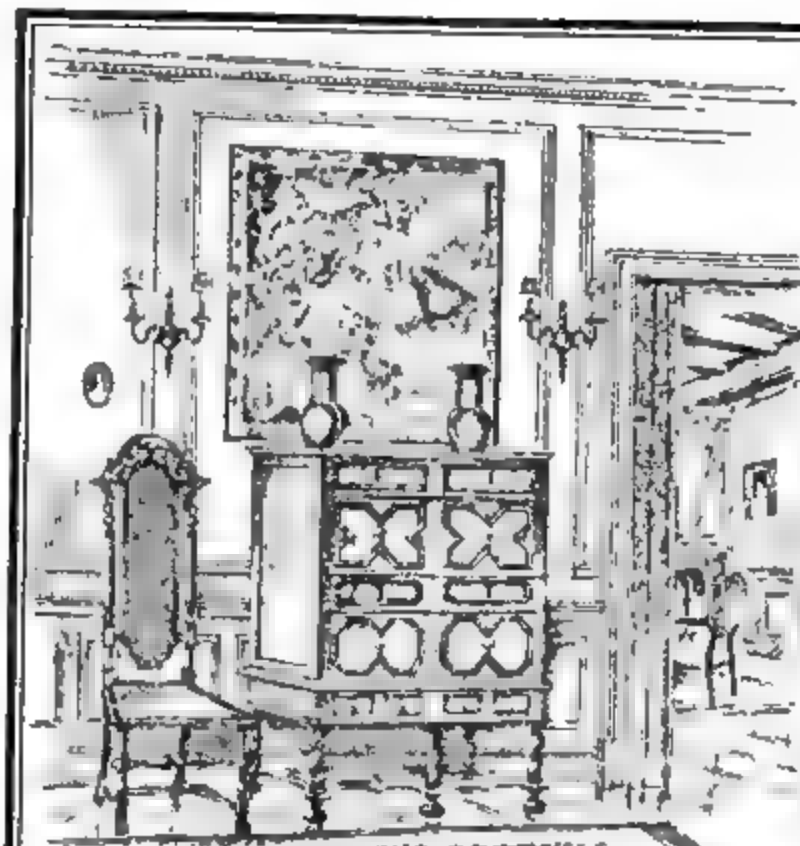
AS has been indicated two of the most spectacular of listed stocks increased occurred in Lyall and Abitibi Common. Lyall was selling several points below par, and paying 8 per cent, when the rumor was started that a new motor had been invented by a Lyall engineer. It was reported that this motor would enable a car to make sixty miles on one gallon of gasoline, and that the Lyall Co. was planning to build a car for \$600 which would make Henry Ford's product a back number.

The stock started to soar and soar jumping ten and twenty points over night. It was reported that in a test run the car equipped with a Lyall motor had beaten a Ford, later, it developed that it wasn't much of a run, and that it was a rather battered, decrepit Ford which had taken second place.

One stenographer made a killing and is now the envy of her friends when she drives down to the office in her own car—which cost her just an initial investment of \$100!

She worked it this way: a friend tipped her off that Lyall was a good buy and she took \$100 over to an acquaintance of hers who was a broker and persuaded him to buy ten shares of Lyall at a little better than par and carry it for her on the rather narrow margin of ten points. She very wisely sold at about 145, and thus her \$100 had turned into \$510. She "blew in" \$70 on a dinner for herself and some friends (including the man on the "news" and her broker) and then bought twenty Abitibi Common on twenty-five points margin. This cost her \$11. She sold at \$260 again wisely advised though it later went considerably higher—and her \$100

Continued on page 30



The THORNTON-SMITH CO.
Interior Decorators & Furnishers
Panelled Room, with Jacobean Furniture & Tapestry Hangings made & supplied by us
29 King St. W., Toronto.



The Double Track Route WINTER TOURS TO CALIFORNIA

Or to some other Pacific Coast point or to

Alabama	Florida	Mississippi	North Carolina
Arizona	Georgia	New Jersey	South Carolina
Bermuda	Louisiana	New Mexico	Texas
Cuba			West Indies

Golfing, Tennis, Polo, Bathing, Fishing, etc. or just rest

TICKETS ON SALE NOW. STOP-OVER PRIVILEGES ALLOWED

Apply to any Agent of the Company who will be pleased to furnish you with complete information as to fares, routes, etc.

G. T. BELL
Passenger Traffic Manager
Montreal

W. S. COOKSON
General Passenger Agent
Montreal

Is Your Skin Subject to Blemishes?

A faulty complexion seldom ceases to cause the impression of a woman's face. A woman's face is the first thing that strikes the eye. A woman's face is the first thing that strikes the eye. A woman's face is the first thing that strikes the eye.

Princess complexion Purifier \$1.50
Princess Skin Food 1.50
Princess Hair Restorer 1.50
Princess Face Powder (boxed) .50
Princess Cold Cream .50

The Hiscott Institute, Limited
59F College Street, Toronto



Lovely Hands

The unmistakable sign of refinement is a lovely hand, with well kept nails. See how quickly your nails will respond to treatment with

HYGLO

Manicure Preparations

growing shapely and beautiful, and lending new distinction and charm to your hand. A perfect manicure, requiring but a few minutes!

COMPLETE HYGLO OUTFIT at \$1.50 (pictured below) includes Hyglo Cuticle Remover and nail bleach. Hyglo Nail Polish in cake form, Hyglo Nail Polish Paste (pink), Hyglo Nail White, also double nail file, emery board, orange stick and cotton. Hyglo manicure preparations can be bought separately at 35c and 65c each, at leading drug and department stores.

HYGLO Mesoline for stiffening eyelashes and darkening eyebrows, can be readily washed off with water, including brush and mirror, 75c, black, brown, blonde.

To enable you to try HYGLO Nail Polish (Powder) and HYGLO Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach we will mail you small samples including emery board, orange stick and cotton upon receipt of 10 cents in coin.

GRAF BROS., Inc.
Established 1911
111 West 24th Street
New York
Selling Agents
10 McCord Street,
Toronto, Canada

Dye Old, Faded Dress Material

"Diamond Dyes" Make Shabby Apparel Stylish and New—So Easy Too.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, draperies—everything! A Direction Book is in package.

To match any material, have dealer show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card. Wells and Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal, Canada, and Burlington, Vt.

We'll rebuild Your Lamp Into a "Quick-Lite"

If you have an old style torch-generating lamp, send it to us by parcel post and have it fixed. We will make it into a "Quick-Lite" torch-generating lamp that will give you years of satisfactory service. We will also clean and tune your lamp, returning it in perfect working order. The Quick-Lite burner costs only the cleaning and tuning fee. The Quick-Lite burner. No alcohol torch. Does away with messy and bothersome alcohol. No hot burning "toasted" for torch. You no more hold a lit match under the pilot, roll and in an instant you have a wonderful, brilliant, strong, white light, mellow and useful to the eye. Send your lamp and we'll take care of it. We'll have it back over better than it was when sent.

The Coleman Lamp Co.
Wichita, St. Paul, Toledo, Dallas, Los Angeles, Chicago



Why a Woman on the Movie Censor Board?

By GENEVIEVE GORHAM



Caroline Cassels, recently appointed to the Moving Picture Censor Board for Ontario.

THAT there is something wrong with our movie censoring seems to be a pretty general opinion, even with the most devoted attendants. It isn't just the feeling of the women who want a woman on the Board of Censors—a measure which will undoubtedly help, if for no other reason than that it should bring a balanced, sort of a family viewpoint to the decision of what is right for an audience of men, women, young people and children of all classes and stations. For the movie house is the most cosmopolitan of theatres; therefore, possibly the greatest in its influence in one direction or another; with perhaps the biggest possibilities.

But the responsibility of bringing the movies up to what they might be does not end with cutting a foot or a few hundred feet of film, here and there, important as that sometimes is. Negative treatment is good in its way, but an equally urgent need is some direct encouragement of the kind of picture the people want—meaning by "the people" the sane, live, busy citizens who go to the movies and those who would go if there were anything there to attract them.

"If you were appointed to the Board of Movie Censors what would you cut from the films shown in the average picture-house, and what style of picture would you encourage?" This question was circulated among a rather representative group of some fifty people. There were a number of stenographers, teachers and other business girls, most of whom were enthusiastic movie fans; there were a few mothers of "teen-age" patrons, both boys and girls; several professional and business men, most of them with the sober judgment that comes with being the head of a household; and a few fairly

gay bachelors, who might not be expected to consider things so seriously. It was found that men who had traveled the world over and who might naturally have been a little super-critical in their dramatic tastes, frankly confessed to a fondness for the movies, though they scored certain common tendencies unsparingly. And it was found that on the

Everybody's Doing It?

Continuation of this article will be found on page 75.

really fundamental points in movie censoring practically all these people with such widely-varied points of view, agreed—at least, all who had seen enough of life to interpret it for themselves. The degree in which a few of the younger members had let the movie playwright do their interpreting for them was very significant of movie influence, and sometimes rather alarming.

Of those who could be taken seriously, all, in one way or another, expressed their dislike of the problem play, vamps and triangles, and practically all liked the human-interest story of the happier type.

"We are, as a rule, simple souls, easily pleased," said one man. "We don't know anything about Chinatown or the gilded salons of the underworld of great cities, and few of us know or care anything about the famous triangle of two men and a woman or two women and one man. Moreover, those of us who have cut our wisdom teeth view these spectacles with the inward assurance that the producer knows as little as we do; that the viewpoint presented is essentially a lie, and that a lie is as pernicious an influence as the salacious. What we need, it seems to me, is plays of the life we know, incidents that could happen to us who still carry with us an idea of decency and a certain measure of self-respect. We do not want moralizing. There is nothing more nauseating than the repentances of the vampires, and the average person, I believe, wearies of the death-bed scenes as displayed in the movies. Birth and death are too naked and elemental facts for the picture-man to play with—they need a genius. The movies that appeal to me most are just the pleasant little stories such as are usually played by Marguerite Clark and Constance



The movie house is the most cosmopolitan of theatres—hence perhaps the most far-reaching in its influence.



It's the Apex Cleaner that Saves My Time and Strength

"Yes, Grandma, you would have had greater enjoyment in keeping house if you could have owned an Apex like this. Really I couldn't keep house without my Apex; it saves just hours of time for other tasks."

The new generation approved the Apex instantly. It has proved itself invaluable in every room. In the sewing room it picks up the waste threads and cuttings; in the living room a minute's use and it gathers cigar ashes, stray match ends, torn bits of paper and the other dirt and dust so hard to gather.

The powerful suction of the Apex draws the deeply imbedded dust right out of rugs and carpets. The Apex

inclined nozzle reaches under things. It saves stooping and bending. The nozzle of the Apex is so divided that it cleans evenly and thoroughly. Only the Apex does these things. A quarter million housewife users of the Apex are now realizing a new sense of household cleanliness.

A leading dealer in your city will gladly demonstrate Apex features without cost of any kind.

THE APEX ELECTRICAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Limited
102-104 Atlantic Avenue
Toronto, Ontario
In the United States, The Apex Electrical Distributing Company, Cleveland, Ohio

The
Apex
ELECTRIC SUCTION CLEANER



Talmadge, stories with a laugh in them and the hint of youth. I like the plays that make you leave your seat with a half-grin on your face."

Another man said: "We should have more romance and adventure and fun. Realism is all right, but realism which takes the exception and holds it up as a rule for fool people to exclaim about and say 'Isn't that true to life?' wearies me. We all know, or should know, that ninety per cent. of the people are decent—perhaps a little commonplace, but certainly decent. If you want real realism you've got to get



Your Hair Needs "Danderine"

Save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don't let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggly or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality. Get a 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs stimulating, beautifying "Danderine" to restore its life, color, brightness, abundance. Hurry, Girls!



Good for Children

Milk. Nature's own best food, is even more readily digestible and more enjoyable to the taste by being made into Junket.

That is why it is recognized as one of the finest foods for children—and grown-ups.

Junket

MADE WITH MILK

serves the double purpose of a wholesome food and a dainty dessert.

Keep Junket Tablets on hand, and treat your family to Junket often, especially the children.

Sold by grocers and druggists everywhere.

The Junket Folks, Little Falls, N.Y.

Canadian Factory
Ch. Hansen's Canadian Laboratory, Toronto, Ont.

NESNAH
the powdered
JUNKET

is the same as Junket Tablets, except it is in powdered form and already sweetened and flavored. It comes in 6 pure flavors, delicious in taste and appearance. Simply add milk.



a little of the common with it. Now I don't want realism. I want adventure, romance, amusement; want to have a little of the 'make-believe' brought out. That may sound kiddish, but then, you know, our wives like to speak of us as 'great big boys.' I want to see 'Treasure Island' decently done. The O. Henry stories, I like. The kind of picture I don't like is the male and female vampire bosh. Theda Bara and Francis X. Bushman have caused me to enjoy many fine evenings at home."

Still another man, who has attended the playhouses of many countries, and whose views on things theatrical would never be criticised as narrow, said: "The kind of picture I would cut out? 'The Fatal Kiss,' 'The Crimson Cuddle,' 'The Scarlet Death Throats,' 'The Love That Lasted a Million Years,' 'The Billionth Kiss,' all vampire pictures, and all slushy sentimental pictures."

These views were typical of the general attitude of the men as well as the women. The woman who goes on a Board of Censors need have no qualms about narrowness in using her influence unsparingly to get rid of a lot of the pictures that provide such vivid posters at the doors of most of the movie houses.

THERE seems to be a pretty general feeling, too, that our moving pictures need a good deal of constructive cultivation, as well as pruning. A number of those questioned resented the waving of American flags in Canadian picture-houses, and the almost entire absence of Canadian scenery or Canadian atmosphere in any shape or form. "I would cut from all films," stormed one young Canadian, "every American flag, every incident depicting the Americans winning the war, all pictures of the Great War fought around Los Angeles, all pictures of the down-trodden Irish, oppressed by the tyranny of the English. These pictures do more to spread anti-British sentiment than all the Bolshevik agitators." One man expressed the need of doing away with the popular pandering to prejudice. "The poor old employer," he said, "is still dragged around as one who gives his male and female employees a pittance which drives them to various crimes. The worker is still depicted as honest, without exception. The fact that there are good and bad among all classes is overlooked." Another said: "There are only two crimes I recognize in any art, and those are vulgarity and commonplaceness. Moving pictures are so full of these two things that in another generation all delicacy of humor or subtlety of emotion will be a thing of the past." The same man expressed a fondness for costume dramas of other times or dramas by the sea. "A bit of surf," he said, "goes a long way to make me forget my quarrel with the author."

Several others had the same desire for more refinement, both in natural beauty of scenery and in the scenario writer's art, and not a few suggested that more of the plays of the standard authors be shown on the screen. A librarian tells us that when "Jean Valjean" was shown in the town movie house one night last winter the demand for "Les Misérables" the next day was astonishing. What the movies might do to bring something of Shakespeare and Scott and Dickens to the rank and file of the people is almost beyond the imagination.

Surprising though it may be to those who would give the movies the conventional "uplift," the majority of people, even those who might be expected to be rather highbrow in their movie tastes, enjoy a good comedy. A writer who has traveled widely and is rather a connoisseur of things theatrical, admits: "I have enjoyed movies several times. I believe Charlie Chaplin to be one of the greatest artists of all time. As a pantomimist, he deserves to rank with the more vocal names of Bernhardt, Irving and Forbes Robertson." If Charles occasionally allows his art to border on vulgarity, a scene deleted here and there will not seriously break

the train of action, but one of the first requisites of the man or woman on the Censor Board is a sense of humor.

PERHAPS the main object in the minds of women working to get a woman on the Board of Censors is to make the pictures right for the children and teen-age young people who make up the bulk of picture audiences. It isn't surprising to find that the majority of men have the same interest at heart, though they may not see eye to eye on all things. For instance, a deputation of women waiting on the Government recently asked, among other things, to have fighting scenes cut out. The average man likes a good fight and is fond of the athletic school of actors generally—so is the sixteen-year-old boy; and since the hero is always fighting in a chivalrous cause, the fighting scenes, with the exception of the brutal affairs that unnecessarily torture an audience, and have nothing really sporting in them anyway, might perhaps be classed as inspirational, as well as a line of education in gymnasium practice.

The women also asked that the drinking scenes featured in most of the story plays be eliminated. One rather illuminating opinion on this point came from a man. "When I see them pouring out one tumblerful after another, it always makes me thirsty. I never had the drinking habit myself, so what must it mean to a man who has? Even the smoking seems a little overdone. I smoke myself, but I don't want fifteen-year-old boys to smoke. However, I think a lot of the smoking could be cut out with benefit to the play. Most of it is an example of bad acting. The average Anglo-Saxon doesn't know what to do with his hands, so at every interval in the performance he takes out his cigarette case, strikes a match on the box, and lights one."

So far as the needs of the teen-age patrons go, it seems that what is most needed is a better quality of show in every particular—a better story, better acting, better photographic art. A man who has a Sunday school class of boys about fifteen years old asked them what film they remembered best of any they had seen. They were regular movie attendants, but they could not remember clearly the story of any picture. And here occurs another trouble that commonly afflicts the picture-house in the small town: Like the circus that appears with a two-mile parade in the city, but is split into five or six detachments to serve as many small towns, the movie film frequently suffers some most disconnecting mutilation before it reaches the smaller houses. Watching some of these films, we almost wonder if an enterprising spirit had not picked up the trimmings after the censors were through and pieced them together in an effort to make a little comedy of his own. There is no reason why the best pictures should not go to the smaller places—often they do. If the manager doesn't bring them of his own accord, it rests with the townspeople to demand them.

Then there is the matter of pictures for the younger children. This is something especially for women to look after. Some of the most beautiful films shown in any department of the moving picture art are Hans Andersen's "Seven Swans," and "Snow-White." Few people ever get past the stage of enjoying these; certainly there never comes a time when they are not the better for seeing them.

In fact, the whole movie business is properly a women's community concern. It is through the influence of women's organizations, more than anything else, that the film "The Turn of the Road," brought to Canada by the Y. M. C. A., is being shown throughout the country. But it isn't just a matter for organized women or women in any official capacity. Every woman's children and her neighbor's children, and all her young relatives and friends, are close friends of the moving pictures; it is rather a family and friendly duty for her to become acquainted with them herself.

Commercial Art for Girls

By ETHEL CHAPMAN

A GIRL in a small Ontario town found herself up against the problem of helping to support a family, and she had no way of making money. She knew that she had some talent as an artist—she could draw very well and paint a little and she loved it, but she couldn't sell her pictures. She didn't know, and none of her friends knew, that ability as an artist could be turned into a means of making a sure and dependable income.

So she put her paints and brushes away and came to the city to learn stenography. She "wasted" six months in a business college, she says, before she found that she could go on with a kind of art that was wanted, something that would make it possible for her to do the work she liked because it would bring in the money she had to have.

She left the business college, went to an art school, and entered the field of what is commonly called commercial art, though she says the term "commercial" is not fair to the work; it is pure art as truly as is the painting of a masterpiece for an art gallery.

That was four or five years ago. The girl has no financial worries now. We gather that her income is seldom less than two hundred dollars a month, and sometimes twice that amount. There were two fundamental reasons for her success; she was gifted for the work—she was born an artist, and she was willing to sacrifice a good deal to make herself an artist afterwards. Without both of these no one can hope to succeed; with both of them the profession is as sure financially as it is interesting and full of possibilities.

THERE must be many other girls with artistic talent and ambitions who see no way of adapting them. Of course there may sometimes be a delusion as to whether ability is real or not; it is a tragedy for the girl without the necessary talent to try to make her way in this field when there are so many other things that she might do well. About the only clue successful artists will give from their own experience is that they always wanted to draw from the time they could hold a pen.



Anna Harris, one of Canada's commercial illustrators.



Ernest Howard, whose advertising drawings of children are attracting attention.

A girl whose work is becoming pretty well known, when asked how she came to go into commercial art, said: "I always liked to draw. As long ago as I can remember an old darky maid in our house used to set me on the table and draw faces for me to copy. She taught me by counting—one stroke for the forehead, one for the nose and one for the chin. I was too little to count very well for myself and sometimes I used to get an extra one in. Whether this started it or not, from that time on I was always drawing. When I was old enough I took lessons and my father had ambitions that I should be a real painter. I think it was a keen disappointment to him when I finally settled into making illustrations instead of pictures."

After all, the art that reaches the masses of the people has something appealingly human about it. It is, perhaps, more far-reaching in its influence, whether it be good or bad, than the pictures treasured in art galleries.

JUST how does a girl go about training for "commercial" art? First she must go to some art school to learn the fundamentals of drawing. The tuition fees for this would amount to perhaps fifty dollars for a school year. When she finishes the course it is probable that, however, much she knows about drawing, she knows little of how to adapt it. The majority of girls go into engraving houses to serve an apprenticeship, watching experienced artists at work, picking up what they can for themselves and practicing. In few other occupations is a girl so entirely dependent on herself. She has to assure the engraving house that she can draw before they will let her in at all; then they take her on without salary until she can do piece work that they can use. This may be at the end of three months, perhaps not for a year. Shortly after her work can be used, she may begin on a salary of seven or eight dollars a week. The rate of increase depends absolutely on the work she can turn out, if she is with human people who recognize ability and en-



UPTON'S

PURE
STRAWBERRY JAM



WHOLESONE - NOURISHING AND APPETIZING

Hello! Smiler

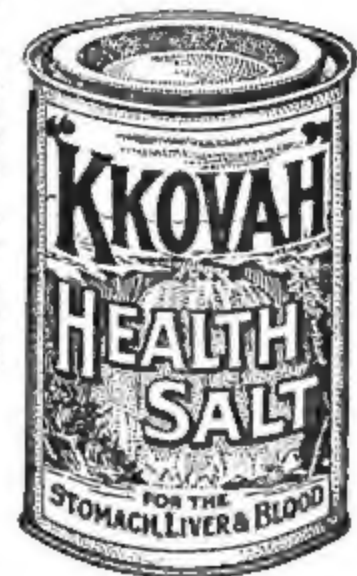
—you know the type. The people who are always cheery, making sunshine everywhere.

They are a contented, happy, healthy crew, HEALTHY—well, they have to be. Cheeriness depends on health. And health depends on the consistent, regular action of certain internal processes. In one word, regularity.

And there are times when all of you need help—when the liver needs stimulating, the blood purifying.

Kkovah Health Salts is the gentle, pleasant helper required by all. It'll get you fit and keep you fit—just a refreshing, sparkling drink that has the action of a natural corrective. You take it when you need it.

Makes you fit—Keeps you fit



In line of all doctors

SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, LIMITED
MANCHESTER, ENGLAND



DEPARTMENT OF NAVAL SERVICES

ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE OF CANADA

The Royal Naval College is established for the purpose of imparting a complete education in Naval Science.

Graduates are qualified to enter the Imperial or Canadian Services as mid-shipsmen. A naval career is not compulsory, however. For those who do not wish to enter the Navy the course provides a thorough grounding in Applied Science and is accepted as qualifying for entry as second year students in Canadian Universities.

The scheme of education aims at developing discipline with ability to obey and take charge, a high sense of honor, both physical and mental, a good grounding in Science, Engineering, Mathematics, Navigation, History and Modern Languages, as a basis for general development or further specialization.

Particulars of entry may be obtained on application to the Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

Pending erection of building to replace those destroyed at the time of the Halifax disaster, the Royal Naval College is located at Esquimaux, near Victoria, B.C.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for, Ottawa, February 2nd, 1919.

Economy

does not mean curtailing expenditure so much as getting full value for the money spent.

Meat is costly. Be sure of getting all the nourishment from the meat you eat.

Keen's D. S. F. Mustard
makes your food more easily digested and assimilated, so that there is no waste.

Have Keen's D. S. F. Mustard always on your table.

MAGOR, SON & CO.,
Limited
Montreal Toronto 13
Canadian Agents.



You Require a Garden
to Reduce the High Cost of Living
BRUCE'S SEEDS
will do the rest.

They not only grow, but also produce the largest and best crops. Free for the asking. Our 125-page catalogue of Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Poultry Supplies, Garden Implements, etc., is ready. Write to-day.

JOHN A. BRUCE & CO.
LIMITED
Hamilton Ont.
Established 70 years.

LEAD ALL
QUALITY

CANADA'S LEADING HOTEL

700 Rooms
450 with bath

"The Windsor"
European plan
exclusively
Dominion Square - Montreal

Centrally located in the heart of the shopping and theatrical district. Service unsurpassed. Rates from \$2 upwards per day. One block from Canadian Pacific (Windsor) Station, and five minutes from Grand Trunk (Bonaventure) Station. Headquarters for Motor Tourists.

Further particulars and information on application.

JOHN DAVIDSON, Manager.

courage its development. The average full-fledged artist in an engraving house earns fifty dollars a week, but the salaries run all the way from thirty-five to eighty dollars, and, in exceptional cases more.

There are several lines to be taken up in an engraving house. A great many girls go into fashion work. To a lay person there is something very peculiar in the way fashion drawing is done. Most fashion artists specialize in doing a certain part of a drawing—for instance, one artist will draw just faces, another will sketch figures, another will put on the clothes and another wash in the color or draw the feet. Another may do nothing but detail work putting trimmings on dresses or patterns in lace. Specializing in this way an artist attains great speed with a consequent increase in salary. One Jap wash-artist in Canada makes two hundred dollars a week; a girl drawing faces gets seventy-five dollars, another sketching outlines, sixty-five. With these of course there are hundreds of others on salaries of twenty-five, twenty or even fifteen dollars a week, and a fashion artist has to reckon on two months' holidays without salary every year.

THE advertising line offers more scope for the artist's individuality, and may take a very high form of illustrating. A year in an engraving house is sometimes a good help in training for this, but as soon as a girl can make her way alone it is better to go at free lance work. Advertising agencies, and publishing houses, offer good positions and some of the large stores have art departments of their own for their advertising in the daily papers.

Ebene Mowatt is one of the Canadian girls whose work in this line is becoming rather well known. Her specialty is drawing children and very live, colorful pictures they are, with a most appealing daintiness and kick in them. Miss Mowatt always liked to draw children, and even while she was serving her apprenticeship in an engraving house she used every interval to make sketches and take them out to show to possible prospects. Her first free lance work was a Mother Goose booklet for a firm manufacturing an infants' soap. "I went into the manager's office with ten cents in my purse and came out with a hundred-and-fifty dollar order." Since then she has had

more work than she can do but she is glad to have had the experience of the first hard year.

Work of this quality is on a level with magazine illustrating, and by the way, too, one of Canada's leading illustrators started out as a fashion artist. Illustrating seems to be the goal to which the majority of ambitious artists aspire, though only a comparative few ever arrive. For those who are successful too much cannot be said for the fineness and interest and possibilities of the work.

IT seems in keeping to mention here another line for the woman with practical artistic ability—interior decorating. It is a rather unbroken field in Canada yet, but we have promise of excellent possibilities ahead. Even now the few good decorators who are giving all their time to the work have more than they can do. There is one danger spot for the profession here—that, being a new thing, with no definite standard established, people may undertake the work without a sufficient understanding to make a success of it. Three years is not too much to spend learning interior decorating; a university course would take longer. If a girl with ambitions in this direction is already making her own living and cannot afford the time to attend day classes, there are night classes at the leading technical schools. When she has finished the training she can go into business for herself if she has business ability as well as artistic skill, or she can take a position with a house furnishings store. Most of the large department stores have an expert to consult with their customers over problems of furnishing and decorating and there is no doubt that they would appreciate trained artists. The income of the good interior decorator leaves nothing to worry about, but for the right woman the salary will come second to the joy of creating beautiful homes.

Let us be reminded again that in any line of art work, only the talented girl can succeed. The remunerative returns are good, but they must not be the first consideration. The artist must have an ideal. If she works just for the money she can make a lot of it—for a while, but her work is bound to suffer. She must also work hard and make some sacrifices for her art, but she should not let her art so absorb her that she forgets to live, fully and happily with and for other people, which is, after all, the greatest of all arts.

Everybody's Doing It

Continued from page 75

which had grown into \$500 had now mounted to \$2,680!

She says she's out of the market for good.

Don't Like Women Traders

WOMEN traders are not liked by the majority of brokers. Most brokers assert that women are not good losers; when they win, they take all the credit to themselves for their unerring judgment; when they lose they go around and tell all their friends that their "broker has rotten judgment."

"Have you many women trading with you?" a broker who has been on the street more than forty years was asked.

"Thank God, no!" was his heart-felt reply.

"Why the fervor?"
"Because they're poor losers; they play hunches, instead of reasoning out what they should do; they won't take an ordinate amount of profit but want to hang on until a slump may come which will wipe out their profits; not for me," concluded this broker.

Unlisted Securities

THE transactions in unlisted securities during 1919 far exceed those of any previous year, and there were sensational advances made. One broker who probably knows more about these stocks than any other in the country informed a friend a few days ago that his 1919 turn-over had been

in excess of \$1,000,000. Some spectacular advances were: Atlantic Sugar Common, which went from \$15 to \$75; Imperial Oil, from the equivalent of \$25 to \$80; Canadian Machinery Common, from \$14 to \$30.

Pikers are found in Canada, as everywhere else, men who want to run a "shoe-string" into a million. But the prize piker of the Dominion is believed to be in Montreal. He visited a firm composed of three bustling young brokers, and some weeks ago, after he had established himself on what he thought was a firm footing of acquaintanceship, persuaded one of the trio to buy him some North American Pulp—a stock with no par value, and then selling at a shade under \$5. His margin on the amount he bought amounted to only \$50—and even that amount he didn't put up, but merely gave a promise to pay. The stock shaded off a fraction and his margin was wiped out.

What do you think this nifty piker did next? He visited his broker-acquaintance, and asked him to buy Spanish River Common.

"How about your margin?" the broker asked.

"Oh, never mind margin," was his astonishing reply. "Just buy a few shares for me, as soon as the market opens, and sell later in the day as soon as it is up a couple of points, and let me have a check for the profits!"



Keeps
Kitchen Wares
Bright
and
Clean

For sanitary
cleanliness in
the kitchen use
Old Dutch
The Quality in-
sures Economy

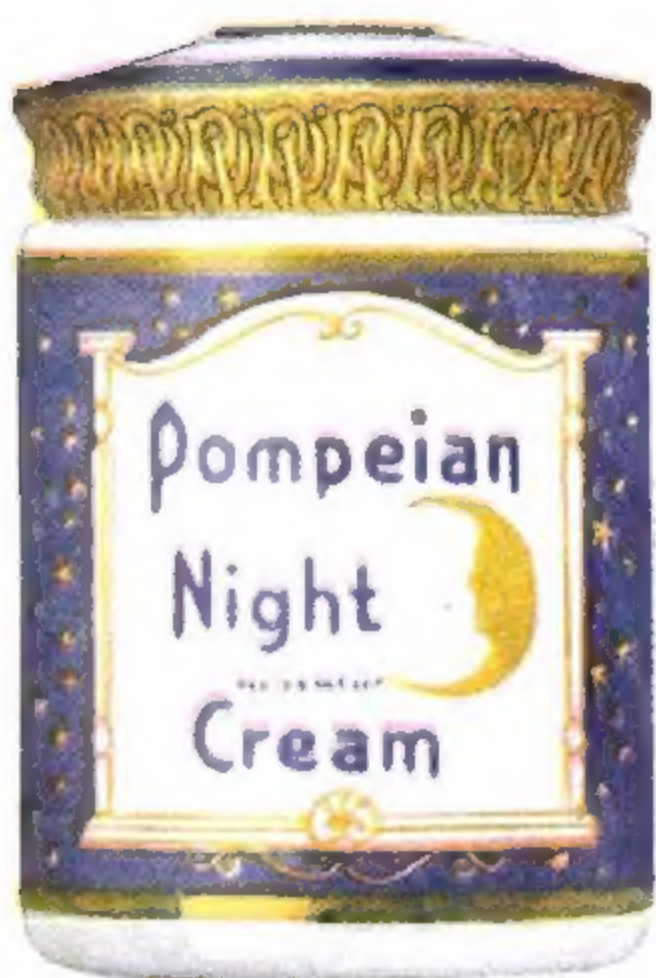
Pompeian NIGHT CREAM



Brings Beauty while You Sleep

The new day is faced with confidence and joy if you apply Pompeian NIGHT Cream (an improved cold cream) before you retire. The tired lines which the day's activities have brought are softened, the skin is refreshed and youth-i-fied. Pompeian NIGHT Cream brings, while you sleep, the beauty of a soft, youthful skin. Pompeian NIGHT Cream is for sale at all toilet counters at 50c and \$1.05 a jar.

Other popular Pompeian toilet preparations are Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing), which removes face shine; Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, a powder that stays on; Pompeian BLOOM, a rouge that won't crumble; Pompeian MASSAGE Cream; and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a 30c talcum with an exquisite new odor).



Guarantee

The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Company, at Cleveland, Ohio.

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY
4 Kildare Road, Walkerville, Ontario, Canada

